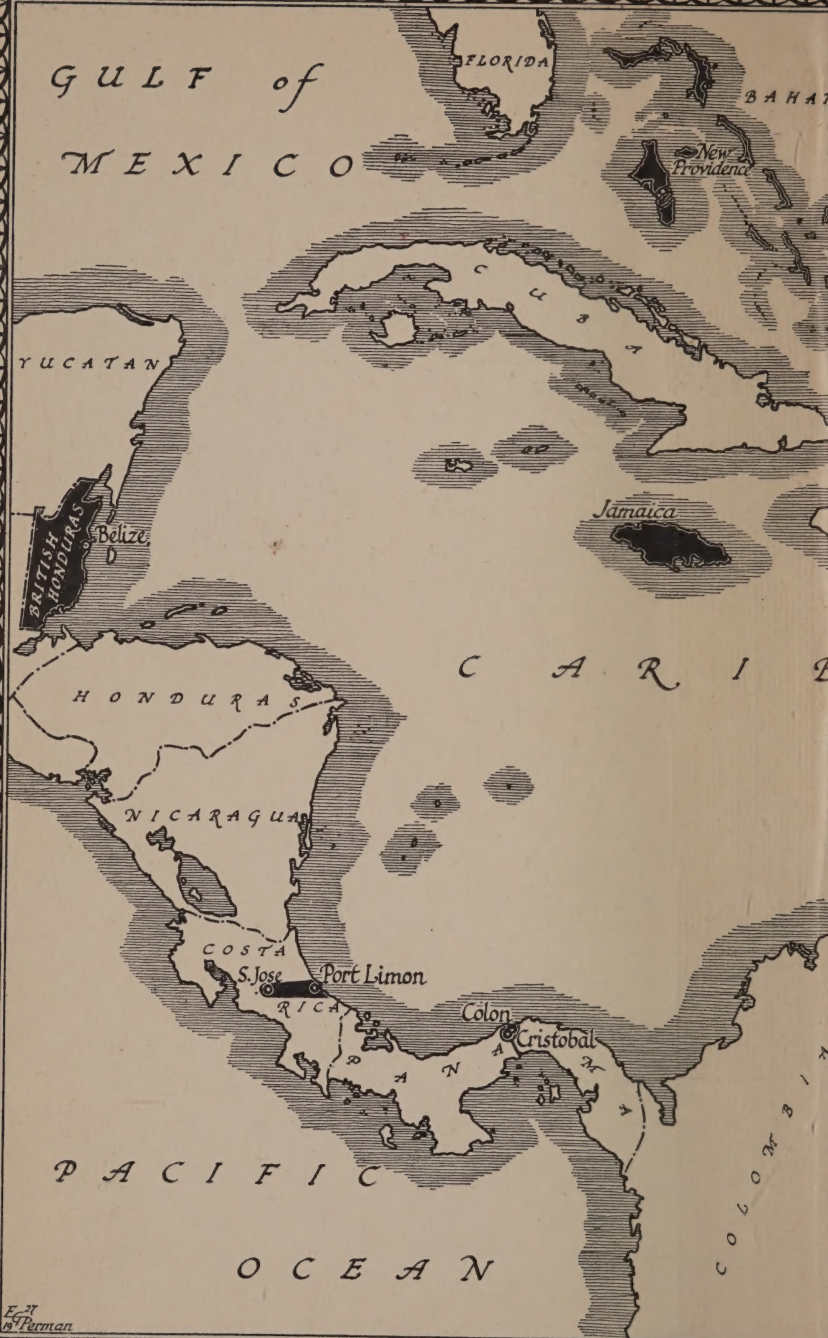
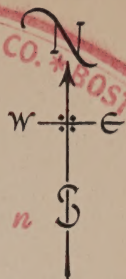


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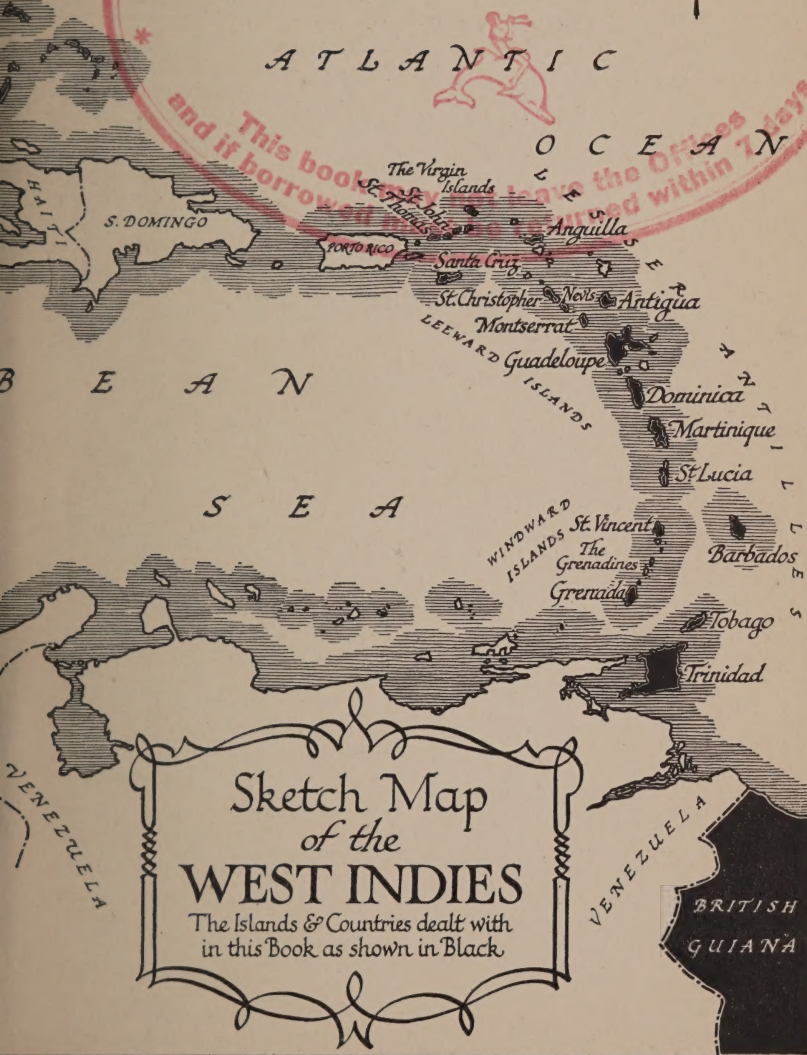
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VENEZUELA

BRITISH
GUIANA

Sketch Map of the WEST INDIES

The Islands & Countries dealt with
in this Book as shown in Black



**A WAYFARER IN THE
WEST INDIES**



AN AVENUE OF PALMS IN BARBADOS

A WAYFARER IN THE WEST INDIES

BY

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AND "WEST INDIAN TALES OF OLD"

WITH NINETEEN ILLUSTRATIONS
AND AN END-PAPER MAP



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PREFACE

THE West Indies have been aptly called the "Islands of Sunshine." They lie within the tropics, north of the Equator, and there is scarcely a day on which the sun does not shine upon them. Their climate is equable and healthy, and, in the winter months, when the heat is tempered by the refreshing north-east trade wind, it is particularly enjoyable. The scenery in the islands is incomparably grand, the flora luxuriant and impressive, and the industries numerous and varied. The West Indies are also rich in historical associations and traditions, and their story glows with the brave deeds of our gallant sailors and soldiers. Consequently they afford to wayfarers an attractive and interesting field for exploration and travel. Within the compass of this book, it has not been possible to deal with the Greater Antilles; but some impressions are given of the other islands in the Caribbean Sea, and also of the Bahamas, Costa Rica, and the Panama Canal Zone, which are often included in the itineraries of visitors to the West Indies. My thanks are due to Captain Gilfred Knight for compiling the index.

A. A.

December, 1927.

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**A WAYFARER IN THE
WEST INDIES**

A WAYFARER IN THE WEST INDIES

CHAPTER I

LITTLE ENGLAND

A BARBADIAN, homeward bound from Panama, where he had been helping to dig the Canal, was heard to say to a companion, 'Wake up, man! Wake up! Dere is de world!' as the land of his birth appeared in the hazy distance like a faint smudge on the horizon.

The remark was characteristic. Barbadians are intensely proud of their little island, and for good reason, since it is the only one of any consequence in the Caribbean over which no foreign flag has ever flown.

If you consult a map of the Western Hemisphere, you will note that Barbados stands like a sentinel in the Atlantic, well to windward of its neighbours. It is the most easterly of the great chain of islands, extending from off the coast of Florida to the north-east shores of South America, that lies astride the trade routes to the Panama Canal and encloses in its embrace the Caribbean Sea.

These islands were called 'West Indies' because Columbus believed when he discovered them that he had reached India by a western route. According to geologists they are the summits of the Caribbean Andes—a mighty range of mountains which, in a remote age, formed an isthmus uniting North and South America, and was submerged by some violent cataclysm of Nature. Myriads of the marine polyps that abound in the warm tropical waters surrounding them found in those of the mountain-tops remaining just below the surface of the sea a con-

venient foothold. Here they lived, brought up their families, and died, leaving behind them their secretions in the form of coral. By some further convulsion the coral was heaved up out of the sea. It became disintegrated. Volcanic ashes from the Soufrière in St. Vincent fell upon it, and on these the birds of the air dropped seeds. Vegetation sprang up and decayed, forming a rich soil, and thus the fertile island of Barbados came into existence.

Opinions differ as to whether Barbados was inhabited before its discovery by Europeans; but rude stone implements and burial places found there in later years have proved conclusively that it was resorted to, at any rate, by savages of the warlike tribe of Caribs which peopled most of the neighbouring islands.

The settlement history of Barbados is not a record of warring nations, but of Englishmen striving among themselves for the mastery. There is no record of Columbus or his companions having visited the island; but they can hardly have remained unaware of its existence, since it lies less than a hundred miles to windward of St. Vincent, which he discovered in 1498, and only about the same distance from St. Lucia, where he landed in 1502. At any rate it is known that some Portuguese visited the island in the sixteenth century. They called it 'Los Barbudos' after the bearded fig-trees they found there, and, as was the custom in those days when shipwrecks were more frequent than they are now, they most considerately left behind them some pigs, whose descendants proved acceptable to the early settlers.¹

The unimaginative Portuguese never claimed possession of the island, and it remained without nationality until 1605 when Captain Cataline and the crew of a vessel called the *Olive Blossom*, driven out of their course on a voyage to Guiana, landed on the leeward coast and, erecting a cross, inscribed on a tree near by,

JAMES K OF E AND OF THIS ISLAND.

¹ Sir George Somers, founder of the colony of Bermuda, died of eating too much pig.

After repeating this picturesque ceremony on the site of the present capital, Captain Cataline and his men sailed away, and reaching the neighbouring island of St. Lucia, endeavoured to establish a settlement there, but without success, being driven off by the Caribs after a few months.

For twenty years after this episode no attempt was made to settle Barbados ; but in 1625, the island having been granted by James I to the Earl of Marlborough, Sir William Courteen, under the protection of that nobleman, sent out an expedition to it, commanded by one John Powell. Powell carried letters of marque, and having captured a Spanish prize, returned with it to Cowes in July 1626 without having reached the island. A second expedition was, however, equipped, and on February 20, 1627, the good ship *William and John*, commanded by Captain Henry Powell, dropped anchor off the leeward coast, and settlers and stores were successfully landed at the spot first visited by Captain Cataline, which they called The Hole—now Hometown.

Meanwhile in 1623 Thomas Warner, under the patronage of the Earl of Carlisle, had succeeded in establishing in the island of St. Christopher the first English settlement in the West Indies, and Barbados therefore missed by a few years the honour of being the Mother Colony of the British West Indies. In 1627 Barbados was included in the grant of the Caribbees to the Earl of Carlisle, who recognized Lord Marlborough's prior claim and compromised matters by settling on him and his heirs an annuity of £300. After this all went smoothly for a year, when Courteen, taking advantage of Lord Carlisle's absence abroad, induced the Earl of Pembroke to lay claim to the island. The King, whose advisers were evidently not well versed in geography, being unaware that Barbados was one of the Caribbee islands, made a grant of the island to the new claimant, who supported Courteen's settlers. Then Lord Carlisle, returning to England, was reinstated, and in order to strengthen his position he offered land to private adventurers and allotted 10,000 acres to nine

London merchants. Sixty-four settlers were sent out under Wolferstone, and, landing near the marsh called Indian river, founded St. Michael's town, on the site of Bridgetown, the present capital. There were now two factions in the island—the old settlers, known as the Leeward Men, and the new, or Windward Men. As was to be expected, they soon came to blows, and after a bitter struggle the Leeward Men were overpowered.

Lord Carlisle died in 1636 deeply involved in debt, leaving the Caribbee islands in trust for the payment of debts, with remainder to his son and heir. The latter transferred his interest for twenty-one years to Lord Willoughby of Parham, who soon after his arrival in the island caused an Act to be passed by the Legislature which had now come into existence, acknowledging the King's right to dominion over Barbados and recognizing his own position. He continued to govern throughout the Civil War, and the inhabitants, reinforced by many Royalist refugees, offered such a stout resistance to the Commonwealth that Cromwell was compelled to dispatch a fleet of seven ships under Admiral Sir George Ayscue to reduce them to subjection. After a stubborn resistance the Royalists at length yielded on honourable terms, which were embodied in 'Articles of Agreement', signed on January 11, 1652, and Lord Willoughby was compelled to relinquish the government.

At the Restoration seven gentlemen of Barbados were created Baronets in consideration of their loyalty during the Civil War. Lord Willoughby agitated for a revival of his rights, and on June 13, 1663, the Privy Council decided that half the annual profits derived from Barbados should go to him for the rest of his lease, with remainder to the Government, and one half towards the discharge of the Marlborough claim, and to the payment of £500 a year to the heirs of Carlisle. After the discharge of all liabilities, the heirs of Lord Carlisle were to receive £1,000 per annum. For the purpose of raising this money a duty of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent was imposed on all exports from

the island. This was a constant source of grievance to the inhabitants, who in 1832 complained that through it they had been mulcted of no less a sum than £6,000,000. In 1834 the Legislature of Barbados passed an Act remitting the duty, which was not, however, finally abolished until 1838, when it was repealed by an Act of the Imperial Parliament.

It is remarkable that Barbados is the only island in the West Indies that has never changed hands since the date of settlement. To secure possession of the neighbouring islands, such as Grenada, St. Lucia, and Tobago, many lives were lost and much blood was spilt by England and France; but in Barbados the only enemy to make his presence felt was the dreaded yellow fever, whose visitations were, as we now know, quite wrongly attributed to the 'sickly climate', instead of to the stegomyia mosquito and new rum.

Nevertheless, the people of Barbados have had their periods of anxiety when invasion appeared to be imminent. As early as 1665 the Dutch Admiral de Ruyter, after destroying the settlements in West Africa, arrived in Carlisle Bay with a fleet of twelve line-of-battle ships, two fire-ships, and two thousand five hundred men, with the intention of reducing the island. In this he was unsuccessful. On learning of his approach, the English vessels were brought in close under the batteries, and the Dutchmen when they attempted to follow were received with such a brisk fire that de Ruyter's flagship *Mirror* was disabled, and, after a fruitless attempt at landing, they were compelled to withdraw with the loss of ten men killed and fifteen wounded.

In the following century, during our wars with France and the American revolution, Barbados was in constant danger of attack. After the fall of Yorktown, island after island had been wrested from our grasp, and Barbados would inevitably have shared the same fate had not Rodney saved the situation by his brilliant victory over Comte de Grasse in the Battle of the Saints on April 12, 1782. Twenty-three years later Barbadians were again

in a posture of defence when the news reached them that Villeneuve and the combined fleets of France and Spain had been sighted off St. Lucia. Fears of invasion were revived, and were not allayed until the *Victory*, with Nelson himself on board, and the English fleet, swept majestically into Carlisle Bay in hot pursuit of the enemy.

In the Great War the safety of Barbados was again imperilled—this time by the presence in West Indian waters of the elusive German cruisers *Karlsruhe*, *Dresden*, and *Nürnberg*. It is now known that the island was the immediate objective of the *Karlsruhe*, from which she was only three hundred miles away when providentially for us she was wrecked by an internal explosion. One hardly likes to think of what might have happened if her career had not been cut short! H.M.S. *Berwick* was scouring the Caribbean Sea at the time; but if the raider had been able to lie off Bridgetown for only a few hours, she might have done incalculable harm by shelling the port and wrecking the principal sugar factories. If, however, her captain had risked a landing, he would have found the Barbados Defence Forces as ready to put up a fight as their predecessors were in the old days, when Nelson wrote to the Committee of West India Merchants: 'With the number of regular Troops, and numerous, well-disciplined, and zealous Militia, I was confident, not any Troops which their Combined Squadron could carry, would make an impression upon any of our large Islands before a very superior force would arrive for their relief.'

The troops on board the vessels of the combined fleet in 1805 had not time to make any serious impression on the islands, for Villeneuve and Gravina, after a few minor successes, had to scuttle back to Europe as fast as they could, with Nelson at their heels.

A notable characteristic of Barbadians is their fervent patriotism, and Captain Marryat hardly exaggerated it when, in *Peter Simple*, he made Mr. Apollo Johnson say: 'You all know, and if be so you don't, I say that there no place in de world like Barbadoes. All de world fight

against England, but England nebber fear ; King George nebber fear, while *Barbadoes tand tiff*. 'Badian fight for King George to last drop of him blood'.

As far back as 1689 the House of Assembly of Barbados, learning that the English colonists in St. Christopher were being beleaguered by the French and Irish, determined to assist them. A regiment of seven hundred men was accordingly raised and equipped, and vessels were provided at public expense to transport them to the sister colony. On August 1, the gallant expedition sailed from Carlisle Bay under the command of Sir Timothy Thornhill, Major-General of the Militia. They arrived on the fifth at Antigua and, having learnt with regret that the fort at St. Christopher had been surrendered to the French, and that Irish had been sent off the island to Nevis, proceeded to St. Bartholomew and St. Martin, which they occupied with ease. In June in the following year, after the arrival of the English fleet, the Barbados Regiment landed on St. Christopher's, and after a difficult march over a hill—called to this day Timothy Hill—inflicted a decisive defeat on the French and recaptured the island. In recognition of his valour on this occasion, Sir Timothy received on August 2, 1692, the thanks of the Legislature of Barbados together with a sum of £1,000.

In 1693, a new expedition against the French having been planned, Barbados raised at a cost of £30,000 two regiments of 500 men, which were accompanied by 400 stalwart volunteers. This force greatly distinguished itself in an attack upon St. Pierre, the principal centre of the trade of Martinique, on April 17, 1694 ; but owing to disaffection among the Irish the expedition failed. Barbadians, however, assisted in the reduction of Martinique in 1761, when a regiment of 588 men raised from the white population, and 583 negroes trained to act as pioneers, was equipped and accoutred at the expense of the colony. As a reward, the House of Commons on May 7, 1765, voted the sum of £10,000 'to enable his Majesty to make a proper compensation to the Government of Barbados for

the assistance which it gave his Majesty's forces under Major-General Monckton in the expedition against Martinico'. At a later date a descendant of the brave Sir Timothy Thornhill, raised at his own expense a company of infantry which served under General Vaughan and helped to strengthen the garrisons of Barbados, St. Lucia, and Antigua.

Nor was the Navy forgotten. The merchants of Barbados in 1804 purchased a brig called the *Brave*, which had been captured from the enemy, and offered her to the Government for use on the island station under the name of the *Barbados* frigate. The gift was accepted, and a Captain Nourse, whose family is still represented in the island, was placed in command. 'The great and leading motives to this purchase and gift to the Government', wrote Mr. Jordan, the Barbados Agent, in a letter to the Admiralty, 'were unquestionably derived from the purest patriotism and zeal for the public service: more subordinate projects were the particular defence of the Colony and the general annoyance of the enemy in the Caribbean Sea.'

The *Barbados* had a brief but glorious career. Within eighteen months she captured the *Napoleon* of eighteen guns and one hundred and eighty men, *l'Heureux* of twelve guns and ninety men, *La Désirée* of fourteen guns and ninety men, a valuable ship from Cayenne, and a Spanish brig, besides retaking a Guineaman and an American ship.

In the Great War, Barbadians, true to their traditions, contributed some hundreds of men to the British West Indies Regiment, which was raised in the West Indies in 1915 for service overseas. Long before the formation of this corps, however, many negroes evinced so great an anxiety to join the British forces that they secreted themselves as stowaways aboard the first vessels to sail for England after the declaration of war on August 4, 1914, and it is said that Lord Kitchener was so impressed with the simple-hearted patriotism of these men that he placed one of them in a crack Regiment—the Coldstream Guards.

From the day on which he sailed from Palos on his

first voyage of discovery in the *Santa Maria*, a vessel of only 100 tons, it took Columbus just seven weeks to reach the New World. It is a sad reflection on modern enterprise that in this twentieth century it should require as much as thirteen days to cross the Atlantic from England to the West Indies, in spite of the developments of steam and directional wireless and other improvements in systems of navigation. But one is told that it is all a question of fuel. The shipping companies declare that they cannot afford the extra consumption of 'black diamonds' which each additional knot in speed involves, and consequently the cruise is the longest non-stop run of any on our principal trade routes. This perhaps is why it is also one of the most pleasant voyages, since passengers have time to settle down on board and to become acquainted with one another, with the result that on the thirteenth evening, when the light on Ragged Point, in Barbados, is seen blinking across the starboard bow, they are just one happy family. And for those unfortunate people who do not like the sea, is there not always the alternative route by way of New York, from which the island can be reached direct in five days?

New-comers to Barbados who expect to see lofty forest-clad mountains, waterfalls, and all the glories of tropical scenery will inevitably be disappointed. On the other hand, those who have conscientiously read about the island will be agreeably surprised by its appearance. It is so home-like that they will at once appreciate why it has been called for generations 'Little England'. To the eye wearied by the monotony of the boundless ocean, its fields of vivid green sugar-cane are refreshing. From the shore, the island, which is only slightly larger than the Isle of Wight, rises in gentle terraces to its highest elevation, Mount Hillaby, 1,100 feet above the sea. Carlisle Bay, the open roadstead on the shores of which Bridgetown, the capital, stands, recalls more vividly than any other anchorage in the West Indies the old days, for in crop season it is still the rendezvous of ocean-going sailing ships that wait there for orders, or on the chance of

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picking up a cargo, and of many smaller craft, including the swift schooners which ply between the capital and Speightstown, its next in rank on the leeward coast. In the eighteenth century convoys would sometimes consist of more than two hundred ships, and their arrival in the roadstead must have been a magnificent spectacle. One can well imagine what an animated scene Carlisle Bay must have presented on such occasions, with shore boats of every description continually passing between the vessels and the harbour and the bumboat women doing a busy trade with oranges, bananas, coconuts, and rum, for the sea-weary crews. In those days there can hardly have been room for the diving boys who now surround the incoming liner. For a piece of silver these active youngsters, some ebony, some bronzed, and others nearly white, will dive under the ship and come up on the other side. Not to be behind their emancipated sisters in the Old Country in usurping men's work, a few coloured girls also indulge in this lucrative form of amusement. As is to be expected of islanders, West Indians are born swimmers. Those living on the coasts are as much at home in the water as they are on land, as the Colonel of a battalion of the British West Indies Regiment, stationed on the bank of the Suez Canal during the war, found to his intense relief. A man turning up on parade improperly dressed and untidy was told by his commanding officer that he was not fit to be on parade, and could go and drown himself in the Canal. The soldier took the Colonel at his word, and, though he was in full marching order, plunged into the water, and went under. His disappearance caused much consternation, which was only relieved when the man reappeared on the surface fifty or sixty yards away. He proved to be the champion swimmer of Trinidad !

Even before the liner has dropped anchor in Carlisle Bay, and has lowered her yellow quarantine flag to show that she has been granted a clean bill of health, a string of great black lighters propelled by long sweeps—no pun upon the colour of the rowers is intended—emerges from

the recesses of the inner harbour and, descending upon her, prepares to relieve her of her cargo. Many shore-boats bearing the names of celebrities and American States bump one another about near the gangway amidst a running fire of chaff exchanged between their owners and the passengers watching the scene from the deck, while a harbour policeman in seaman's white uniform and broad-brimmed straw hat of Nelson's day endeavours to maintain order with the perpetual cry of 'Head bo—at! Head bo—at!'.

The shipping companies book you to Barbados; but they do not guarantee to put you ashore when you get there. Consequently you often have to entrust yourself and your belongings to one of the gesticulating boatmen, who, in their eagerness to secure patronage, claim acquaintance with new-comers as if they had known them all their lives.

Like several others in the West Indies, the Barbados harbour is called the Careenage, because many years ago vessels were careened in it, or laid on their sides, to enable their seams to be caulked. But no ships could be accommodated in this manner in the Careenage at Bridgetown to-day, so packed is it with shipping. Schooners lie in double rows alongside the wharves so close together that the bowsprit of one vessel overhangs the poop of the next. Shore-boats, sloops, lighters, and launches are constantly on the move, and the scene is full of life.

Père Labat, who visited Bridgetown in 1700, described it as 'handsome, with straight, wide, clean and well-laid-out streets'. 'The houses', he wrote, 'are all well built in the style of those in England, with many glazed windows. The whole place has an air of neatness, gentility, and opulence, which one does not find in the other islands, and which it would be difficult to find elsewhere.' If the town ever deserved such praise as that lavished upon it by the famous Dominican missionary it must once have been a finer place than it is to-day. To tell the truth, modern Bridgetown is shabby and dusty. Its streets are almost entirely destitute of pavements, and it certainly does not reflect the prosperity of the island. Several buildings of some architectural pretensions have been

erected in recent years ; but most of the houses are mean two-storied buildings with frail overhanging balconies. Some, and notably those in the side-streets—which you should visit if you would study life and character—are quite picturesque.

Bridgetown awakens from its slumber at daybreak. During the busy hours of the morning the streets are thronged, and the stores and shops do a roaring trade. Negro women, attired in scrupulously white starched dresses with a reef taken in just below the waist, walk with the swinging gait characteristic of their race, with oblong flat trays on their heads, laden with yams, plantains, and sweets. Though their stock-in-trade is small, they seem to prosper. At night they stand in rows at the corners of the main streets, shoulder to shoulder, each with one foot on an old box so that she can conveniently support on her knee her precious tray, now illuminated by a flickering candle or a paraffin lamp. In the day-time mule-carts and donkey-carts rub wheels with the motor-cars and buggies of the well-to-do, and occasionally one may see negroes dragging along strange contrivances called 'spiders', consisting of two large wheels between which barrels of syrup and molasses are slung. At one end of Broad Street, the main thoroughfare, is the handsome building of a local insurance company whose upper story, surmounted by two conspicuous domes, accommodates the Bridgetown Club—famous for its flying-fish and its seductive 'swizzles',¹ and at the other, the Public Buildings with St. Michael's Cathedral beyond, both substantially built with limestone rock, generously provided by the marine polyps already referred to. Conspicuous also are a bronze statue of Nelson (the second to be erected within the Empire), a handsome war memorial, and a charming garden containing many noble palm-trees and pretty flowers.

¹ The best recipe for these delicious appetizers is : ' One of sour (juice of limes), two of sweet (syrup), three of strong (rum), and four of weak (crushed ice), frothed up with a swizzle-stick made from a plant provided by generous Nature with radiating branches for the purpose '.



NEGRO HUCKSTERS



A TYPICAL STREET IN BRIDGETOWN, BARBADOS

The main road out of Bridgetown crosses the harbour by a bridge named after the great Imperial statesman, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and then becomes Bay Street, leading to the suburbs of Hastings and Worthing, and beyond. Near the town is a tantalizing short terrace between the road and the sea, known as the Bay Street Esplanade, fringed with tall cabbage-palms and having a bandstand in the centre. It was hoped that some day this terrace might be continued round the south coast and form part of a drive-way similar to the Malecon in Havana. A considerable slice of it having been granted, however, to an oil company, the prospect of the attainment of such a welcome improvement is remote. So Bay Street remains bordered for the most part by small single-story villas, except where it ascends a slight hill and crosses the Garrison Savannah, the headquarters of the white troops before they were finally withdrawn in 1905. The old barracks consist of a group of detached buildings standing round a spacious parade ground, now devoted to racing, polo, and golf. The Guard Room, a pretentious building with a tall and not unpicturesque minaret, is now the Savannah Club, where members of both sexes meet for lawn tennis and bridge. In the evening when the sun is setting the contrast between the red walls and the deep blue of the sky is fascinating in its beauty to those ascending the hill from Bridgetown, and the enjoyment of the walk is enhanced by the knowledge that the swizzles at the club are cool and comforting.

Barbados was one of the first islands in the West Indies to appreciate the advantages of the tourist business, and in the Marine it has one of the largest hotels in that part of the world. For some years that establishment was conducted by a Mr. Pomeroy, one of the most English of Americans, who used to delight in tooling his countrymen about the island in a coach and four, and showing them the 'haunted woods', the 'cannibals' river', and other spots whose names and traditions were the product of his fertile imagination. Shortly before his death a few

years ago he was compelled to lay down the ribbons owing to the competition of the motor-car, which, incidentally, has ruined many of the roads. In the peaceful days of the buggy the repair of roads was a simple matter. All that had to be done when the surface became too rough and uneven was to pare it down. The result of this is that in many places the roads are now well below the level of the adjoining land. Since the introduction of motor-cars, which grind the limestone to powder, more drastic methods have become necessary.

With the people, cars are not always popular, though it is said that many discharged soldiers after the war spent their gratuities in the purchase or hire of 'tin Lizzies' in which they dashed about the island at terrific speeds. 'Bodderation!', an old black-woman was heard to exclaim as a 20-h.p. Buick dashed round a corner and nearly knocked her off her feet, 'What dey want wid dose naasty tings in Bar-bay-dus?' This was characteristic. The old-timers prefer their little donkey-carts—the bugbear of motorists at night—to motor-cars. There must be literally hundreds of these carts in the island. They positively swarm on the roads, and even the raucous Klaxon fails to disturb the equanimity of their owners.

Motor-cars have made almost as great a difference to life in the West Indies as the introduction of ice-making plant did half a century or so ago, and the forefathers of the present generation of planters must have suffered supreme discomfort when they could only cool their drinks slightly by evaporation. Before motor-cars came on the scene that strange contrivance, the American buggy afforded the principal means of getting about. Few could deplore the passing of so awkward a vehicle. Restful it may have been, but there was the ever present danger attaching to it of the occupant falling asleep and sliding off the shiny leather seat unless he kept a firm grip on the iron support of the hood, and the problem of getting in and out was no simple one for the unsophisticated. Nowadays in a motor-car one can recline in perfect

comfort, and, by a touch on the accelerator, enjoy the advantage of a breeze, even on a still day. By motor-car the wayfarer can see more of Barbados in a day than he could have seen in a week under the old conditions, and the island has many spots of interest and beauty to be explored.

The picturesque windmills, once such a prominent feature of the scenery of Barbados, have now almost entirely disappeared. Towards the close of last century the sugar estates proprietors began to realize that only the fittest could hope to survive in the struggle for existence in the markets of the world, and falling into line with those of other countries adopted modern methods of manufacture. As a first step in this direction they dispensed with the services of the north-east trade-wind, which for so many years had gratuitously helped them to crush their canes, and, dismantling their picturesque windmills they substituted for them the more reliable steam-engine.

Barbados was the first place within the Empire in which sugar-cane was planted. Ever since the primeval forests were cut down by the early settlers, sugar has been king in Barbados, and his throne has never been seriously threatened by the indigo, tobacco, and cotton that have been produced there from time to time. There is indeed no industry other than sugar that could possibly give employment all the year round to the teeming population of the island, which numbers over eleven thousand to the square mile. Apart altogether from that, both soil and climate are admirably suited for the growth of sweet and easily treated sugar-canes.

Barbados has been appropriately compared to a well-kept garden. Of its total area of 166 square miles, 74,000 acres are devoted to the cultivation of sugar-cane, and from one-half of that acreage a crop equivalent to about 60,000 tons of sugar is produced every year. The planters in the island are born agriculturists. From the day on which the soil is prepared for planting to that on which the ripe cane falls to the labourer's cutlass, tillage, weeding,

trashing, manuring, are conducted with more conscientious care than is devoted to those processes in any other sugarcane-growing country in the world.

Scattered over the face of Barbados there are over two hundred and fifty sugar-works. At first sight it may seem anomalous that so many factories should be required to take off a crop equal to about one-half only of the yield of the largest central factory in Cuba; but it must be remembered that Barbados is essentially an island of resident proprietors, whose main interest in life lies in the pursuit of agriculture. Many estates have been handed down from father to son for generations, and though in the post-war 'boom' some changed hands at fabulous prices, there is none of that eagerness on the part of estates proprietors to sell out altogether and leave the island that is so general in some other parts of the West Indies. The majority of the proprietors make Barbados their home, and look with pity upon visitors who do not possess a place in the sun upon its attractive shores! One can quite understand this attitude, for Barbados has an exceptionally healthy climate, and the rates of income tax prevailing there are low—two conditions which make it particularly popular as a place of residence for retired officials. The devotion of Barbadians to their island was further demonstrated a few years ago when an oil company opened negotiations for the right to prospect for oil. The planters viewed with the deepest apprehension the possibility of their estates being ruined by derricks and gushers. The suggestion that if such a contingency were to arise they would become so rich that they would be able to live in Park Lane did not appeal to them in the least. Most of the residents would infinitely prefer to enjoy a moderate income in Little England than the wealth of an Attalus in grimy London.

It must not be assumed from the large number of sugar-works in comparison to the output of sugar that Barbados is backward in respect of manufacture. On the contrary, although the factories may be small, many of them are

now miniature centrals, equipped with all the latest machinery, including crushers, multiple mills, evaporators, and crystallizers. Indeed, the modern 'crystallizers' were anticipated in the old Muscovado works of Barbados by the 'oscillator', the paddles of which were revolved by an unfortunate labourer who turned the spokes with his feet as if he were on a tread-mill. The tendency in Barbados in recent years has been toward centralization of manufacture. The larger factories now produce sugar, polarizing 96 degrees for refining purposes, or West Indian crystallized for direct consumption, as circumstances demand, whilst the smaller still yield the old-world Muscovado sugar. They also make fancy molasses which the hardy fishermen of Newfoundland love to spread on their bread and butter.

The local planters are fortunate in being able to command an adequate and efficient supply of labour. It has been said that Barbadians are troublesome when they are out of their own island, and that they are the ring-leaders in those regrettable disturbances which arise from time to time elsewhere. Be that as it may, they are certainly the most amiable and light-hearted folk in the whole world in their own homeland. Possessing an irrepressible fund of good-humour, they are willing and obliging when treated firmly and with kindness. It is claimed that they do not care for continuous work; but, on the other hand, it must be remembered to their lasting credit that it was they and their kinsmen from the neighbouring British West Indian colonies, to the number of 40,000 and upwards, who were responsible for the greater part of the manual labour in digging the 'big ditch' which now links the Pacific with the Atlantic Ocean. Owing to the complete immunity from malaria which their island enjoys, they are far more robust and virile than residents in other parts of the West Indies. Very clannish, they are great believers in equality; thus a Barbadian, when sentenced to three years' imprisonment in Trinidad by a Judge of the same nationality as himself,

on being asked whether he had anything to say for himself, replied, 'Yus, Sah! Dat's de wust of you Bajans. When yo' get raised to de trone, yo' fergit yer countrymen'.

It would be improper to leave the subject of the local sugar industry without referring to the signal service which Barbados has rendered to the sugar-growing world by the practical application of the discovery made in the island by Mr. J. W. Parris, in 1859, that sugar-canes could be raised from seed. With this development the names of Mr. J. R. Bovell and of the late Professor J. B. Harrison will always be closely associated. It was they who originated the long series of experiments which resulted in the propagation of disease-resisting canes when the historic Bourbon variety failed. These experiments are still being continued, and it is estimated that they have already increased the profits of the planters in Barbados alone, by no less than £3,000,000.

The only other industry of consequence in the island is that of cotton. Following a successful experiment with the cultivation of the Sea Island variety on a private estate in 1902, Sir Daniel Morris, then Commissioner of Agriculture for the West Indies, visited the United States, where he succeeded in purchasing for \$2,500 some seed from one of the finest cotton estates in the Sea Islands off the coast of Carolina, and returned with it in triumph to Barbados. It germinated and thrived, and so Sea Island cotton, known to botanists as *Gossypium Barbadense*, returned to what some believe to have been its original home. By 1907-8 no fewer than 7,194 acres were devoted to cotton, but after that year the industry yielded to some extent to the superior attractions of sugar, until in 1920 the area under it fell to a few hundred acres. During the war it was in great demand for covering the wings of aeroplanes and the framework of observation balloons and 'blimps'—those dirigibles which used to patrol home waters. In peace-time it is mainly used in the manufacture of the finest Brussels lace, mercerized goods, and other delicate fabrics worn by women. Owing

to the changes of fashion the demand for it has fallen off, and the planters are still selfishly praying that ladies' skirts may revert to their pre-war length and fullness. The cotton fields, when the delicate yellow blossoms are out, form a pleasant change from the sugar-canes, which are apt to become a trifle monotonous when one has driven past them for miles and miles.

A patriotic American returning from Barbados declared in the newspaper of his 'home town' that the only place worth seeing in the island was the house where George Washington stayed with his invalid brother Lawrence. That was nonsense. There is nothing conspicuously different in the appearance of 'Colonel Crofton's', the house in question, from others in the neighbourhood, and there are several old estates residences, still bearing traces of the prosperous days of the eighteenth century when sugar was king, that are far more deserving of inspection.

One of the most notable of these is Long Bay Castle, whose original proprietor is said to have amassed a fortune by wrecking. The story goes that he would tie torches to the antlers of his deer, and that mariners mistaking them for the lights of Bridgetown would, for his convenience, pile up their vessels on the Cobbler's reef fringing the coast at this spot. The house was built in 1820 and has an entrance on every side. Its walls are so thick that it has withstood successive hurricanes without sustaining any damage, though on the occasion of one such visitation in 1831 some scaffolding against it was carried by the force of the wind to Three Houses estate *three miles away*. Old Sam Lord, the owner, spared no expense in beautifying his residence, and it is recorded that the house was filled with priceless china and Chippendale furniture. In the long drawing- and dining-rooms, handsome mahogany columns fashioned from trees grown in the island and heavily gilded mirrors, now dulled by age, still convey to the visitor some idea of the magnificent scale on which the 'castle' was furnished.

Another great house of distinction is the Principal's

residence at Codrington College, situated on a brow overlooking the windward coast. Here resided Christopher Codrington, at one time Captain-General of the Leeward Islands, who bequeathed his two estates Consetts and Codringtons (now known as College and Society) to the 'Society for the Propagation of the Christian Religion in Foreign Parts' in trust for the maintenance of 'a convenient number of professors and scholars . . . all of them to be under the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience; who shall be obliged to study and practise physic and chirurgery, as well as divinity; that by the apparent usefulness of the former to all mankind, they may both endear themselves to the people and have the better opportunity of doing good to men's souls whilst they are taking care of their bodies'. The devout man died in 1710, and his remains now rest in the chapel of All Souls College, Oxford, of which he had been a fellow, and afterwards a benefactor, having bequeathed to it his books, valued at £6,000, and £10,000 for the erection of a library.

There passed with the bequeathed estates three wind-mills, a sugar-works, 100 head of cattle, and 315 negroes, who must have caused the worthy divines of the 'S.P.G.', as the Society is now called, some little embarrassment, since they thus became owners of slaves. In order to carry out as far as possible the desires of the testator, the trustees appointed a catechist to instruct the negroes and their children on the estates in the Christian religion, and 'to superintend the sick and maimed negroes and servants', but it was not until 1716 that work on the College Buildings was begun. The material used was a conglomerate of limestone quarried from the face of the hill behind the College. The timber was supplied by Tobago and St. Vincent and was conveyed to Barbados by vessels of the Royal Navy at the Government expense.

The College was conducted as a grammar school from 1745 to 1829, when it was reconstituted and began to assume university rank, which it definitely attained in

1875, when it was affiliated to Durham University. The College has a splendid record. To quote Canon T. Herbert Bindley, the Principal from 1890 to 1909 :

It has given to the West Indies not only Bishops, Archdeacons, and the bulk of the Clergy, but Chief-Justices, Barristers, Physicians, Planters, Merchants, and men of leading position in every colony of the Caribbean Seas. Codrington is the oldest Foundation of its kind in England's Colonial Empire, and the only institution in the West Indies where an English University degree can be obtained under conditions of residence and examinations. Moreover, it is the proud distinction of Codrington that no differences of race or colour or Christian denomination have ever interfered with the perfect amity and equality of all who possess the privilege of calling her their Alma Mater. Right nobly have staff and students united, throughout her fluctuating course of manifold activities, to uphold the prestige of the College as a place of sound learning and high standard of thought. And so to the coming years the College, not unmindful of its past, may look forward with full confidence.

Floreat Domus Codringtoniana.

The view of the College from the eminence overlooking it used to be regarded as one of the most attractive in Barbados. From the foot of the hill a noble avenue of cabbage-palms, each of which must have been over eighty feet high, extended to an open portico separating two wings of the main building which in some respects resemble the New Buildings at Magdalen College, Oxford. More of these magnificent trees fringed a lake of limpid water in front of the Principal's residence. They were believed to be over a hundred years old, and it is not surprising therefore that many of them should have fallen out of their orderly ranks through age and decrepitude, and though their places have been taken by younger trees, the avenue now looks rather ragged. In April 1926 the College suffered a more serious blow. A fire, which started in the upper story, spread with great rapidity and almost completely gutted the main building. There has been,

however, no interruption in the courses of study, and the trustees are hopeful that philanthropists will be forthcoming who will enable them to restore what is the only collegiate institution of University rank in the tropics.

Two cabbage-palms were planted at the end of the avenue nearest the portico on December 31, 1879, by Princes Edward and George of Wales (now King George V) when they visited the College from H.M.S. *Bacchante*. The one planted by the elder brother died, and when in 1892 news of the death of the Duke of Clarence reached Barbados the superstitious negroes showed no surprise. 'We knew Prince Eddy die soon,' they said; 'his cabbage die.'

Away to the right of the ruined buildings is a large covered swimming-bath. On the face of the beams supporting its roof are these charming lines adapted by Richard Rawle, a former Principal, from Samuel Rogers's 'Epistle to a Friend':

Emblem of life which still as we survey,
Seems motionless yet ever glides away;
Emblem of youthful wisdom to endure,
Still changing yet unchangeably still pure.
Like this fresh cleansing wave still useful be,
Though rough thy passage to the boundless sea;
Still in that sea thou shalt not stagnant lie,
But ever useful tasks of blessing ply.

And on the reverse :

Of sacred scenes these crystal streams may tell
Bethesda's pool or soft Siloam's well;
Enjoy the pleasures those pure waters give,
But think of these which make the bathers live.
There is a fountain, Holy Scriptures say,
Where souls may bathe and sins be washed away;
Let all thy studies help thee Him to know
Through Whom for thee those heavenly waters flow.

The most ambitious expedition that it is possible to make in Barbados, is a visit to the Animal Flower cave in the



A BATHING BEACH NEAR THE CRANE HOTEL, BARBADOS

parish of St. Lucy, at the extreme north of the island. In the old days this excursion was regarded as no small an undertaking, requiring as it did for accomplishment an entire day. Now by motor-car one can go there and back quite easily between breakfast and luncheon. The road to the cave passes through many sugar plantations. None have any hedges or visible boundaries, and one cane-field is so like another that an estate's proprietor might well be pardoned for lifting his neighbours' sugar-canes in mistake for his own. There are certainly no landmarks to remove. Farther on the scenery assumes a less monotonous appearance, and several deep gullies are crossed by substantial stone bridges dating from the days of slavery. These gullies, some of which are 150 feet deep, are richly clothed with luxuriant vegetation that tempts the wayfarer to explore their recesses, which once upon a time used to shelter runaway slaves.

Farther on again a halt may be made at Nicholas Abbey, an Elizabethan great house which enjoys the distinction of being the only residence in Barbados with fireplaces and chimneys.

In this neighbourhood, if you are lucky, you may perhaps see a wild monkey or two. It is not known when monkeys were introduced into the island; but Schomburgk records that at one time they were so numerous, and their depredations were so considerable, that a price was put upon their heads by the Legislature. Nevertheless, a few families of them survive in Turner's Hall Wood, the last remnant of the virgin forest, and in the mahogany grove at Porter's estate, where it is said that they have been known to take possession of the lawn-tennis court and, performing the antics of the human players, throw the balls backwards and forwards over the net with considerable skill.

From Nicholas Abbey a broad avenue of mahogany trees and casuarinas leads to Cherry Tree Hill, where the road ends abruptly on the brink of a precipice, affording a superb view of the amphitheatre of hills that encloses

Scotland, a romantic district of miniature mountains and valleys tossed together in wild confusion, with the surf breaking on the rock-bound windward coast far below in the haze. It becomes very evident that at some remote period a great slice of land must have fallen away from the main massif of the island, forming this wild undercliff, with its well-defined, and in places precipitous, sides. To tourists whose acquaintance with Barbados has hitherto been confined to the capital and its immediate surroundings, it comes as a revelation that the island should have such fine scenery. This beautiful district can be seen to almost equal advantage from Hackleton's Cliff, almost immediately opposite, and from the neighbourhood of St. John's Church, where lie the mortal remains of Ferdinando Paleologus, lineal descendant of the last of the Christian Emperors of Constantinople, and 'vestryman for twenty years'.

But we must pursue our road to the north. Beyond Nicholas Abbey are more and more sugar estates, one of them at least with a factory strong enough, one would imagine, to face a siege, being built of coral rock—which is cheaper than galvanized iron in Barbados and otherwise more economical, since it can stand up against the fiercest hurricane.

Soon vegetation becomes more sparse, and you reach a bare rocky plain across which it is a walk of about a hundred yards only to the entrance of the cave.

Before 1912 one had to scramble down the face of the cliff and risk the danger of losing his foothold or of being dashed off by one of the breakers which often lash themselves into fury at its base. In that year, however, an enterprising individual excavated a passage-way into the cave from the land, so that now after paying a modest shilling to the custodian you can descend a rough stairway and enter the cave without any fear. The cave—really a succession of caves—is worth visiting for itself alone; but its chief attraction lies in the animal flowers from which it takes its name. These brilliantly coloured flowers

are variously described as *serpulae* or sea-worms, and zoophytes or sea anemones. Many have been 'plucked' by predatory tourists, but a fair number still remain in a pool in what is known as the carpet room. Here in the clear sea-water animal flowers like *chrysanthemums* of many colours, and marigolds thrive. One touch and the petals of these exquisite little blossoms are mysteriously withdrawn, only to reappear again, when the anemones from whose internal economy they are projected recover confidence. Outside, the breakers thunder against the rocks, and the mouth of the cave makes a striking frame for any vessels that may be passing on the blue bosom of the Atlantic.

The return journey to Bridgetown can be made by the road which skirts for the greater part of the way the leeward coast and passes through Speightstown—one long street of unimposing houses—which once enjoyed a direct trade with Bristol, and is consequently sometimes spoken of to this day as 'Little Bristol'. It was a citizen of this town who startled a fashionable tailor in Savile Row by stating that he wanted 'a co-at like the one Mister — wears in Spikestown'. To the mystified tailor who, having guessed that it was a coat and not a goat that was required, asked what colour he wanted, the Bajan replied, 'The colour of a yam 'prout' (sprout).

At Speightstown you will probably see the flying-fish fleet and the swift schooners which, with their white canvas bellowing to the constant breeze, would make a good match for the most famous tea clipper. You will also have the opportunity of seeing the very spot where Captain Cataline's men landed in 1605 and carved their message on a tree, 'thus constituting possession for the Crown of England, in whose uninterrupted possession this island has remained'—as is proudly recorded at the base of an obelisk erected in 1905 to commemorate the tercentenary of that event.

CHAPTER II

THE OLD STRONGHOLD OF THE CARIBS

THE best starting points in the Caribbean for wayfarers who wish to see conscientiously all the West Indian Islands are Barbados and Trinidad. From each, steamers sail periodically to Jamaica by way of the Spanish Main, and to St. Kitts, the northernmost of the Leeward Islands, calling at almost every island on the voyage. Trinidad can be reached from Barbados direct in a single night; but the more pleasant route is that followed by the steamers from Canada which visit St. Vincent and Grenada on the way, since it affords one the opportunity of spending a few hours in each of those islands and of seeing also the Grenadines, an exquisite little archipelago that lies between them.

A channel steamer could easily cross from Carlisle Bay to St. Vincent in four or five hours; but West Indian liners are more deliberate in their movements. With the following trade-wind they roll leisurely along, and if you have sailed just before nightfall the sun will already be gilding the summits of the glorious mountains, before you are awakened by the splash of the anchor and the rattle of the cable through the hawse-hole, and find yourself in Kingstown Bay.

After a night in a stuffy cabin, it is a sheer delight to step out on to the deck at daybreak, when the cool spice-laden land breeze is still gently ruffling the surface of the deep-blue water. Before you is extended an enchanting panorama. Nestling snugly at the foot of lofty mountains lies Kingstown, its neat and brightly painted houses

fringing the symmetrical curve of the bay, with pretty villas beyond, peeping out of luxuriant foliage on the hill-side. To the south is Cane Garden Point with its once formidable battery, and opposite to it, a conspicuous rocky hill upon which is perched Fort Charlotte, formerly the chief defence of the island, whose barracks, mess-rooms, and parade ground, approached by a drawbridge, are still in a good state of preservation. These two promontories combine to make Kingstown Bay a sheltered and safe anchorage, where ships may lie in perfect safety except on those rare occasions when the island is visited by a hurricane. It was here that 'Breadfruit' Bligh, four years after his disastrous voyage in the *Bounty*, when his crew mutinied and he was marooned in an open boat, arrived in the *Providence* in 1793 with three hundred breadfruit-trees—whose descendants are ubiquitous in the West Indies to-day. It was to this bay on June 3rd, three years later, that General Abercromby came to bring succour to the troops and colonists who, with varying fortunes, had been conducting hostilities against the treacherous Caribs and their French revolutionary allies for nearly fifteen months in the Brigands' War.

At the time of its discovery by Columbus in 1498, St. Vincent was inhabited by the Caribs. These savages successfully opposed for years all attempts by the English and French to establish settlements. Consequently the island became a Europeans' no-man's-land, and was declared neutral by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748. Though they would have nothing to do with the whites, the Caribs welcomed to their homes in 1675 some negro slaves who had been shipwrecked on the neighbouring island of Bequia. Like Calamity Pop Von Peppermint Drop, the King of Canoodledum, who so generously gave his only daughter, Hum Pickety Wimple Pip, to Frederick Gowler, they offered theirs to the newcomers. The descendants of these mixed unions became known as the Black Caribs as distinct from the Yellow Caribs or aborigines, and before long the former got the upper hand.

Both France and England coveted St. Vincent, and in 1762 it was captured by General Monckton, who was rewarded by the grant of a considerable slice of land, which he immediately sold for £30,000. Ten years later the Caribs, resenting any encroachment on their lands, began to give trouble, and two regiments were sent from North America to reduce them to submission. The war was of short duration. Major-General Dalrymple, who was in charge of the operations, made overtures of peace, which were joyfully entertained by the enemy and embodied in a treaty dated February 27, 1773. Shortly afterwards 'Valentine Morris of Piercefield in the County of Monmouth, Esquire', was appointed Governor, but all hopes that the colony would now enter a period of prosperity were shattered by the weakness of his administration. Morris was soon at loggerheads with the people as well as the Ministry of the day. The Bills he drew on the Treasury were dishonoured by the Government, who, prosecuting him, sold up his estates in England and threw him into the King's Bench Prison. There is more than a suspicion that Morris was the victim of political intrigue, for a Court of Enquiry subsequently declared him to be deserving of the Royal approbation. Lieutenant-Colonel Etherington, of the Royal Americans, who had brought out from Europe 'raw recruits, totally unfit for the service, for the protection of the colony', was, on the other hand, charged with want of zeal and activity, and with carrying out his military duties in an unsoldierlike and slovenly manner. Originally a drummer, the Colonel, instead of training the troops, kept them employed on felling trees and clearing an estate on the Wallibou River which he had acquired, 'as was alleged, by no creditable means, from Chatoyer, the Carib chief'.

So lax was the discipline at this period that when at about nine o'clock in the morning of June 16, 1779, three sloops-of-war appeared off Calliaqua, to the south-east of Kingstown, without showing any colours, the planters, who would not be persuaded that they were not merchant

ships from Antigua, actually prevented the gunner in the battery from firing the alarm, though he repeatedly declared that the vessels were enemies. A planter more daring than the rest even attempted to board one of the ships and was made prisoner. Considering the dissensions and complete lack of preparedness of the garrison, it is not surprising that the French should have captured St. Vincent with the greatest ease. The island was, however, restored to England by the Treaty of Versailles in 1783.

The Caribs now professed their loyalty to the English Crown, and the colony enjoyed a brief period of tranquillity. In 1789, however, the doctrines of the French Revolution, disseminated from Martinique, spread like a whirlwind throughout the islands, with disastrous results.

Victor Hugues, the Commissary of the Convention, having driven the English from Guadeloupe at the point of the sword in 1794, was emboldened by his success, and sent his emissaries to St. Lucia, St. Vincent, and Grenada to raise the banner of revolt. 'Behold your chains forged and imposed by the hands of the tyrannical English! Blush and break those ensigns of disgrace!'—so preached these agents, and the Caribs, supported by French armed forces, which were landed stealthily at night, swept across St. Vincent leaving havoc and ruin in their wake. Estates were devastated, and excesses were committed which hardly bear description. Prisoners were treated with savage barbarity. Some had their legs and arms cut off, their living trunks being left to wither on the ground. Others were brutally mangled, and at Wallibou estate the Caribs murdered the overseer by crushing him between the rollers of the sugar-mill.

Fortunately, at this critical period the colony had in James Seton a governor who commanded confidence and respect. Reviewing his scanty garrison, which consisted of a sergeant and ten privates of the Royal American Regiment, one captain and twenty-seven artillerymen, and the Colonial Militia, he exhorted them to defend themselves with resolution. His slender force was strengthened

by such troops as the neighbouring islands could spare, and for nearly fifteen months the war was pursued relentlessly, and though several positions changed hands again and again the brigands never succeeded in setting foot in Kingstown except as vanquished enemies.

In less than a week after his arrival Abercromby reduced the French to subjection. Marinier, their leader, his officers, and four hundred and sixty men gave themselves up, and were embarked as prisoners on board the *Experiment* and other vessels in Kingstown Bay, 'amid the execrations of the spectators', and the Brigands' War was over. For a while, the Caribs continued hostilities, but Chatoyer had been killed, and they soon surrendered. In spite of their protests that though they had set fire to houses and cane-fields the English had burned their canoes and destroyed their provisions, and that therefore there was no just cause for complaint, they were deported to the island of Balliceaux—the name is a corruption of *bels oiseaux*—and thence to Ruatan, off the coast of Honduras, where they were interned.

Many of the scenes of bitter fighting during the Brigands' War, such as Dorsetshire Hill, Owia, Sion Hill, and the Vigie, can still be identified, and in the spacious cathedral of St. George, near the centre of Kingstown, there is a tablet to the memory of Major Alexander Leith, who successfully engaged Chatoyer 'in single combat'. This encouraging event took place on Dorsetshire Hill, and it is recorded that upon the dead chief was found a silver gorget presented to him by Prince William Henry, afterwards King William IV, when he was on the West Indies station in the *Pegasus*.

Kingstown, which according to old maps was once called Oashegunny or Washegunny, is in many respects different to Bridgetown. Its streets are wide and clean, and they have none of the congestion and noise that characterizes the capital of Barbados. On the contrary, there is a restful air about the town that is quite soothing to the nerves. On the outskirts, in a maze of tropical foliage which

sparkles with fire-flies after dark, is the residence of the Administrator and the Botanic Station. Though for certain purposes St. Vincent is grouped with Grenada, St. Lucia, and the Grenadines, as the Windward Islands, under one Governor, it is nevertheless a separate colony, a circumstance of which its people are very proud. But the Administrator is subordinate to the Governor, to whom he has to surrender periodically his charming house.

The Botanic Garden is historic. It is the oldest in the West Indies, and in its groves were nurtured the bread-fruit and other plants which Captain Bligh succeeded in carrying from the South Seas in 1793. It is a curious fact that almost every economic plant of importance in the West Indies should have been introduced from outside: the sugar-cane from the East Indies, cocoa from South America, nutmegs from the Moluccas, ginger from tropical Asia, limes from India—the list is a long one.

In this garden, which was first laid out in 1763, the visitor new to the tropics will make the acquaintance of many tropical products, such as bananas, cinnamon, cloves, peppers, rubber, mangoes, nutmegs, vanilla, cotton, arrow-root, and sugar-cane.

As recently as a century ago sugar was the principal staple of St. Vincent. In 1827, 18,340 hogsheads of sugar were exported, besides 6,205 puncheons of rum and 5,570 puncheons of molasses. This output, with 10,103 lb. of coffee, 13,201 lb. of cacao, and 251 bales of cotton, was produced by 19,833 slaves. Now, owing to the combined effects of the abolition of slavery, competition with slave-grown sugar, and finally the foreign sugar bounties, St. Vincent does not produce enough sugar for her own needs, and the staple industries of the island are arrowroot and Sea Island cotton. Both of these industries are conveniently established quite close to Kingstown, and it is therefore possible for a visitor to see something of them during even so short a stay in port as an hour or two.

Arrowroot, known to botanists as *Maranta arundinacea*, is a plant with a bulbous root which, when treated, yields

a starch powder that can be used for laundry work, in the manufacture of chocolate and biscuits, as a 'light and wholesome food' for individuals, and as a thickening for soups and gravies.

If you ask any one outside the West Indies where arrowroot comes from, it is ten to one that he will reply 'Bermuda'. As a matter of fact, not an ounce of that product is now manufactured in the Bermudas, which have found the cultivation of lily bulbs, onions, and tourists more profitable. Another injustice to the St. Vincent planter is the outrageous price charged by chemists for arrowroot. The average druggist asks his customers, without blinking, 1s. an ounce for a product for which the planter only gets about 5*d.* a pound.

The two requisites for the production of fine arrowroot are a light soil and an abundant supply of clear water. St. Vincent has both, and to this is due the success of the industry. The process of manufacture is simplicity itself. The only machinery used is a waterwheel or oil-engine, with connecting gear to drive a grater or pulper, and a root-washer. After the arrowroot has been pulped and washed, water with the powder in suspension is allowed to flow gently along flat and shallow troughs, and the starch—as it is now called—settles at the bottom. At the end of the day's work the arrowroot is dug out and dried, and then packed in barrels and tins for export. Throughout the process strict cleanliness is observed, and the final product is a peerless white powder.

As a food, arrowroot has had to face competition with American cereals, but recently successful efforts have been made by the St. Vincent Arrowroot Growers and Exporters' Association to develop new markets for it.

The only sounds in an arrowroot mill besides the inevitable chatter of the negro labourers are the steady chunking of the water-mill, and the gentle murmur of running water. In a cotton factory it is different, and any one addicted to headaches should give cotton-gins a wide berth, for when these contraptions are in action

they rattle incessantly. The din of the gin is indescribable.

In Union Island, Canouan, and Mayreau, three dependencies of St. Vincent, Marie Galante cotton has been cultivated continuously from the eighteenth century. In St. Vincent itself, on the other hand, it had died out completely when in 1903, at the instance of Sir Daniel Morris, the more valuable Sea Island variety was successfully introduced. Now the island produces the finest cotton in the world.

The cotton having been gathered from the ripe bolls by hand, is first weighed and then hoisted to the top floor or cotton loft in the ginnery. Here it is temporarily stored and spread out to dry. It is then passed by means of shoots to the gins on the second floor, the labourers at work in the loft skilfully picking out any motes or discoloured cotton that may have escaped the pickers and assorters. The gins having been started, the feeders tending them take the cotton from the shoots through a small hinged door. On the seed-cotton being fed to the gins, the lint is separated from the seed, pouring out like white foam on to the spotlessly clean floor, or on to an endless conveyor, while the seed falls through grids on to an inclined plane, and passes through the floor to the lowest story. While the lint is on the conveyor, a sharp look-out is kept for any motes or other impurities, which are carefully removed. The process is now complete. From the conveyor the lint is then taken to the baling-room, where it is baled under immense pressure, and in this connexion it may be mentioned that the Lancashire buyers always speak in terms of the highest praise of the admirable manner in which West Indian Sea Island cotton is baled. While there is scarcely anything left of the packing material in the case of American cotton by the time it reaches Liverpool, the St. Vincent bales are as sound on arrival as they were when they left the island. On the ground-floor of the ginnery the seed is stored for planting the next season's crop, for feeding the animals, or for making manure.

From the cotton ginnery it is only four miles to Calliaqua, a romantic little village on the shore of a picturesque bay to the south-west of Kingstown. This village was once a town of some importance; but its harbour is strangled by a coral reef, and its commercial glory has departed. Its beauty, however, remains, and it would be difficult to find a more attractive spot in the West Indies. At a little distance from the shore are two exquisite little islands. The larger, covered with a tangle of vegetation down to its beach, where the white coral sand turns the deep-blue water a pale turquoise hue, is known as Young's Island, while the smaller, a great hummock of rock with traces of buildings on the summit, is the famous Fort Duvernette. Near the beach on Young's Island is a group of small buildings used occasionally as a quarantine station, but more often as a pleasure resort. One might suffer a worse fate than to be interned there and to taste the delights of bathing and fishing and the languorous ease of which it holds out promise!

The island has a romantic history. The story goes that towards the end of the eighteenth century Sir William Young, proprietor of Villa and Pembroke estates, returning to St. Vincent, brought out with him from England a handsome black charger. The chief of the Caribs calling to pay his respects, was loud in his praise of the horse, whereupon Sir William, with great gallantry, said: 'Sir, it is yours'! The chief, taking him at his word, thereupon mounted the charger and rode off. A year later, Sir William, when he was again entertaining the chief on the veranda of his residence overlooking the bay, commented on the great beauty of the island off the shore, which, as he knew, belonged to his guest. The chief, not to be outdone in the matter of courtesy, promptly said: 'Do you like it, Sir?—It is yours!', and Sir William Young, remembering his lost charger, at once accepted the gift. From that day the island has borne his name.

Sir William Young does not tell this story against himself, but in the pages he contributes to the final

volume of Bryan Edwards's *History of the West Indies* he speaks of visits from Anselm, chief of the Caribs in the quarter of Morne Young, and Brunan, chief of Grand Sable, who 'came into the parlour after dinner, and laid a *don d'amitié* at my feet of Charaibe baskets, and of fowls and pineapples. We treated them with *wine*, and afterwards about a dozen of their ladies were introduced, who preferred *rum*. I had much courteous conversation with Anselm, accepted a basket, and a couple of pines, and bought some baskets of the other Charaibes. They were all invited to sleep on the estate, and a keg of rum was ordered in return for Anselm's present'. At a later date 'the Charaibe chief of all, *Chatoyer*, with his brother *du Vallée*, and six of their sons, came to pay me a visit, and brought their presents; a stool of Charaibe workmanship and a very large cock turkey of the wild breed, which, with a hen, I mean for England. Chatoyer and du Vallée were well dressed; as a mark of respect, they came without arms. We had much conversation with them, and I gave in return a silver-mounted hanger to Chatoyer and a powder-horn to du Vallée. The latter is possessed of nine negro slaves and has a cotton plantation. He is the most enlightened of the Charaibes, and may be termed the founder of civilization among them. Chatoyer and his sons dined at the villa, and drank each a bottle of claret. In the evening they departed in high glee, with many expressions of friendship'. Sir William was evidently of a generous disposition.

Marked on old maps as 'Young's Sugar Loaf', Fort Duvernette received its present name over a hundred years ago from the officer who conceived the idea of mounting guns on its summit for the better protection of the harbour of Calliaqua. This remarkable rock, rising sheer out of the sea to a height of nearly three hundred feet, closely resembles the historic 'H.M.S.' *Diamond Rock* off the south coast of Martinique from which James Wilkes Maurice harassed the French for nearly fifteen months before he was compelled to surrender through lack of water and

ammunition to an advance squadron of Villeneuve's fleet in 1805.

Unlike the Diamond Rock, Fort Duverneta can be explored with comparative ease. A winding stairway cut out of the stone leads to the summit, on which ruins of the old fort with embrasures for eight 24-pounders and two 8-inch mortars can still be seen. Many years ago an officer of the 10th Hussars, who must have enjoyed solitude, made the fort his home.

To compare Kingstown Bay with the Bay of Naples, as several visitors have done, would be misleading. Beyond their beauty and the fact that they are both bays, they have nothing much in common. All the world has known since 1902 that St. Vincent, like Naples, has a volcano; but while Vesuvius is the principal feature of the Bay of Naples, the Soufrière, St. Vincent's volcano, cannot be seen from Kingstown Bay. It is many miles away at the extreme north of the island.

On John Byre's map, published in 1794, the Soufrière is shown as part of the Morne-à-Garou Mountains. In that year there was no definite record of it ever having been in eruption within living memory, though Baron Humboldt in his personal narratives states that it had thrown out flames in 1718. That had been, however, entirely forgotten and the mountain, covered with tropical forest and with a green opalescent lake in its crater, presented a romantic appearance when with little warning it burst into violent eruption in 1812.

After a severe shock of earthquake, a vast volume of thick black smoke burst from the crater. Volumes of sand and ashes darkened the air like a heavy storm of rain, covering the woods, ridges, and cane pieces with light grey ashes resembling snow, which speedily destroyed every appearance of vegetation. For three days these symptoms manifested themselves, and on April 30th, at noon, the column of smoke assumed a blood-red hue, rose with a livelier motion and extended; the noise became incessant, with a vibration that affected the feelings and

hearing ; the Caribs who were resident at Morne Ronde fled from their houses to Kingstown and the negroes from their work ; the very birds were beaten to the ground, overpowered by the sand and stones projected from the mountain. At length, just as the day closed, the flame burst forth pyramidally from the crater ; the thunder now grew deafening, and electric flashes, some like rockets and others like shells, darting in all directions and in all forms, illumined the immense column of smoke which hung over the volcano. In a short time the lava poured out on the north-west side ; it was opposed there by the acclivity of a higher point of land, but being driven on by fresh accessions, it ascended and surmounted the obstacle, forming the figure **V** in a torrent of fire, plunged over the cliff, carrying down rocks and woods in its course, and finally precipitating itself into a vast ravine at the foot of Morne Ronde. All this while large globular bodies of fire were exploded from the crater, which burst and either fell back into it or among the surrounding bushes, which were instantly in a blaze ; in about four hours the torrent of lava reached the sea, and shortly after another stream descended eastward towards Rabacca. The island was now shaken by an earthquake. This was followed by a shower of cinders which descended like hail for two hours, and by a fall of stones mingled with fire which continued for an hour.

Many houses were set on fire, many negroes were wounded, and some were killed ; but happily the weight of the stones bore no proportion to their magnitude, or the sufferers from them would have been still more numerous than they were. At length, in the afternoon of May 1st the eruption ceased and the mountain sank gradually into a solemn silence ; the volcano, however, still burned, and on June 9th it again gave alarming signs of activity, but nothing more occurred than the throwing up of a quantity of stones and ashes which fell back into the abyss whence they came.

All the former beauty of the Soufrière was destroyed,

the conical mount disappeared, and an extensive lake of yellow-coloured water, whose agitated waves perpetually threw up vast quantities of black sand, supplied its place. A new crater was formed on the north-east of the original one, and the face of the mountain was entirely changed; many of the adjoining ravines were filled up, particularly Wallibou and Duvallé's: in the former the river was absorbed for some years, but the gradual accumulation of water burst through the sandy barrier and carried many negro houses in its progress; thirty-two slaves belonging to Wallibou estate were washed into the sea by the torrent.

During the eruption consternation prevailed in Barbados, ninety-eight miles away. The people, hearing violent explosions, thought that a battle must be taking place. Then the sky was darkened and dust began to fall all over the island, covering trees, houses, and everything, to a depth of several inches. The birds ceased their song, and the appearance of a heavy snowstorm was reproduced in that tropical island. Many thought that the day of doom had come, and it was long before people realized that what was falling was ash from the Soufrière, which had been carried by an upper current of air, contrary to the direction of the trade wind, over the island.

Nature is kind. It soon covered the scars and devastation caused by the eruption. The Crater Lake was reformed, and the Soufrière again became a popular place for maroons, as picnics used to be called in the West Indies. No one feared a recurrence of the disaster, and the country at the foot of the mountain was much sought after on account of its fertility. It yielded bountiful crops of sugar-cane, and all went well until 1902, when some apprehension was caused by the news that Mont Pelé in Martinique was showing signs of uneasiness. Earthquakes became unpleasantly frequent, and then on May 7th the mountain awoke from its slumbers, and once again reduced the Carib country to a wilderness and the grave of thousands of victims.

Mr. MacDonald has left the following laconic narrative of the final scenes :

Rumbling. Large black outburst with showers of stones all to windward, and enormously increased activity over the whole area. A terrific huge purplish and reddish curtain advancing up to and over Richmond estate. At this stage left Richmond Vale House and hurried into and pushed off boat a few minutes after 2 p.m. Saw vapour, as we rowed hard across Chateaubelair Bay, coming down to sea-level past Richmond Point. Sea peppered all round with stones, one of which, about a cubic inch, fell inside the boat, in which were eleven persons. The huge curtain referred to was advancing after the racing boat, which never seemed likely to get out of range of it or the falling stones, which latter varied from the size of one's fist downward. All in the boat felt that their end was near, and some one cried out, 'We are all done for—head for shore!' This was done, and the boat beached between Petit Bordel and Rosebank. Got on to public road, where streams of people were hurrying along, all anxious to get to some place of safety. The lightning and thunder at this time was terrific, and there were noises inland. Everything seemed to point to a general break-up both on land and on sea. Fortunately, the writer found a stray horse at Rosebank, which he mounted without a saddle and rode slowly along after the rest of the party. On reaching Troumaca Hill the bulk of the party refused to face the descent into the ravine, fearing darkness seen advancing from eastward.

Small stones were coming down all the time in a continuous shower, and Troumaca stream was thick from ashes. At Cumberland a saddle was obtained, and the journey to Wallibou continued in bodily comfort.

The loss of life was estimated at 2,000, and the Caribs were practically wiped out.

The eruption was followed by a tidal wave, which led to a London paper publishing an alarming poster stating that St. Vincent was sinking under the sea. This recalls the tradition which existed among sailors in the eighteenth century that the West Indian Islands and Bermuda were

afloat, and in this connexion an amusing story is told of a seaman who for some misdemeanour had been placed in the cells on Ireland Island. Banging at the door, he said to the janitor who asked what was the matter: 'If you don't let me out of this blinking 'ole and get me a drink, I'll put my foot through the —— floor and drown the —— lot of you!'

CHAPTER III

THE SPICE ISLAND OF THE WEST

ON the passage from St. Vincent to Grenada, sixty miles away to the south-west, steamers are never out of sight of land, except at night or in dirty weather. Their course lies abreast the Grenadines, a peerless archipelago of upwards of a hundred small islands of infinite variety and charm. A few of them are cultivated, some are bare, and some are covered with tropical vegetation.

Others are just bare rocks of fantastic shapes projecting from the sapphire sea. Collectively they are far more beautiful than the much advertised 'Thousand Islands' in the St. Lawrence. Even among these tiny West Indian islands the problem of federation has not yet been solved, for while some are dependencies of St. Vincent, others owe allegiance to Grenada, and an attempt to weld the whole group with the parent colonies and St. Lucia into one political unit in 1905 met with such determined opposition that it had to be abandoned. It is only fair to add that the people of Grenada did not object to federation *per se*, but felt that if there was to be union it should be with Trinidad, with whose inhabitants they had much in common, rather than with St. Vincent.

Of St. Vincent's dependencies the principal are Bequia, with a commodious harbour known as Admiralty Bay, Mustique, Canouan, Myera, Battowia, Balliceaux, and Union Island. Grenada, on the other hand, possesses Carriacou and a number of smaller islands, including Islet Ronde, Levera, Green, Sandy, Conference—the list is too long to remember. The origin of their names alone would

be an interesting study. Balliceaux is said to have been so called from the *bels oiseaux* abounding in its solitudes ; and Petit Martinique after Grand Martinique, from which the venomous fer-de-lance snake was introduced into it ; but how did Jack Adam Island come by its name ? From some seaman who may have been wrecked there ? Who can tell ?

Nearer Grenada is the famous Kick'em-Jenny, a solitary rock said to have earned its title from the reputation of the waters surrounding it for a certain liveliness, which made it the *Cay qu'on gêne*—' the cay that bothers one '—to those going down to the sea in such small craft as sloops, though good sailors prefer the derivation *Cay que j'aime* !

There was a time when some of these scattered islands had their plantocracy like their larger neighbours, and in Myera there used to be pointed out the ruins of an unfinished great house made of Bath stone which was fashioned in England, and then sent out to be erected, ' a conspicuous example of useless expense ', as Shephard appositely says in his *Historical Account of St. Vincent*.

In the eighteenth century cotton was the principal staple of those of the Grenadines whose soil was cultivable ; but Carriacou is the only island in the West Indies where this crop has continued to be grown without interruption. The variety cultivated is that known as Marie Galante, and the producers of it are mainly, if not entirely, peasant proprietors. Sugar was also produced, Bequia having had nine sugar estates, cultivated by 1,273 slaves, and even little Mustique two. Balliceaux and Battowia were the live-stock islands.

Carriacou affords a striking example of the advantages of settling the people on the land. Towards the close of last century the island was reduced to the depths of depression and misery owing to the collapse of its sugar industry through the economic causes already referred to. Complete ruin appeared inevitable, when the local Government decided to purchase the abandoned sugar estates and to cut them up and distribute them among small-

holders. In 1903, 1,510 acres of land were disposed of in this way, and so popular was the movement that, nine years later, Carriacou had been raised from desolation to comparative affluence. The success which has attended this particular land settlement scheme is largely due to the skill with which it was carried out by Mr. G. Whitfield Smith, Commissioner from 1904 to 1913—a critical period in the history of the dependency. It is not too much to say that the Carriacou land-settlement scheme stands out prominently as an example which deserves to be more generally followed in the West Indies.

No one could grudge the time it takes to cross from St. Vincent to Grenada. It passes all too quickly, and the enchantment of the fairy-like archipelago has not begun to pall when the rugged massif of Grenada looms in sight. From a distance there is little to differentiate it from St. Vincent, but as you draw nearer you will notice that the lower hills are ablaze with orange-red flowers. These are the blossoms of the Bois Immortel, the *madre de cacao* of the Spaniards, who used the tree to mother, or shelter, their cacao walks from the fierce rays of the tropical sun. To those familiar with the Italian Lakes, the scene will recall the feast of colour afforded by the hanging gardens of the Villa Carlotta on the shores of Como when the azaleas are in bloom.

Coasting along Grenada the steamer passes the villages of Victoria and Gouyave, where, in 1795, at the outbreak of the Brigands' War, from which Grenada also suffered, the luckless Governor Ninian Home, returning from his estate Paraclete in St. George's round the north end of the island, fell into a trap. Noticing suspicious craft about, he landed, and was immediately made prisoner by Jules Fédon, the chief of the rebels, who marched him off to his camp, ominously called Le Champ de la Mort, where, with forty-seven other victims, he was ignominiously put to death.

Gouyave was also the scene of one of the exploits of Thomas Pitt, second Lord Camelford, when he commanded

His Majesty's sloop of war *Favourite*. In 1797 the people of Grenada were constantly expecting a descent by the French upon their island, and one night Captain McDonald of the 2nd West India Regiment, who was in command of the battery on shore, seeing a suspicious vessel in the roadstead showing no lights, fired a shot across her bows. The stranger replied with a vigorous broadside, and the battery returned the fire as fast as its single gun could be loaded. The inhabitants fled to the country in a panic, and the bombardment having been heard also in St. George's, the capital was hastily put in a posture of defence. There was no sleep for the citizens that night ; but when day dawned they were greatly relieved to see the *Favourite* lying serenely at anchor in the harbour. Lord Camelford came ashore, and they then learnt that it was he who had been responsible for spoiling their night's rest. Indignant at his ship having been taken for a Frenchman, he had determined to teach the over-zealous battery a lesson, and had given it a peppering. Recriminations between the Governor, Colonel Charles Green, and Camelford ensued, and no doubt some angry words were exchanged before the affair blew over.

The harbour of St. George's is one of the most perfectly sheltered havens in the West Indies. It occupies what is obviously an old volcanic crater, one side of which has been broken down in course of ages, thus forming the bottle-necked entrance. So well concealed is this entrance that, until you are quite close, it is impossible to detect it. The eastern side of the harbour consists of a rocky promontory, at the extremity of which is perched a fort whose weather-beaten stones are almost black with age. This fort was built in 1705-6 from the designs and under the supervision of M. de Caillus, 'Engineer-General of the Islands and Terra Firma of America'. It is now the Colonial Hospital, and is used for saving instead of taking life.

The first glimpse one gets of St. George's is this venerable fort and a group of white houses with red roofs on the



ST. GEORGE'S GRENADA

seaward side of the promontory. These constitute 'Bay town' as distinct from 'Carénage town' on the harbour, two districts now united by a tunnel. Rounding the promontory steamers pick their way gingerly into the harbour, or Carénage. The harbour is not large. It is not one of the many of which it is said that they could accommodate the navies of the world; but for beauty it is unsurpassed. The view of it from the heights beyond has become as popular among photographers as that of Naples from the Vomero, a tall cabbage-palm taking the place of the stone-pine of Southern Italy as a foreground. In this harbour sailing ships used to be careened and refitted after their long voyage from Europe, and for this reason it is called the Carénage. In its secluded creeks you may still see schooners and sloops lying on their beam ends, whilst negro shipwrights caulk their seams and paint their hulls.

From the waterside the houses, many of them neatly built of red brick, straggle up the hill-side, and the ridge is crowned by three churches. The streets are steep, like those in Malta, and unless you are content to remain on the wharf, you must go either up or down hill.

On the south side of the harbour, immediately opposite St. George's, is an arm of the sea called the Lagoon. It was once separated from the Carénage by an isthmus. On this the French from Martinique established their settlement after Sieur du Parquet had purchased the island from the Caribs in 1650. Before half a century had elapsed, however, the settlers transferred themselves to the neighbourhood of their new fort, and in this way the town of St. George's came into existence.

In the hitherto peaceful harbour an alarming occurrence took place on November 18, 1867. Between five and five-twenty in the afternoon on that day the water suddenly subsided about five feet, exposing a reef in front of the Lagoon. Then the sea over a spot called the Green Hole began to bubble and emit sulphurous fumes. This manifestation was followed by the sea rising rapidly about four

feet above the high-water mark, and rushing up violently to the head of the Carénage. This happened four times before the harbour 'resumed normal conditions'. Fortunately there was no loss of life and no damage was done, and from that day to this there has been no recurrence of the disturbance, which synchronized with a similar but more violent, convulsion in St. Thomas, accompanied by a tidal wave fifty feet high, and a slight volcanic outbreak in Saba.

Overlooking the harbour on a plateau some four hundred feet above the level of the sea are the historic Hospital Hill Forts. They should be regarded with veneration, for it was before them that Sir George, afterwards Lord, Macartney, with 540 men, made his brilliant stand against the French under Comte d'Estaing and Count Dillon, who attacked him with a force of 10,000 men in July 1779. Three hundred Frenchmen were killed or wounded before the English were compelled to withdraw to Fort St. George, where, bombarded by their own guns on Hospital Hill which they had unfortunately failed to spike, they were compelled to surrender.

A few days later Admiral Byron appeared with his squadron off St. George's, but he was too late to save the island. Nevertheless, although his force was inferior to that of the French, he bravely attacked d'Estaing, inflicting on him a loss of 1,200 killed and 2,000 wounded, and compelling him to seek shelter under the guns of the fort.

Higher up still is another range of forts, those of Richmond Hill, the construction of which was begun by the French after d'Estaing's success, and completed by the English when the island was restored to them by the Treaty of Versailles in 1783. They are now devoted to the use of various Government institutions such as the lunatic asylum and poor-house.

Like St. Vincent, Grenada had its Brigands' War towards the close of the eighteenth century. The doctrines of the Revolution, sedulously preached by the emissaries of Victor

Hugues, found ready acceptance among the French residents and slaves.

After the capture of Grenada in 1763 the English Government had permitted the French to enjoy full religious freedom. The English inhabitants did not share this privilege and became, therefore, intensely jealous of their fellow-colonists. Sixteen years later the French, on regaining possession of the island, subjected the English to hardships, and exasperated them to such an extent that after the restoration of the island to England in 1783, the local Legislature retaliated by wresting from the French churches and church lands, which they made over to the Protestant church, and by depriving them of their political rights. The French at this juncture, hearing of his success in Guadeloupe, turned to Hugues as their saviour. The slaves, on their part, learning that it had been decreed in the French Colonies that 'people of colour and free negroes in the colonies ought to enjoy equality of political rights with the whites', eagerly seized the opportunity offered to them of regaining their freedom.

Hugues selected as his tool in Grenada one Julien Fédon, a coloured planter of French descent who then owned Belvidere estate on the heights of St. John's parish, and made him General-Commandant of the forces. The plot was silently woven. Meetings were held in secret, and arms smuggled from Martinique were distributed at night.

The storm burst at midnight on March 2, 1795, when a body of rebels surrounded La Baye, a town on the windward coast a little to the south of where Grenville now stands, and massacred the English inhabitants without regard to age or sex. They then plundered the place and, having set fire to the houses, withdrew to the mountains with their booty. Simultaneously another party attacked Gouyave, and rounding up the residents, drove them bound and half-naked to Belvidere, where the rebels fortified the estate works and entrenched themselves on the summit of the neighbouring Morne.

Meanwhile, the unfortunate Lieutenant-Governor, Ninian

Home, was with other prisoners placed in stocks in a hut on the mountain-side. Here he was repeatedly called upon to deliver up the island, but, preferring honour to liberty, he stoutly declined to do so, although he did go so far as to inform the Acting-Governor, by letter, that Fédon had threatened that if his camp were assaulted by British troops the prisoners would all immediately be put to death. On April 8th this brutal threat was put into execution. Fédon, incensed by the death of his brother, who had fallen earlier in the day, gave the order for the massacre, and the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Farquhar, his A.D.C., the Hon. Alexander Campbell, a Member of Council, and forty-five others, were butchered in cold blood. There were only three survivors, one being Dr. John Hay, a clergyman, and doctor of Fédon's district, who has left a tragic account of the final scene.

The prisoners, who had been let out of stocks, were immediately ordered in, the door locked, and the whole guard put under arms. Soon after the attack became more general, a voice was heard saying, 'The prisoners are to be shot. . . .' The guard was drawn up very near the prison, at the distance of not more than four or five paces. They appeared very much agitated, trembling with impatience, and some seemed to have their guns cocked. A few prisoners called out 'Mercy!' No reply was made. Others, who were not in stocks, were on their knees praying. Not a word was exchanged among us; we all knew an attack from that quarter must fail of success, which would not only prolong our misery, but endanger our lives. The door was opened; two men appeared with hammers to take the prisoners out of the stocks. Those who were not in confinement were ordered to go out. . . . He (Fédon) began the bloody massacre in presence of his wife and daughters, who remained there, unfeeling spectators of his horrid barbarity. He gave the order 'Fire!' himself to every man as soon as he came out; and of fifty-one persons, only Parson M'Mahon, Mr. Kerr, and myself were saved.

After the capture of Home, Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie, the Attorney-General, assumed the reins of Government,

and, in desperation, sent an appeal for assistance to Don José Maria Chacon, the Governor of Trinidad, then a Spanish possession. Chacon responded by sending across to St. George's two armed brigs and a schooner with forty men, who for a while were employed as a garrison for the Fort, the British forces and colonial militia being sent to Gouyave. The Spaniards were, however, soon recalled, as their services were needed at Port of Spain, where the French *émigrés* were beginning to give trouble.

His Majesty's ships *Quebec* and *Resource* also came to the relief of Grenada, but their companies were too weak in numbers to quell the rising. By March 1796 the rebels were in undisputed possession of practically the entire island, which they overran, burning the crops and destroying the works and houses of every inhabitant who did not sympathize with their views.

With the arrival of reinforcements in that month, however, matters began to take a more favourable turn, a magnificent bayonet charge by the Buffs at Post Royal, coupled with the news that Sir Ralph Abercromby had reached Barbados on St. Patrick's Day, putting fresh heart into the colonists, though they were now confined to St. George's, which was protected by a stout stockade. Sir Ralph established his headquarters at Carriacou, and landed with a strong force at Palmiste Bay on June 9th. Ten days later the insurgents were utterly routed. Those at Fédon's camp were taken completely by surprise. The English, lighting their camp-fires at the foot of the hill, to make it appear that they were bivouacking as usual, crept up the Morne, and seizing a point known as the Vigie, fell upon the enemy at daybreak. Infuriated by the murder of their countrymen, they gave little quarter. Nearly all the leaders of the insurrection were captured, except Fédon, who is believed to have escaped in a canoe and to have been drowned in an attempt to reach Trinidad.

A special court was set up for the trial of the rebels, and forty-seven were convicted on proof of identity and were sentenced to death. Lieutenant-Governor Houston,

who had now assumed the government of the colony, respited all but fourteen, who were immediately executed, but so great was the resentment of the loyal colonists at this leniency that eventually thirty-eight of the rebels were made to pay the supreme penalty for their crimes with their lives, whilst the remainder were deported to British Honduras.

The events of 1795-6 have long since been forgotten, and nowhere in the West Indies have the negroes taken greater advantage of the opportunities afforded to them by British rule than in Grenada. The colony was one of the first to adopt the system of peasant proprietorship, and it is one of the few that can be described as having been really prosperous in recent years. The people are care-free and happy. They still bear the impress of the old days of French occupation, many of them speaking a patois handed down by father to son for generations. They observe, moreover, the carnival, when fantastic masks and costumes are donned, and from morning till night the streets of St. George's are thronged with masqueraders accompanied by bands with flutes, drums, and shack-shacks, that seem to consist of receptacles containing pebbles which are violently shaken with due regard to time. 'They have got their own emperor and empress, generals and admirals, courtiers and aide-de-camps', wrote Prince George (our present King) in the *Cruise of the Bacchante*, 'all dressed up in the public square, where they are dancing and frisking about with drums and tom-toms, apparently all day and all night without any cessation. . . . They carry a large flag or long banner, its ends borne aloft, fastened to poles. Grinning and shouting, the men and women sway in the dance, and the old men sit on the ground beating time on a couple of tom-toms, or native drums.'

But if you would study the people to advantage you should pay a visit to the market at daybreak. It is then thronged with negroes, many of whom have walked from the country districts in the night with their guinea-fowl

and chickens, their yams, sweet potatoes, tannias, cush-cush, and pigeon peas—generically called ‘ground provisions’—and their corn or maize, plantains, oranges, limes, and bread-fruit, which change hands to a perfect babel of argument. In order to minimize the danger of ‘praedial larceny’ or theft of the growing crops, only licensed dealers may handle cacao and nutmegs, the two staple products of the island. Cacao can be seen elsewhere, but the cultivation of nutmegs is almost peculiar to Grenada. It was introduced by the late Hon. Frank Gurney at Belvidere—the estate that once belonged to the renegade Fédon—and spread rapidly over the island. The nutmegs (*Myristica fragrans*) are sown two or three feet apart, and the plants begin to flower or ‘declare’, as it is called locally, in from four to six years. This is the critical time, for nutmeg-trees are either male or female, and if there is a preponderance of one sex the community suffers. A skilful planter, knowing that the precocious males declare first, is usually able to identify the sex of the plants without difficulty, and he then plants out the young female trees at distances of 15 to 30 feet alternately with the male. In about fifteen years the trees become well established. After that they require little attention, as weeds do not grow under the heavy nutmeg shade, and a healthy tree will yield as many as 5,000 nutmegs a year. The fruit when ripe is gathered by hand, and when it is opened it is found to contain the nutmeg of commerce, round which is a vein-like substance which, when dried, becomes mace—also of commerce.

What Grenada requires before it can hope to attract wayfarers to its beautiful shores is a modern hotel. It cannot be truthfully said that any of its existing establishments are in line with present-day requirements, and consequently most travellers who have not been lucky enough to secure introductions to any of the hospitable inhabitants are content to stay a few hours only in the island, where they might spend days exploring its many beautiful valleys, its picturesque waterfalls, and its superb

mountain scenery. But even the passing visitor usually has time to drive past the Botanic Garden to Grand Ance Bay with its peerless beach of white coral sand—an ideal spot for a bathe—and to return over the hills below Richmond Hill which command a wonderful panorama of mountain, hill, and valley. He will be reminded of the Devil's Punch Bowl in some distant manner, though the amphitheatre of mountains surrounding the Tempe, Mount Parnassus, and Mount Gay valleys presents a far more magnificent *coup d'œil* than Hindhead's famous beauty spot can boast. Conspicuous in the middle distance the wayfarer will see a solitary Morne, with, on its summit, an immense silk-cotton-tree, one of those mysterious giants which look as if they had been pulled up by some gargantuan hand and planted upside down with their roots in the air. It was on just such a Morne as this that the bloodthirsty rebel, Julien Fédon, pitched his camp during the memorable insurrection that shook the colony of Grenada to its foundations in 1795-6.

Grenada has three crater lakes, those of Levera and Antoine, at the north end of the island, and the Grand Etang, only seven or eight miles from St. George's, at an altitude of 1,740 feet. This 'great pond' is easily accessible, situated as it is on a driving road across the island to Grenville on the windward coast. No eruption of the volcano, in whose bosom it rests, surrounded by virgin forest, has ever been recorded; and it will not be until an earthquake shatters the basin and admits the water to the inner recesses of the mountain that it will be known whether it is absolutely extinct or not. In St. Vincent and Martinique, crater lakes such as this are supposed to have been responsible for the violence of the preliminary eruptions of the Soufrière and Mont Pelé. This may sound alarming, but the wayfarer need not be deterred from inspecting the Grand Etang, for eruptions are usually preceded by premonitory symptoms, and within the memory of man this particular volcano has never misbehaved itself. The neighbourhood of the lake

is a favourite picnic resort, and for those who may wish to enjoy the mountain air and picturesque scenery in novel surroundings there is a rest-house where simple accommodation is available. During the visit of the *Bacchante* to Grenada in 1880, Prince Albert and Prince George were entertained in a 'pretty sort of *al fresco* hall erected of bamboos and palm leaves' in a clearing among the tall tree-ferns—than which New Zealand could produce none finer—at this delectable spot, which was also visited by the Prince of Wales in 1921. Another, but distant, 'show place' is the Morne des Sauteurs—pronounced, for some unaccountable reason 'So-teers'—where about forty Caribs, to escape from Le Compte, who had brutally massacred an equal number of their comrades, flung themselves headlong over a precipice into the sea, like the Gadarene swine. 'Our people', writes Du Tertre, 'having lost but one man in the expedition, proceeded in the next place to set fire to the cottages, and root up the provisions of the savages, and, having destroyed, or taken away, everything belonging to them, returned in high spirits' (*bien joyeux*). Could anything have been more utterly callous? But what else was to be expected from settlers acting on the instructions of such a man as Du Parquet, who had acquired the island for 'some knives and hatchets and a large quantity of glass beads, besides two bottles of brandy for the chief himself'?

CHAPTER IV

THE LAND OF THE HUMMING BIRD

THE shape of Trinidad resembles that of a hide stretched out flat. The island is oblong, and has a promontory at each corner. The promontories at the north-west and south-west extend towards Venezuela on the mainland of South America, forming narrow straits which give access to the Gulf of Paria, a great sheet of water ninety miles long and forty miles in width. The straits to the south, scarcely five miles across, are those which were entered by Columbus in 1498, when he discovered Trinidad, and by Sir Walter Raleigh ninety-seven years later. They are called the Boca del Sierpe, or Serpent's Mouth. Those to the north, which are divided into four separate channels by the sentinel islands of Monos (monkey), Huevos (egg), and Chacachacare, are known as the Bocas del Dragone, or Dragon's Mouths.

It is a night's steam from St. George's to Trinidad, and no wayfarer should fail to be on deck at dawn when the dark masses of the sombre mountains of that island and of the Spanish Main, as the northern coast of South America is called, rise from the sea over the quarter. At first it is difficult to discern where the mainland ends and Trinidad begins, so much are they alike, and geologists state that at some distant time they were physically united.

It is usually left to the discretion of the captain to decide by which of the Bocas he will enter. Sometimes he chooses the Boca Grande. Sometimes, if he is in a hurry, that of Monos, the narrowest of the four. The Dragon's Mouths are not so formidable as their name suggests.

Though the current races through them at times like a mill-stream, they present no difficulties to navigation so long as the engineers keep up a good head of steam. In the days of the wind-jammer, however, it was different, and many a sailing ship has left her bones on the rocks in these straits.

On the seaward side the islands of the Bocas have a wild and romantic appearance. The largest is Chacachacare, which is said to derive its peculiar name from the cries of the wild birds frequenting it. It is now Trinidad's Molokai, being devoted to the use of lepers who were transferred to it from the neighbourhood of Port of Spain (where they should never have been quartered) in 1922. In Trinidad the segregation of these unfortunate people is compulsory. Modern methods of treatment with chaulmoogra oil are, however, meeting with such satisfactory results, that it is confidently predicted that within a quarter of a century leprosy will have been stamped out in Trinidad, and Chacachacare restored to the people, who will once more be able to picnic in La Tinta Bay and spend their week-ends at Rust's and other resorts on its coasts.

The passage of the Bocas is a fascinating experience. Although your steamer may be making eight or nine knots only, the water races past her sides so rapidly that the speed appears to be far greater. Steep rocky precipices with luxuriant vegetation springing from every available cranny almost overhang the deck, and the beauty of the scene is enchanting.

It was through these narrow straits that His Majesty's ship *Victory*, with ten other sail of the line and three frigates, sailed majestically in 1805 in search of the combined fleets of France and Spain.

Shortly after Spain had entered the war in that year, Villeneuve, having eluded the vigilance of the English fleet in the Mediterranean, had joined hands with the Spaniards, and sailed to the West Indies. Although the combined fleet was greatly superior to the English in

numbers, consisting as it did of eighteen sail of the line, six 44-gun frigates, one 26-gun frigate, three corvettes and a brig, Nelson never hesitated, but started off immediately in hot pursuit of the enemy. He arrived at Barbados on June 4th, and was told there that the combined fleet had been seen off St. Lucia on May 28th standing to southward, and that Trinidad was their objective. This he was inclined to doubt; but nevertheless, after embarking all the troops that could be spared, he set sail for that island.

When the English fleet was off Tobago, a merchant sent a schooner to reconnoitre, and ascertain whether the ships were friends or foes. Unfortunately the signal given was the same as that selected to indicate that the French were in the offing. Moreover, the master of an American ship affirmed that he had been boarded off Grenada a few days before by the French, who were standing over towards Trinidad. Nelson himself now believed that the enemy must be in the neighbourhood; but to make sure he sent a boat to the north coast of the island to obtain information from the garrison of a Martello tower which had recently been erected there. The officer commanding the fort, who happened to be a Frenchman in the service of the English, mistaking the fleet for that of the enemy, completely lost his head, and instead of preparing to defend his post, hurled his single gun over the cliffs and, having blown up the fort, set out for Port of Spain, spreading the news far and wide as he went that the fleets of France and Spain were about to attack the island. The people of Port of Spain were now reduced to a state of panic. Martial law was proclaimed, the archives and merchants' books were sent to Fort George, the chief defence of the island, whose venerable stones remain to remind one of a bygone age, and the Governor, Sir Thomas Hislop, deciding that the capital was untenable, just as his Spanish predecessor, Chacon, had done eight years before, marched at the head of the regular troops, militia, and volunteers towards the citadel.

Meanwhile Nelson, having seen the fort 'go up', was convinced that the enemy were in possession of the island and that their fleet must be in the Gulf. He accordingly caused his ships to be cleared for action before daylight, and on the morning of June 7th, H.M.S. *Victory*, ten other sail of the line, and three frigates passed through the Bocas into the Gulf 'in beautiful style', hoping to make the mouths of the Orinoco as famous in the annals of the British Navy as those of the Nile.

On finding that he had been misled, he put his ships about and sailed away again without communicating with the shore.

When the news that there had been no action reached Barbados, disappointment was profound. The enthusiasm aroused by the arrival of Nelson and his fleet on June 4th, the King's birthday, had known no bounds. 'Amidst this military parade and loyal rejoicing', ran an editorial in the *Barbados Mercury and Bridgetown Gazette*,

THE ENEMY'S FLEETS have not been lost sight of, and we cannot but view the present day as propitious to our speedy triumph over them.

After reviewing the strength of the garrison in Trinidad, it proceeded :

Independent of which, we this day behold the

VICTORIOUS NELSON

the hero of Aboukir—the conqueror of Brueys with a powerful and well-appointed fleet, shaping his course in pursuit of

GRAVINA and VILLENEUVE,

who will scarce have entered the Bocas of Trinidad before they are assailed by our gallant fleet—What then will avail their 16 sail of the line—their frigates and their transports; or their 3,000 French and 1,600 Spanish Troops composing this EXPEDITION!!! which must terminate in their entire discomfiture and overthrow, and render the battle of the Gulf of Paria as celebrated as that of the Nile. Our readers, by referring to the CHART of this GULF, will see how completely the ENEMY will have been caught in a net, if fortunately our Gallant Admiral finds them at Trinidad.

After publishing this effusion, it must have been mortifying to the editor to learn from a cartel that the enemy fleet was still in the neighbourhood of Martinique. Nevertheless, he delivered himself of the following heroic verse :

Ah ! haste thee to Trinidad's strand ;
 See ! NELSON dogs thy dastard crews !
 Haste ! thy trembling legions land,
 NELSON at their heels pursues ;
 Lo ! he thunders—and thy Fleet
 Fades like chaff before the storm—
 Armed with Terror and Defeat,
 Lo ! Gallant Myers's warrior form.
 He treads the shore—ah ! sav'd in vain,
 From all the carnage of the main—
 He treads the shore—thy armies fly.
 Or where they rally—rally but to die.
 Thine is rout devoid of pause ;
 CONQUEST ours, and Heav'n's applause.

The scenery of the islands of the Bocas is so wild and mysterious that it does not require any great stretch of imagination to picture the ' thousand red monkeys ' whose howling Joseph, in his *History of Trinidad*, declares will strike the ear when the weather is very wet. ' When you approach most other West Indian islands, the first thing that is generally heard is the crowing of the domestic cock and the barking of dogs ; when Trinidad is approached, the wilderness-like yell of red monkeys generally horrifies the ear of the voyager.' The first part of this statement is correct ; the second . . . well ! . . .

On entering the Gulf the new-comer is usually struck by the change in the appearance of the sea, the translucent sapphire giving place to the muddy, greenish grey characteristic of the waters off the coast of the Main. This is due to the detritus brought down in suspension by the mighty Orinoco, off whose delta Trinidad lies, and other great rivers of South America.

Inside the Bocas the scenery is less severe. On the

shores of the islands a few dainty little villas peep out of the foliage. Standing sentinel over the straits of Monos, and sheltering Chaguaramas Bay, is the larger island of Gaspar Grande, or Gasparee, famed for its wonderful limestone caves. A little hotel and a group of bungalows are perched on its sides. Far away to the west is a small rocky islet completely destitute of any signs of life or vegetation. This is the much-discussed Patos, or Goose, island, for long a subject of contention between Great Britain and Venezuela. In the days when that country was a province of Colombia, the Colombians declared unequivocally that the island was theirs. Great Britain was equally emphatic that it was hers, and to show that she was *de facto* as well as *de jure* owner, she decided to occupy the barren rock. Consequently the Government of Trinidad and Tobago pays an individual to reside in solitary state on Patos and to hoist the Union Jack over it at sunrise and lower it again at sunset.

It was under the guns of Gaspar Grande that the Spanish Admiral, Don Sebastian Ruiz de Apodaca, lay in his flagship *San Vincente* surrounded by his fleet when he learned that Admiral Harvey was on his track. Trinidad at that time was a Spanish colony in name only. It was overrun by refugees from the French islands who really ruled the roast, making the position of the Governor, Don José Maria Chacon, one of extreme difficulty. Outbreaks of violence were of frequent occurrence. In May 1796, following an *émeute* between the seamen of His Majesty's ship *Alarm* and some of the French riff-raff in Port of Spain, Captain Vaughan landed an armed party, and marched towards the capital with colours flying, and with drums and fifes playing 'Britons, strike home', to avenge his men who had been assaulted. They were induced by the Spaniards to withdraw before there was bloodshed; but this episode formed one of the counts on which Spain declared war against England a few months later. Admiral Harvey and Sir Ralph Abercromby were thereupon entrusted with the task of capturing Trinidad, and on

February 16, 1797, the English fleet entered the Bocas 'in perfect formation'. The Admiral led the van in his flagship *Prince of Wales*, and as the day was already well advanced, he decided to wait until morning before falling upon the enemy.

There was no rest in Port of Spain that night. The town was in a turmoil, and when a series of violent explosions was heard, and an ominous red glare appeared in the sky in the direction of Gaspar Grande, the inhabitants believed that a violent battle must be in progress. When day broke they were amazed to learn, however, that the 'bombardment' was the Spaniards destroying their own ships, all of which, with one exception, had been burnt to the water's edge, and had sunk at their moorings, the English having thus won a Pyrrhic victory without firing a single shot. So ended the Battle of Chaguaramas Bay.

After this unexpected event, Harvey captured the fort on Gaspar Grande without difficulty, and Abercromby, having disembarked his troops at Peru—then a sugar estate, but now an Indian village—advanced on Port of Spain. He met with little serious opposition, and on February 18th Chacon signed articles for the surrender of Trinidad to His Britannic Majesty. From that date the island has been a cherished possession of the English Crown.

Port of Spain lies on the plains at the foot of lofty mountains in the angle formed by the north-west promontory of Trinidad. Consequently, after negotiating the Bocas, steamers bound for the capital turn east and coast along within a few miles of the shore. Signs of cultivation soon begin to appear, extending from small patches of vivid green coco-nut palms to larger areas under cacao in the fertile Diego Martin and Tucker valleys in the northern range of hills. High up on the mountain-side is Fort George, now a signal station with bunting fluttering from its flagstaff, as well as cabalistic drums and cones to indicate the movement of vessels in the Gulf. In these days of wireless it is of less account

than it was years ago when merchants eagerly scanned it to learn the fate of ships consigned to their care, and one can imagine what consternation must have prevailed when such hoists were displayed as 1—45—48—106, which, according to an old *Trinidad Almanack*, signified 'packet has made signal of distress, rudder damaged, blows hard outside', or 131—132 meaning that a ship had entered the Bocas, and had drifted out again!

It was this fort that ruined George Dickson, one of the wealthiest merchants of Port of Spain. Dickson was accused of having charged for material that he had failed to deliver, was tried by court martial, and thrown into jail. He managed to escape, but was again imprisoned and subjected to one vexatious prosecution after another, until he finally left the island a ruined man to seek justice in England. Arrived there, he laid his case before the King in Council, who reversed the decision of the colonial courts, whereupon Dickson returned to the colony without a stain on his character or a penny in his pocket, a broken man, a fortune of £80,000 having been expended in legal proceedings.

The steamer now passes a number of small islands. First there is Cronstadt, used as a haven of rest and recreation for the Trinidad constabulary, and then the picturesque group known to the Spaniards as *Los Cotorros*, or the Parrots, and to us as the Five Islands. It includes Caledonia (neither stern nor wild), Craig, Lenegan, Nelson, and Picton, the last being named after the much-persecuted Thomas Picton, Abercromby's A.D.C. in 1797, and afterwards the first Governor of Trinidad. All Picton did was to sign a document ordering a recalcitrant witness named Luisa Calderon to be tortured according to the Spanish Law, which was still observed after the cession of the island. '*Appliquez la question*', he wrote, and the obstinate young woman was thereupon suspended from the ceiling of the torture chamber by one wrist, while a toe of one foot was allowed to rest on a spike of wood—so, at any rate, contemporary pamphlets would have one

believe. This episode provoked an acute controversy, which was still being actively canvassed when Picton fell gallantly on the battlefield of Waterloo. In Trinidad the memory of this distinguished soldier is kept green by this little island, by an oil-painting in the Town Hall of Port of Spain, and by an estate in the Naparima district.

The Five Islands, which vividly recall various 'Isole' on the Italian lakes, are now mostly used by Government institutions. One is a convict station, another is a quarantine station, and a third the immigration depot, where immigrants from India were first accommodated after their arrival from Calcutta between the forties of last century and 1917, when the Government of India refused to allow any more of its people to emigrate to the West Indies.

Port of Spain is only just above the sea-level, and its buildings are so dwarfed by the mountains beyond, and so well buried among tall palm-trees, that it is hard to believe when you first see it that it is the second city in order of size in the West Indies, and that it can possibly accommodate a population of over sixty thousand souls. Here a tall chimney, and there the dome of the Government Buildings and towers of the Cathedrals peep from the foliage, but beyond the wharves and the shipping in the Gulf there are fewer signs of life than you would expect to see. Steamers of any size have to lie even farther out in the roadstead than they do at Barbados. Consequently you have to submit to the discomfort of going ashore by launch or tender. Let it be added at once that the discomfort will be due to the heat and crowd, and not to any liveliness of the sea, for the Gulf is usually as calm as a mill-pond. So little are storms to be feared in it that in the old days during the rainy season when sails were shaken out to dry between the showers the sailors would often not trouble to furl them again at night. Nevertheless it seems to visitors remarkable that a prosperous island like Trinidad should be so backward in respect of landing and harbour facilities. The disabilities suffered by Port of Spain in this connexion have long been

recognized, but nothing is done to obviate them. In 1808 the desirability of transferring the capital to Pointe-à-Pierre, about twenty-two miles down the east coast where there is deep water almost up to the shore, was seriously discussed. Some years ago there was a proposal on foot to construct a deep-water harbour at Chaguaramas Bay, to be connected with the capital by rail. In 1917 the Governor put forward a scheme for the construction of deep-water quays at Port of Spain, but it was opposed by the merchants, who declared that cargo could be handled more economically and with greater expedition by lighter. The West Indian Shipping Committee by which this proposal was discussed in 1919 reported in favour of its adoption, but on the understanding that use of the quays was made optional. This rider gave the death-blow to the scheme, for it was obvious that the harbour could not be profitably maintained if the steamer companies using the port were to continue to use lighters instead of the quays. The establishment of the West India Docks in London was only rendered practicable by Parliament giving them a monopoly for twenty-one years, during which ship-owners were compelled to use the quays. At the end of that period the lighters made their reappearance, and at the present time 75 per cent of the work of the Port of London is performed by them. Nevertheless, the docks still flourish greatly; but there can be no true analogy between such a busy port and a West Indian harbour, where there would be insufficient business to go round. So Trinidad remains without a harbour, and passengers proceeding to and from the island must still submit to the inconvenience of 'break of bulk' instead of stepping from the steamer to the shore. The bore is that if you embark on the launch too soon, you are roasted by the sun which strikes you both ways, from above and also from the surface of the water. If, on the other hand, you tarry, the chances are that you will not find a seat on board. In either case the wait seems never-ending while baggage is being transferred and greetings are

exchanged between bronzed residents in their white flour-bag suits and sun helmets and the new arrivals eager to explore the wonders of the island. But at last every one is securely packed on board, and with a preliminary hoot that awakens echoes in the mountains the launch sheers off, and, picking her way through the shipping, which, as likely as not, will include one or more silver-grey cruisers, several square-rigged ships discharging timber, a tramp steamer or two and numerous sailing lighters, schooners and sloops, chugs her way to the lighthouse jetty.

The name 'Port of Spain', as applied to the capital of a British colony, is obviously a misnomer. It should, however, be honoured on account of its age, and we must be truly thankful that when Trinidad was captured the city was not renamed after the sovereign and included among the many Kingstowns and Georgetown's already existing in the British Empire, to add to the difficulties of the postal authorities. In actual fact, though the yellow and red banner of Spain floated over Trinidad less than a century and a half ago, the island bears the impress of Spanish occupation more lightly than Jamaica does. Though that island was wrested from Spain as far back as 1655, many Spanish names survive in it, and one may yet see there women with their picturesque turbans and broad-brimmed straw hats riding astride donkeys on the way to market after the fashion of the peasants in Andalusia. It used to be said that one could still hear the twang of the guitar and dreamy Spanish waltzes in Port of Spain, but this soothing music has been supplanted by 'jazz', beloved now not only by the negroes, its original exponents, but also by the whites.

Modern Port of Spain may be said to date from 1808, in which year the old city was almost completely destroyed by fire. The conflagration originated in a chemist's store in Frederick Street, then, as now, the leading business thoroughfare. A doctor, who shall be nameless, after looking on the wine while it was red, accidentally set light to some shavings at ten o'clock one night in March. The

fire, fanned by a breeze, spread with terrible rapidity through the town, the wooden buildings burning like tinder. Church bells were set ringing, drums beat to quarters, and the troops of the garrison were hurried to the scene, only, however, to prove a hindrance rather than a help, many of the men breaking open the grog stores and looting the property which the inhabitants were in desperation throwing from their windows. The slaves, following the example set to them by the troops, got completely out of hand, and pillaged the stores and warehouses. Some people hurled their merchandise into the wells, intending to remove it later on, but even this failed to save it from the all-devouring flames, for no sooner were the wells full of bales than the goods on the top caught alight, and all were destroyed. Throughout the night the pigeons of the town circled over the fire, until, overcome by weariness, they dropped into the flames. It was not until eight o'clock on the following morning that the fire was eventually checked by blowing up many houses with gunpowder, but by that time the greater part of the city had been consumed. Thousands of the inhabitants were rendered destitute and homeless, and for their relief Parliament voted £50,000, but Joseph, the historian of Trinidad, naïvely relates that none of the sufferers got a shilling of it, and that part of the sum was expended on building a jail, for which there was evidently great need.

One of the few traces of old Port of Spain still remaining is an ancient two-story building at the corner of the block opposite to that in which the Union Club now stands in Marine Square. It has an overhanging balcony shut in with jalousies, and is typical of the old-time colonial houses. Another interesting relic of the past is the weather-worn brick fort which almost faces you when you emerge from the Custom House. Its bastions were formerly lapped by the waters of the Gulf; but since the reclamation of the foreshore many years ago, they have been left stranded, high and dry, in a sea of dust. All that they now protect is the harbour-master's office.

Sir Ralph Woodford, the first civil Governor of Trinidad under British rule, may fairly be regarded as the maker of modern Port of Spain. The town was already rising from its ashes when that young baronet—and he was only twenty-nine years of age at the time—took the reins of government into his hands. Gifted with imagination and good taste, he proceeded to effect many improvements in the lay out, and planted the streets and squares with the beautiful trees and palms that form such a pleasing feature of the city to-day. He designed with his own hand the garden facing the Red House, or Government Building, and it is appropriate that during the war, when feeling against anything German ran high, its name should have been changed from Brunswick to Woodford Square.

Woodford was also responsible for the erection of the handsome Anglican and Roman Catholic cathedrals, both of which were designed by his Secretary, Philip Reingale, son of the artist. Woodford was Governor for no fewer than fifteen years, and consequently his administration was marked by a continuity of policy rare nowadays when the King's representatives are usually translated to some fresh sphere of activity just as they are beginning to grasp the needs of the situation. It is one of the tragedies of the present colonial system that colonies have no power to retain the services of progressive Governors of constructive ability, and are equally unable to dispense with those of administrators who, as is sometimes the case, care for little beyond completing their term of office and qualifying for a pension, or who show themselves to be out of sympathy with the country which they are sent out to govern.

Port of Spain in Woodford's time was not the spick-and-span city it is to-day. It was neither drained nor paved, and a few oil lamps only served to emphasize the darkness of its streets at night. Now, on the other hand, it stands out as the cleanest, brightest, and best-cared-for town in the British West Indies. The late Sir Rubert Boyce, the distinguished authority on sanitation and hygiene, wrote

in 1909: 'The sanitary condition of this town is excellent, the systems of water and drainage of the city having been carefully carried out in a most efficient manner, so as to diminish in a marked degree the possibility of infection from malaria'. Since then further progress has been made, and in winter at any rate, mosquitoes are so scarce that it is hardly necessary to sleep under a net at night. Less than thirty years ago the principal scavengers were hideous, bald-pated vultures called 'Johnny Crows', that used to perch on the trees ready to pounce on offal and dead cats and dogs, which they tore to pieces and devoured *coram publico*. With the adoption of modern sanitation, their vocation has gone, and whereas it used to be a crime to shoot a Johnny Crow, it would now be regarded an offence to harbour one.

The only bird that is still really conspicuous in Port of Spain is the Kiskadee, a kind of shrike with bright canary-yellow and brown plumage. Directly the sun is up he begins to dart about, shrieking the eternal question '*Qu'est-ce qu'il dit? Qu'est-ce qu'il dit?*' with perfect pronunciation. This continues throughout the day, and usually remains one of the abiding memories of Trinidad.

The early Indians called the island Iere—which is said to mean 'The land of the humming bird'. How four letters can mean so much has not been explained; but assuming the interpretation to be correct, one might expect to find Trinidad alive with humming birds. These exquisitely beautiful little creatures do not, however, obtrude themselves on the attention, though there are plenty to be seen in the gardens, their wings a-quiver and their brilliant plumage glittering with a metallic sheen. They never seem to walk or perch, but remain poised in the air, hovering over the flowers into the blossoms of which they occasionally plunge their delicate curved bills in search of nectar on which they live. There are many varieties of these birds, ruby, topaz, emerald, sapphire, and amethyst being among the prevailing colours of their iridescent plumage. Some have ruffs round their dainty

necks, others diminutive crests, and others again tails three times as long as their little bodies. Though there are upwards of a hundred varieties identified with the island, birds are scarce in Trinidad owing to the depredations of the mongoose, which has become a positive pest. The mongoose was introduced in the seventies of last century to exterminate rats, and having done this effectively, it turned its attention to birds and poultry with disastrous results to agriculture. The birds having been decimated, the insects on which they had fed multiplied rapidly, and became as serious a pest as the rats had been. In recent years the sugar-planters have been losing thousands of pounds owing to the ravages of an insect known as the froghopper, which would probably have been kept within bounds by the birds. There could be no better example of the danger of upsetting the balance of Nature.

After his experience in Bridgetown the wayfarer will be agreeably surprised to find that Port of Spain has pavements, an excellent service of open electric trams that hum up and down the main streets with clanging bells, and little or no dust. This last advantage is attributable to the fact that the roadways are treated with asphalt from the Pitch Lake at the south end of the island, and are consequently as clean and smooth as those of the Victoria Embankment and Westminster Bridge, which are similarly paved. One wonders how many people in London realize when they are speeding to and from the City in their motor-cars that they are actually driving over a fractional part of Trinidad's Pitch Lake. With a vast supply of asphalt almost at their doors it is astonishing that the municipal authorities in the West Indian islands do not avail themselves of it to a greater extent for repairing their roads and laying the insufferable dust.

The main streets in Port of Spain, and especially Frederick Street—the Regent Street of the city—have many first-rate shops, or stores as they are called, where every conceivable necessity of life can be purchased.

There are also stores in the accepted sense of the term where you can buy anything from a packet of pins to a motor-car. Port of Spain is essentially a cosmopolitan town, and in the course of a stroll through its streets you may meet representatives of many nationalities—English, Scotch, Irish, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Indian, and Syrian. People of African descent predominate, but Indians—or East Indians as they are called in the West Indies to distinguish them from the aboriginal Indians—are also conspicuous. Some of the latter, unemployed and perhaps unemployable, spend the entire day sitting on their hunks at the far end of Marine Square, a broad boulevard parallel with the wharves. It would be wrong to draw conclusions from these unfortunates regarding Indian immigration, which has proved of incalculable advantage not only to the colony, but also to the Indians themselves.

If you board any tramcar at the foot of Frederick Street it will take you to the Savannah, the playground and favourite residential quarter of Port of Spain. Formerly a sugar estate, the Savannah is a great expanse of rough grass of over one hundred acres in extent. Though it is officially called Queen's Park, it has few trees except round the edge, but on the far side a clump of cabbage-palms known as the 'Seven Sisters' is conspicuous. On this great open space golf, football, and other games are played, and it is also the scene of the annual race meeting when thoroughbreds from the neighbouring colonies compete with those of Trinidad for the Governor's Cup, and negroes and Indians mingle on the course showing even more enthusiasm than a Derby-day crowd. A herd of Zebu cattle lends an eastern touch to the scene, and beyond rise the glorious mountains, whose ever changing moods it is a joy to watch from the veranda of the palatial Queen's Park Hotel. On the far side, close under the hills, is Government House, over which floats the Union Jack. The Savannah is enclosed by simple posts and rails. Inside these, electric trams brilliantly lighted at night continually

make the circuit of the park from five o'clock until bedtime, packed with passengers out for an airing. Outside the rails is the Pitch Walk, a favourite promenade where after dark countless fire-flies flit about under the trees.

The small fire-flies display a brilliant speck of phosphorescent light on the abdomen when they breathe, but the larger have a more complicated system of illumination. It consists of two round azure lights above the eyes when they walk, and a ruby-coloured light on their abdomen when they fly. So bright are these lights that ladies have been known to put fire-flies under muslin on their dresses with singularly beautiful effect, when they walk in the dark gardens.

Flanking the road on the west side of the Savannah is a row of stately mansions that would not look out of place in Park Lane. They are indicative of the wealth of Trinidad, but cannot all be called handsome, one of them, indeed, looking like a cross between a Scotch castle and a German schloss. The road on the east side on the other hand is fringed by less pretentious, but more picturesque, houses and villas standing in pleasant gardens with their backs to the Dry River, a watercourse that is actually dry until the rains fall in the mountains, when it becomes a raging torrent.

West Indian gardens differ materially from those to which we are accustomed in England. To begin with they have no trim and well-kept lawns. Indeed, owing to the depredations of the little mole-cricket, the game that happens to be called by the second part of its name has to be played on coco-nut matting. Such grass as there is is coarse and rank. The flowers, however, go far towards making up for that shortcoming. There is nothing in an English garden to be compared for splendour to the scarlet poinsettias which grow almost like weeds in the West Indies. Nor have we anything to equal the purple and brick-red bougainvilleas which run riot over porches and pergolas, or the hibiscus which assumes in the West Indies many forms and hues. Allamandas and



GOVERNMENT HOUSE AT ST. ANN'S, TRINIDAD

plumbago amid a setting of crotons of many kinds, some with twisted and some with smooth leaves, furnish a feast of colour. Of palms there is also a great variety—thatch palms, groo-groos—whose heart harbours a maggot that is regarded as a gastronomic delicacy—aetas and talipots, to mention a few only; but most common of all in Trinidad is the graceful areca palm that resembles an immensely tall feather broom. By a Hindu poet these palms have been more picturesquely described as ‘arrows shot from heaven’. Trinidad also has many noble trees, of which the grandest are perhaps the immense silk-cotton-trees believed by the negroes to harbour jumbies or ghosts, and samans, of which a particularly fine specimen stands alongside Government House. Its branches accommodate quite a colony of epiphytes or plants that subsist on air. Scarcely less remarkable is the giant fig-tree, resembling a banyan. As a rule this tree begins its existence in the air. Its seeds, passing through birds which have eaten its fruit, get embedded in the moss on the limbs of other trees. Here they germinate, and the young plant sends down to the earth tender twigs scarcely thicker than string. These twist round the tree, and on reaching the ground take root, and increase in size and strength until the tree on which they first came into existence is literally strangled. For this reason this parasitical fig-tree was called by the Spaniards *El Ingrato*, and is now known as, the ‘Scotch Attorney’ or ‘Scotsman hug creole’, and here let it be said that the term creole is applied to every living thing born in the colony, and does not necessarily imply a person of coloured descent. Thus there are creole cows and creole chicks, while a creole may also be a man of pure white origin born in the colony. Joseph found in the woods near Moruga one of these fig-trees, whose mother trunk was 30 feet in circumference, with no fewer than forty-one subsidiary trunks, of which one was 24 feet round and three others 15 feet each. But of all the trees the most beautiful are the Bois Immortel and the Poui. At certain seasons of the year both shed their leaves, and are covered

with flaming red and brilliant topaz coloured flowers. These wonderful trees light up the sombre forest, producing a magical effect by their lavish masses of colour.

Not far from Government House are the out-buildings of the 'cottage ornée' in which Charles Kingsley stayed as the guest of Sir Arthur Gordon, afterwards Lord Stanmore. Here the gifted author of *At Last*, a book that every visitor to Trinidad should read, was in his element. Surrounding him was the famous Botanic Garden that he described so vividly. This historic garden, another monument to the memory of Woodford, was established in 1820 and enriched with many rare plants and trees from Kingstown, St. Vincent. It was for long the pride and wonder of the West Indies, and was probably in its prime in 1869 when Kingsley revelled in its treasures ; but trees are mortal, and some years ago the garden began to show its age and became a ghost of its former self. Recently, however, an attempt has been made with some measure of success to revive its glories. At any rate it now contains many plants worth going a long way to see—Screw Pines with stilt-like stems, making one think that they must have originated in a country subject to hurricanes ; Cannon Ball-trees with great footballs protruding from their stems ; Sandbox-trees whose seed pods burst with a loud report, scattering their contents far and wide ; Women's Tongue-trees with long pendulous pods that incessantly rattle ; and, most curious of all, a tree from which you can cut strips like slices of raw beef. But, as Kingsley said, to describe the Botanic Garden would take a week's work of words, which would convey no images to the mind.

Most of the inhabitants being Roman Catholics, Port of Spain takes the Lenten fast and the festivities preceding it very seriously. The Carnival used to be the occasion for wild orgies known in the creole patois as 'Cannes Brulées'. Then, as now, there was a Dimanche, as well as a Mardi, Gras. This began pleasantly enough with singing, dancing, stick-play, or carrée, and rum drinking ;

but it usually ended with rioting, cane fires (as its name suggests), and bloodshed. It was, however, suppressed many years ago, and the people now have to be content with indulging in the songs known as Calyptsoes and the usual masquerade processions. The tunes are identical with those of the Vielle Croix or Voloria de la Cruz of Venezuela whence they are supposed to have been introduced. On the Main, the Vielle Croix is an annual semi-religious function held throughout May, when there are special services in the churches followed by rum drinking and a general spree. In Trinidad, only the time of year and subjects of the songs are different. Such musical instruments as the marraque or shack-shack; the teplée, the flute, the violin, the clarionet, the bandol or mandol, and the indispensable quatro, make their appearance, and a general air of jollity prevails. The music may not be of a high order, but it has a charm of its own, and those who have taken the floor to the haunting strains of Lovey's band which plays it to perfection, will tell you that there is nothing to beat it. The words are usually topical. Rival factions headed by their respective Crowns or leaders make strenuous efforts to outdo each other with punning lines that may relate to local events or patriotic subjects. The negroes have a wonderful gift of composing at a moment's notice crude verse on any given topic after the manner of the Italian *improvisatori* of old.

Songs and dances of African origin introduced by the Yorubas may still occasionally be heard in Oxford Street, Belmont, and St. Juan, but they are fast dying out, and the chanting of the Shango is a thing of the past, except at an occasional marriage feast. In some parts of the island a dance called the Bungo is still popular, and if the dancing academies of London wished to go one better than the Charleston and Black Bottom, they might send a mission to Trinidad to learn from some old-time negroes the steps of the 'Whooroomby', an African dance that could hardly be described in these pages. Perhaps, on the whole, however, the dancing mistresses would find it

more profitable to study such graceful measures as the paseos, danzas, paso doubles, and fandangos of Venezuela, all of which are danced by exiles from that country in Port of Spain.

Residents in the West Indies whose work is in the towns have never taken to the hill station idea. For some reason they prefer to live on the plains, except perhaps in Jamaica. Consequently many eligible building sites still await purchasers on the road which worms its way up the valley behind Government House. The absence of a water supply has been given as a reason, but that difficulty has been overcome somehow or other by the worthy Benedictine monks who planted their monastery far up a mountain-side seven or eight miles away and their sanatorium on the actual summit, and even monks cannot do without water! Nevertheless, the road awkwardly named Lady Chancellor's road, after the wife of the Governor responsible for its construction, adds greatly to the amenities of Port of Spain. On fine evenings many resort to it on foot and by motor-car to enjoy the splendour of the tropical sunset behind the Five Islands. Another favourite evening drive is through the Indian village, whose entire population with its goats and fowls seems to live on the open road, to the terror of motorists, to Carénage along the coast, or farther to Macqueripe Bay, an exquisite sandy cove almost shut in by steep cliffs, covered with tangled masses of vegetation. It only requires a slight stretch of imagination to picture a pirate sloop at anchor in this dainty little bay, her crew, with red caps and buckled belts, armed to the teeth, rolling rum puncheons up the beach. But as often as not there is not a solitary bather or fisherman to disturb the quiet of this secluded spot, though if you are lucky^z you may see a flock of clumsy dove-coloured pelicans flying as they do in perfect V-shaped formation, their long bills pointing down to the water. Earlier in the day the bay is much resorted to by bathers and picnic parties, whose merry cries and laughter awaken echoes in the surrounding cliffs.

CHAPTER V

THE APPEAL OF TRINIDAD

TRINIDAD has an admirable system of roads. The two main arteries are the Eastern and Southern Main Roads, which are fed by many branch roads, bridle tracks, and traces. Both are one and the same as far as St. Joseph, where the Southern turns south and the Eastern pursues its course across the island to the wind-swept east coast.

The first attempt to settle Trinidad was made by Don Antonio Sedeño in 1532. He met with much opposition from the Indians, whose principal village, called Conquerabia, occupied the site of the present capital. It was not, however, until Don Josef de Oruña was appointed Governor that much was heard of the island. Don Josef, for greater security from attack by freebooters, who were beginning to infest the Caribbean Sea, founded his city inland up the Caroni River, and some eight miles from the Indian settlement. He named it after himself, San Josef, and as St. Joseph it survives to this day.

The first English vessel to enter the Gulf of Paria was the *Bear*. That was on February 1, 1595. She had on board Sir Robert Dudley, and was accompanied by two caravels that he had captured and had placed under the command of Benjamin Wood and Captain Wentworth. Dudley seems to have been much attracted by the island, for he remained forty days, 'during which time for my experience and pleasure, I marched four long marches . . . the last from one side of the land to the other, which was fifty miles going and coming, through monstrous thick

wood, and lodging myself in Indian towns'. Having been shown some pyrites which he took for gold, he sent a boat's crew to the Main in search of El Dorado, the fabled city of gold, of the existence of which he was now convinced. His expedition proceeded up the Orinoco, and returned with 'four golden half moons, weighing a noble each, and two bracelets of silver' as an offering from the chief of a town visited, but Dudley did not pursue the quest. After scouring the sea and expending all his powder he returned to England.

Following close on the heels of Dudley was Sir Walter Raleigh, who entered the Gulf by the Serpent's Mouth on March 22, 1595, with two sail, one commanded by Captain Cross. He anchored off Punta Gallo, and after exploring an Indian village on the River Guapo, next dropped anchor off La Brea, then called by the natives Piché, where he caulked the seams of his ships with pitch from the Pitch Lake. Here he noticed for the first time the oysters growing on the roots of the mangrove-trees that are still a source of wonderment to new-comers. After anchoring for a while off Naparima Hill, the solitary volcanic cone round the base and up the sides of which straggles San Fernando, the second town of the island, he passed the mouth of the Caroni River, and proceeded to Conquerabia.

Here Raleigh and his men landed, and, having conciliated the Indians, prepared to attack the Spanish settlement. With one hundred men, including friendly natives, sixty commanded by Colonel Caulfield, and forty by himself, he then marched on the 'city' of San Josef de Oruña. Now lest the reader should picture San Josef as a walled and strongly fortified Spanish town like those on the Main, it should be stated that at that period it consisted of no more than forty houses, while its garrison comprised thirty men only, whose single fort was one made of mud at the confluence of the San Josef and Caroni Rivers. In the circumstances it is not to be wondered at that the Elizabethan adventurer should have put the

Spaniards to the sword with the utmost ease. Having done so, he released five Indian chiefs, who had been confined in the Casa Real, chained together and nearly starved, by Don Antonio Berrero the Governor, whom he described as 'a man of illustrious birth, but an execrable tyrant of the Indians; cruel and illiterate, not knowing the east from the west, therefore most unfit to prosecute discoveries'. In justification of the inhumane massacre of the garrison Raleigh wrote, 'To depart 400 or 500 miles from my ships and leave a garrison in my back, interested in the same enterprise, which daily expected supplies from Spain, I should have savoured very much of an ass'. That was no doubt the real reason for his attack on St. Josef. Raleigh was on his way to the Main in search of El Dorado, and he was too much of a strategist to risk having his retreat cut off by the capture of his ships by the Spaniards. San Josef was plundered; but its forty houses cannot have contained much merchandise or treasure. At any rate Captain Laurence Keymis, who touched at Trinidad in the following year, did not consider the town worth troubling about.

It was not until long after Raleigh's visit that San Josef became a place of importance again. It was ravaged by the Marquis de Maintenon with the help of some buccanneers from Tortuga in 1677, and it was menaced in 1716 by Blackbeard, the notorious pirate, who committed many depredations in the Gulf, and plundered a brig laden with cacao for Cadiz, within sight of the village of Port of Spain.

Like other West Indian towns, San Josef had its ups and downs, with the latter predominating. Cacao became the principal industry, and when the trees were blighted the community was reduced to a distressing condition of poverty. It is recorded that in 1740 the colonists in a petition to their sovereign declared that the failure of the cacao crop had reduced them to such a state of destitution that they could not 'go to Mass save once a year, to fulfil their annual precepts, when they appear in clothes

borrowed from each other'. Joseph adds that according to an old newspaper, the members of the municipality which rejoiced in the splendid title of the Illustrious Board of the Cabildo had but one pair of small-clothes between them.

The real truth seems to have been that the Spaniards were thoroughly indolent. They failed to cultivate the fertile soil, and quarrelled with the Governor and the clergy. Consequently the colony was in a pitiful state when, in 1783, at the instance of M. Rome de St. Laurent a cedula was issued at Madrid encouraging foreigners of all nations to settle in Trinidad. Don Josef Maria Chacon, 'Knight of the Order of Calatrava and Brigadier of the Spanish navy', was now sent out to administer the government. No Governor can have had a more difficult task. To escape the revolution emigrants flocked to Trinidad from the French islands until it became a Spanish colony in name only. 'The population', wrote Don Christoval de Robles, a descendant of one of the oldest families of Trinidad, 'is mostly composed of refugees and desperate characters, who have been implicated in all the rebellions and massacres in the neighbouring islands. Their principles are incompatible with all regular government'. He added that the colonists included 'slaves who were sent here from the other islands for their crimes', and were 'dangerous to the safety of the said islands'. The unhappy Chacon completely failed to establish harmony between the riff-raff of Martinique, Guadeloupe, and St. Lucia and the old Spanish colonists, with the result already described—a walk over for British forces sent from Martinique to reduce the island.

There is a tradition that it was in the drawing-room of the old estates residence of Valsayn, now the Government stock farm, just to the south of St. Joseph, that the final scene was enacted, when Chacon, Abercromby, and Harvey signed the Articles of Capitulation in the presence of Don José Mazan, the Mayor. The surrender of the island was complete and absolute. In the evening the Spanish troops

laid down their arms, and the British flag was hoisted over the forts. Chacon, and the timid Apodaca, were permitted to return to Spain, where they were tried by a Council of War. Both were subjected to a rigid cross-examination, and while 'Don Chacon's replies were marked with candour, ingenuousness, and honour', and were those of 'one who feared no investigation, the answers of the Admiral were more remarkable for their piety than their warlike spirit'. Apodaca threw the responsibility for burning the fleet on his five Captains who, he asserted, had advocated this course at a Council of War. He further exaggerated the strength of the English, and declared that escape from the Gulf was morally impossible, and that he could not have got either up the Orinoco or out of the Dragon's or Serpent's Mouths without a facing battle with a more numerous and better-manned British squadron. Therefore he had come to the conclusion that it was better to burn his ships than to allow them to fall into the hands of the British.

The trial ended with the complete justification of the conduct of the Spanish commanders, who were honourably acquitted of the charges brought against them. Nevertheless, Chacon was persecuted by the Spanish colonists, who actually sent an emissary to Napoleon begging him to use his influence at the Court of Madrid to bring about the downfall of the ex-Governor. Bonaparte acceded to the request, and on March 20, 1801, three years after the Spanish Governor's honourable acquittal, an order was issued at Aranguez declaring that:—

The surrender of the island of Trinidad to his Britannic Majesty's forces, by Don Josef Maria Chacon, Brigadier of the Royal Navy; and the conflagration of four ships of the line and a frigate, that lay in Chaguaramas Bay, by Rear-Admiral Sebastian Ruiz de Apodaca, were events in which the honour of his Majesty's arms had been compromised by the faults of officers who, forgetful of their honour, did not do their duty on an occasion in which his Majesty's service was so materially interested.

Proceeding, the order stated that repeated examples of this nature had convinced his Majesty of the necessity (however painful to his feelings) of punishing crimes so scandalous and dishonourable to true military men, whose only path to glory should be precision and punctuality in service, and that firm and intrepid valour which imposes respect to the King's arms and the King's rights. After stating that the King disapproved of the findings of the court martial the Order declared that :—

In consequence whereof, his Majesty has been pleased to declare, that Don Josef Maria Chacon did not defend the island of Trinidad as he might have done ; and that Don Sebastian Ruiz de Apodaca, determined to destroy the ships under his command precipitately, and contrary to the article of war in that case made and provided. And, therefore, has condemned one and the other to be broke, their commissions taken from them, and moreover that the former shall be perpetually banished from his Majesty's dominions. And as it appears by the confession of Brigadier Don Geronimo Gonzales de Mendoza, and Captains Don Joseph Jordan, Don Gabriel Sorondo, Don Rafael Bennazar, and Don Manuel de Urtezabel, that they gave their opinions in the council of war held by Apodaca, for destroying the ships by fire immediately, which was accordingly done ; his Majesty has been pleased to suspend them for four years, and warn them to confine their opinions in future to the literal sense of the articles of war.

The unfortunate Chacon was banished to Portugal, where he remained supported by the charity of a few friends until his nephew, an officer in the Spanish navy, returning from sea, took up the cudgels on his behalf with such persistence that King Ferdinand at last consented to his case being referred to some unprejudiced lawyers. From time to time the young officer reported to his uncle what progress he was making, on his behalf.

'The old man, although almost broken-hearted,' says Joseph, 'contrived to reach the borders of Spain, there to remain in order to receive the news of his recall to his country,

and to what he valued more, the smiles of his ungrateful King. At length, after many delays, it was fairly pronounced that Josef Maria Chacon was an injured man, and the victim of intrigue. His recall from banishment was ordered; his nephew set out for Portugal with the joyful news, journeying day and night; he crossed the borders of the two kingdoms, found his uncle on his death-bed in a wretched Portuguese inn, communicated the news: a smile lit up the haggard features of the good man, and he died with that faint yet happy smile on his countenance.

St. Joseph is now a sleepy little town of wooden houses grouped round about its churches (of which one, the Roman Catholic, is the oldest in the island), on slightly rising ground at the foot of the northern range of mountains. It has a 'village green', here a Savannah, and there is nothing about the place to remind one of the days of Spanish supremacy.

Just beyond the town the Government Railway alongside the main road bifurcates. One line runs east across the island to Sangre Grande, where it comes to an abrupt end within tantalizing distance of the coast. The other proceeds south to San Fernando and beyond. In the fork so formed a work of significance to the whole Empire is being unobtrusively carried on. Here the Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture has its headquarters. This institution was founded in 1921 as the outcome of the recommendations of a Committee appointed by that far-sighted statesman the late Lord Milner, when Secretary of State for the Colonies in 1919. It is now incorporated by Royal Charter, and enjoys the patronage of the King.

For many years there had been evident need for an institution in the British tropics, equipped as the best and more recent of our University laboratories are, where research in tropical agriculture could be carried on, and where men could receive a thorough scientific training in the various branches of the subject before becoming planters, or managers of plantations, or entering Government service in the Agricultural Departments of our

numerous tropical colonies. To meet this need the College was founded, and it has progressed more rapidly than even the most sanguine of its supporters could have anticipated. On its Governing Body there are representatives of the Universities of Cambridge and Glasgow, the Imperial College of Science and Technology, the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew, the Empire Cotton Growing Corporation, the British Cotton Growing Association, and the Sugar Industry, and its staff consists of well qualified Professors of entomology, mycology, bacteriology, botany, genetics, chemistry, soil science, agriculture, economics, and sugar technology, each with an assistant or lecturer to ensure continuity of work. From the outset the College has received financial assistance from the British Government ; but its creation has been due mainly to the support of the West Indian Colonies, most of which are contributing one-half of one per cent of their revenue towards its maintenance, and to the benefaction of Trinidad, whose planters actually asked that they might be taxed to provide the sum of £50,000 for building purposes. The Government readily acceded to their request, with the result that the Governing Body have been able to erect a well-proportioned main building that has risen among the trees on a spacious savannah eighty-five acres in extent, leased to the College for 199 years for the nominal rental of 1s. a year, and also the picturesque residences of the Professors adjoining the old St. Augustine great house, now the residence of the Principal.

In 1924 Lord Milner opened a fund for providing for the maintenance of the College and various essentials. He aimed at collecting £100,000, and with the help of the British Government, the Empire Marketing Board, and the Cotton Industry of Lancashire, over £85,000 was collected, which has enabled the Governing Body to proceed with the erection of a much needed Hostel for the accommodation of the Students who have hitherto been lodged in Boarding Houses, which they jocularly, but most unfairly, designated 'Sing Sing', 'Wormwood Scrubs',



THE IMPERIAL COLLEGE AT ST. AUGUSTINE



A TYPICAL BULLOCK TEAM

and 'Borstal'. The new students' quarters are more appropriately called the 'Milner Hostel'.

Scattered round about are patches of cultivation under various economic plants, and tucked away in a corner is the Sugar Factory with a complete plant of the most modern description presented by the British sugar machinery manufacturers, a particularly handsome gift, valued at over £20,000.

The College has also received support from outside quarters, the Rockefeller Foundation having contributed £1,000 a year for five years towards the establishment of a Chair of Sanitation and Hygiene, while the Carnegie Corporation, not to be outdone, has given £1,000 towards the equipment of the Library.

A great asset of the College is that its Governing Body consists of many leading authorities on tropical agriculture, tempered by an infusion of men of science who most loyally and whole-heartedly give their services gratuitously because they believe the development of the College to be essentially a great constructive and patriotic work of vital importance to the Empire. The late Sir Arthur Shipley, on the occasion of a deputation to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, wishing to lay stress on the rapid development of the College, burst into poetry, and appropriately quoted the following lines by the author of Ecclesiasticus :

I also came out as a brook from a river,
And as a conduit into a garden.
I said, I will water my best garden,
And will water abundantly my garden bed ;
And, lo, my brook became a river,
And my river became a sea.

Though of necessity the College had to be established on the plains, no healthier spot could have been found for it. Anti-malarial regulations are strictly observed within its territory, and the Professor of Sanitation and Hygiene is available to impart to the students a practical knowledge

of those sciences which must prove of immense value to them, to whatever part of the tropics they may ultimately go. The college also has its recreation grounds devoted to cricket, football, and lawn tennis, and it is amazing to notice the enthusiasm and vigour with which Rugger is played even with the thermometer in the eighties, but youth will be served! There is, moreover, for the less energetic, the delightful evening walk by a tortuous road up the mountain-side to Mount St. Benedict, where the Lord Abbot and the Brothers of his Order dispense the hospitality characteristic of their calling, and show with pride to visitors, a flower-decked grotto dedicated to Our Lady of Lourdes.

Adjoining the College lands are an experiment station where seedling sugar-canes are raised for the planters, and the stock farm of the Trinidad Department of Agriculture.

One of the most important of the recommendations of a Development Commission which sat in Port of Spain just after the war was the extension of the railway running between St. Joseph and Sangre Grande to Balandra Bay on the east coast. The Commissioners pointed out that the new line would run through, or near, a valuable forest of Mora-trees, and would serve the settled districts of Matura, Balandra, and Salybia, which have been brought under cultivation in recent years, and now bid fair to be included among the richest centres of production in the colony. They showed also that it would bring the advantages of railway communication within the reach of the fertile lands on the southern and eastern slopes of the Northern Range, and would, moreover, enable the jaded workers of Port of Spain, and also the tourists, whom it is hoped to attract to the island in increasing numbers when suitable accommodation is provided for them, to enjoy real surf bathing in the Atlantic from the sandy beaches of the east coast. The Commissioners also indicated that the extension would have an important bearing on the question of steamer communication with Tobago, it being suggested that Balandra Bay might ultimately

become the port of departure and arrival of the steamers between Trinidad and her island ward.

Trinidad has no real seaside resort. For the well-to-do there are Gasparee and the islands of the Bocas, but there is no beach within easy access of Port of Spain where people of moderate means can bathe, and it is surprising that they do not agitate for the extension of the railway to the east coast. Meanwhile, the joy of bathing in the surf of the Atlantic is reserved for the few who can afford to motor to the coast from the capital or Sangre Grande. By car the distance from Port of Spain is forty-four miles. The road runs through the little village of Tacarigua (pronounced Tackareeka) and Arima, one of the principal centres of the cacao industry. Here on August 30th, the day dedicated to Santa Rosa, the entire population of four thousand or more, turns out to attend races and other festivities held on the Savannah in honour of their patron saint. Arima is one of the earliest settlements in the island, having been established by native Indians before Columbus's time. These aborigines handed down to their descendants the art of basket-making, and 'Arima baskets' are still largely used in Trinidad.

Arima was one of the four principal Indian 'missions' in the island. Finding that they were unable to subjugate the Carib Indians by force, the Spaniards endeavoured to accomplish by missionary effort what they had failed to effect by arms. Capuchin missionaries were introduced from Spain between 1680 and 1706, and sites for missionary stations were selected and laid out with due regard to the healthiness of the surroundings and fertility of the soil. These missions became virtually agricultural colonies, the inhabitants being compelled to devote themselves to the cultivation of the fields and to raising cattle and fowls. Their principal crop was cacao, which had recently been introduced into the island either by the Governor, Don Tiburcio de Aspe y Zuniga, from Caracas, or by the Dutch from the island of Curaçao, or Guiana. They also produced maize, cassava, bananas, and other food crops,

which they raised in the plantation between the young cacao-trees, just as is done to-day. The cacao plantation was the common property of the mission, and after the decoration of the church and the purchase of the furniture and equipment of the presbytery, the tools and agricultural implements, the rations of the missionaries, and the clothing of neophytes (who until they entered the mission wore less than Adam and Eve) had been provided for, the balance of receipts from the sale of produce was credited to the Capuchins' common fund. The Indians were made to work for the first four days of the week, the two remaining days being applied to the cultivation of cacao for their own use, and the construction and maintenance of their cottages, whilst Sundays and feast days were always devoted to religious instruction and the practice of piety. This ample supply of labour, obtained at so little expenditure, made these agricultural undertakings very profitable, and year after year they increased in importance. The Indians in the 'missions' lived subject to the authority, temporal as well as spiritual, of their missionaries, and the civil arm of the law was only applied at the express request of the monks, who themselves applied corporal punishment to their charges, when necessary, by whips, vine stalks (still popular as riding-whips under the name 'Supple Jacks'), and irons. But by means of confession the missionaries often obtained avowals which civil tribunals could only have extracted by torture. Their powers were absolute, but their government paternal. In the development of Trinidad these village communities played no mean part.

Near the town are some of the finest cacao estates in the island. Their fertility shows how wisely the old missionaries chose their lands! Glancing through the wind-breaks of dracaenas—so immensely tall that even the thought of the small hot-house plants at home seems ridiculous—you can see the stout cacao-trees, with their bulging pods, some yellow, some red, and some again green, pullulating not only from the branches, but also from the

stems. These pods contain the beans that provide us with that grateful and comforting beverage—cocoa, and also chocolate.

From the small hamlet of Valencia a bridle-path runs straight to the coast; but though this track is to be widened, it is not yet available for wheeled traffic, and consequently motor-cars and carriages proceeding to Salybia have to go many miles out of their way before they get there. The road makes a long detour in a south-easterly direction to Sangre Grande, and thence north again to its destination. At one part, appropriately called the 'Long Stretch', it runs for a distance of fully five miles without the slightest bend. No Roman road could be straighter. Sangre Grande, the present terminus, is busy when the cacao crop is being reaped, but at other times it is a dead-alive place, with no special features of interest beyond the characteristic rum shops, each with its entire frontage open to the street, and sundry dry-goods stores.

Beyond Sangre Grande the road enters the 'high woods'—a gloomy forest of Mora-trees, whose giants will some day fall to the axe of the woodman for shipment overseas, to be cut up into sleepers or applied to some other utilitarian purpose. The forest looks dark and impenetrable, its tall trees festooned with lianes and creepers resembling the cables and tangled rigging of some vast wrecked ship. There are few signs of life, and scarcely a bird is to be seen. From out of the forest will occasionally dart a predatory mongoose, the reason for their absence. He is across the road in a jiffy; but they say that if you have your gun with you and shoot at the point at which he disappears into the bush you will certainly bag him, since he is very inquisitive, and invariably pauses to have a look round when he gets to the other side.

After passing Matura village the road enters the region of coco-nuts. As far as the eye can reach are coco-nut palms in every stage of growth from tender shoots to tall trees in full bearing with clusters of great nuts tucked away

under their giant leaves. Some lean this way, some that, according to the position of the nut from which they spring. They seem to relish the salt-laden air that sweeps in from the Atlantic. At last the coast is reached, and there bursts upon the eye a glorious expanse of ocean.

Salybia is one immense coco-nut grove. It has no church, no dry-goods store, and no rum shops—the hall-marks of every self-respecting Trinidad village. It was here that the Caribs who sought refuge in the island from their English oppressors were settled by Chacon in 1786. They called the place Salybia, after a district in their own island, and it is an interesting fact that the Carib settlement in Dominica bears the same name.

The Caribs only remained in Trinidad for a few years. In 1795 they returned to St. Vincent at the call of their chief, Chatoyer, to take up arms against the English in the disastrous Brigands' War, and those who survived were eventually transported to Ruatan. There are now no longer any traces of Carib occupation at Salybia, but perched on a breezy knoll overlooking a wide bay is an inviting, but simply built residence called El Calvario. It is not improbable that the house occupies the site of an old Calvary erected by the Spaniards to comfort their sailors as they neared the coast after the voyage across the storm-tossed Atlantic. It would be an ideal site for a hotel, and it is surprising that no enterprising person has attempted to develop the neighbourhood as a health resort.

Here side by side are the two bays of Salybia and Balandra. It would be difficult to say which is the more beautiful. But beautiful is hardly the word for them. Both are exquisite with their gleaming white sand and sapphire blue water of ever-changing tints. While Salybia is exposed to the full force of the trade winds which carry before them from the Atlantic mighty rollers to thunder on its beach, Balandra Bay is sheltered by a promontory fully four hundred yards long by a hundred wide, that forms a natural breakwater. For this reason Balandra

Bay was selected by the Commission for development as the chief port of the east coast, and the terminus of the steamer service between Trinidad and Tobago. Alas ! this scheme, like many others, had to be pigeon-holed when the post-war boom was followed by a slump, but there is still a hope that some day it may be revived.

The east coast, or *Bande de l'Est*, is divided into three great sectors of approximately equal length by the promontories of Manzanilla and Matura, which with those of Galera at the north and Galeota at the south form the great open bays of Matura, Cocos, and Mayaro. On the map the bays of Balandra and Salybia appear as mere indentations in Matura Bay. Except for a break here and there where roads debouch on to the shore, and for a reserve of forest trees extending for eight miles from Manzanilla Point, the coast is bordered by coco-nut palms for its entire length. There is a touch of romance about their origin. Years ago a vessel laden with coco-nuts was wrecked off the coast. Some of the nuts were thrown up by the waves on to the beach, where they sprouted and took root. Thriving on the sandy shore, they grew and multiplied until now coco-nut trees fringe the shore for miles, forming the famous Cocal that proved such an irresistible attraction to Charles Kingsley.

'All this while', he wrote, 'the dull thunder of the surf was growing louder and louder ; till, not as in England over a bare down, but through thickest foliage down to the high-tide mark, we rode out upon the shore, and saw before us a right noble sight ; a flat, sandy, surf-beaten shore, along which stretched, in one grand curve, lost at last in the haze of spray, fourteen miles of Coco-palms. This was the Cocal ; and it was worth coming all the way from England to see it alone. I at once felt the truth of my host's saying, that if I went to the Cocal I should find myself transported suddenly from the West Indies to the East. Just such must be the shore of a Coral island in the Pacific.'

There is rarely a day on which a fresh breeze is not blowing on the coast ; but the sea is not always rough as

Kingsley saw it. As a rule the waves break far out, sending only small ripples forward to the beach.

Borde believed that the ship that conferred the blessing of a coco-nut industry on Trinidad was on a voyage from West Africa, and that the nuts were carried from afar by the equatorial current. Our old friend Joseph, on the other hand, declares that the vessel was one that had been sent to the mouth of the Orinoco to collect coco-nuts for the refreshment of the French fleet. This seems the more likely story since the beaches of the Bande de l'Est are still liberally bestrewn with flotsam brought down by the flood waters of the mighty Orinoco :

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless main ;
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
Of sandy beaches
All have found repose again.

The Cocal was once the property of the Cabildo.¹ From them it passed into the hands of the Trinidad Government, who sold it to Mr. George Huggins, its present owner.

A few years ago it was the author's good fortune to spend a week end as the guest of Mr. J. Osborne Dolly, manager of a large cacao and coco-nut estate, which possesses many of the characteristics of the Cocal. To reach Beaumont, his charming house, we motored diagonally across the island, visiting on the way the Tabaquite oil-fields, where in a punch-bowl on rising ground there is a miniature town of mosquito-proof bungalows and many tall derricks. This district yields an exceedingly light oil containing 45 per cent of gasoline, and we were told that its quality is so fine that a motor-car had been actually run on crude oil from these wells as far as Port of Spain without mishap. The quality is there right enough, but quantity is lacking, and this field, therefore, has proved a comparative failure.

¹ See p. 78.

After replenishing our petrol tank we sped on past Rio Claro, a rising hamlet of wooden houses now the terminus of the Caparo branch of the railway, past plantations and lesser patches of cultivation, through bamboo glades, and over streams and the larger Ortoire river until we reached Beaumont, where we received a hearty welcome from our host. His neat little house, like others occupied by managers and small proprietors, is built of wood, all, alas, imported, for no serious attempt has been made to exploit the forests of the West Indies and British Guiana for building timber. It stands in a coco-nut grove fifty or sixty yards from the beach which is reached from the front door—always open—by an irregular avenue of tall palm-trees. Behind it is a trim yard with cacao-curing houses and raised floors or boucans, each with a sliding roof that can be hurriedly pulled over it when it rains, on which the cacao beans and kernels of coco-nuts are dried in the sun. Behind these is a green pasture for the live stock, and beyond all, acre upon acre of coco-nut trees in every stage of development.

The tropical beach at Mayaro would be a paradise for a beachcomber content with what Nature has to offer. It is a treasure house of shells and molluscs, and of strange nuts and woods carried across from the continent of South America by the outflow of her great rivers. Here he would find quaint Portuguese men-of-war, resembling when they are stranded on the sand, iridescent soap bubbles and, when afloat, miniature fleets of tiny ships with sails set, drifting before the wind. He would see too an agitation on the surface of the shallow water, as it receded after the rippling wavelets had expended themselves on the sand, and would find that this was due to the curious little fish known as gros-yeux—and they look all eyes—that are as elusive as the hideous land-crabs which, as you approach, dart swiftly into their holes as if pulled in with a string by some invisible hand.

Even if there were no such hospitable person about as Mr. Dolly, a shipwrecked mariner would never need to

starve at Mayaro. The coco-nuts would supply him with an abundance of 'meat' and 'milk', and if a diet of nut food became too monotonous, all he would have to do would be to improvise a sieve and strain the moist sand. He would then find left behind many tiny shell-fish each about the size of a sixpenny piece, or perhaps a shilling. These shell-fish are called locally 'chip-chip', and we were told that they make an excellent soup.

Fortified by a delicious creole supper we retired at last to rest, to dream of the wonders of bountiful Nature, which from a single tree provides man not only with two essentials of life, namely food and drink, but also with soap, candles, ropes, brushes, mats, and many other commodities of everyday use.

At daybreak we were awakened by the mellow note of the conch, a shell which, by the simple expedient of lopping off its sharp extremity, is made to perform the function of a horn. This proved to be the overseer or driver—the name survives from the bad old days of slavery—calling the labour gang to work, and shortly afterwards we could hear the chatter and merry laughter of the negroes and Indians as they 'danced' the cacao beans from the estate, aback on the drying floor. Sometimes a violin or other musical instrument is played to encourage the dancers, who, with bare feet, shuffle after one another in a circle, the object being to remove the pulp adhering to the beans after they have been 'sweated' or allowed to ferment in large boxes.

Breakfast over, we rode along the beach and entered the coco-nut grove. We would have marvelled at its tidy and well-kept appearance had we not heard of the skill shown by our host as an agriculturist. On his shelves we had seen many scientific works dealing with botany, insect pests, and similar subjects, and he showed that he had studied them to advantage. Where coco-nut-trees are left to themselves the ground at their base resembles a battle-field. Decaying nuts recall skulls, while the dead leaves are like great skeletons. Mr. Dolly impressed upon us that it is a mistake to suppose that the coco-nut tree

does not respond to cultivation. He showed us how a single diseased tree could infect its neighbours, and he demonstrated his ingenious method of securing an even distribution of manure. Instead of permitting the cattle to roam at will through the plantation, which might lead to one part being more favoured than another, he ties each beast to a tree in such a way that the full extent of its perambulation can only be round and round that tree. After ten days the beast is transferred to another tree, and the manure that it has left behind is well forked in just where it is needed.

From Mayaro we visited Guayaguayare, a superb bay on the south coast, well sheltered from the north-east trade wind by the promontory which Columbus called La Galera, from its resemblance to a ship. The point is now termed Galeota, some old-time geographer having arbitrarily transposed the names of the north-east and south-east promontories.

On his third voyage Columbus made a vow that he would dedicate to the Holy Trinity, the first land that he sighted in the New World. It was a remarkable coincidence that after Alonzo Perez of Huelva had descried land on July 31, 1498, Columbus should have seen the summits of three mountains to remind him of his vow. From that moment the island became Trinidado, and to the English, Trinidad. The three mountains have been identified as the hills now known as the Three Sisters lying to the east of Guayaguayare Bay.

The high road from Manzanilla to Guayaguayare, except where it dips inland behind the promontories, is simply the firm sandy beach. Without groynes or other obstructions it serves its purpose admirably, and must relieve the Public Works Department of much trouble since it is levelled every day by the tides, small though they are. It would make a wonderful track for motor races, but at present in the course of a stroll along it, you will only meet an occasional car, a cart or two laden with coco-nuts, and a few pedestrians on their way from one village to another.

Where the road dips inland behind Mayaro it passes one of the most remarkable sights in Trinidad. We had seen in Barbados and elsewhere lofty cabbage-palms singly and in avenues and small groups, but here was an actual forest of these noble trees. Shoulder to shoulder they stand, their immense stems as smooth and cylindrical as if they had been turned on a gigantic lathe, their summits crowned by masses of graceful leaves of immense size, but so well proportioned as to look quite light and feathery. This forest alone is worth going many miles to see.

Two small rivers, the Pilot and the Lizard, empty themselves into Guayaguayare Bay, which otherwise differs only slightly from its neighbours on the east coast. There are the same white sand and rippling waves, but inland, wild bush to a great extent takes the place of coco-nut palms. During the days of slavery, cotton was extensively cultivated in the neighbourhood, but owing to labour difficulties following emancipation it was abandoned, and no attempt has since been made to revive the industry. This seemed to us to be strange, for it was evident from the healthy-looking shrubs we saw outside peasants' huts all over the colony, that the plant thrives in Trinidad. We gathered some of the cotton. It was white, silky, and fairly strong, and a firm of cotton brokers to which we submitted samples in England reported that it 'would compete with the $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch Memphis, and would be worth 60*d.* to 62*d.* when ginned', at a time when Sea Island was quoted 80*d.* to 90*d.*, according to quality. Yet no attempt has been made to collect and market this peasants' cotton, much less to encourage and regularize its production.

On this south coast the negroes lead a simple life. In a clearing near the mouth of one of the rivers we watched them manufacturing sugar in a primitive manner. They had made a large hole in the stump of an old coco-nut palm, and into this they had inserted the end of a stout stick in such a manner that it could be moved up and down. Into the hole and under the stick they put a sugar-cane. The stick was then moved up and down in

such a way as to crush the cane on the downward stroke. An attendant negro caught the juice, as it was expressed, in a tin can, and transferred it to a bowl in which it was boiled over a wood fire, while a group of piccaninnies watched developments with eager anticipation. By the simple process of evaporation a moist brown sugar was made, the smell of which was certainly delicious.

The only visible residences near the beach are some wooden shanties, and several long bungalows, with their windows and doors screened with wire gauze to keep out the mosquitoes that abound in the neighbourhood. These bungalows belong to Trinidad Leaseholds Ltd., the English company that is now boring for oil in the district.

Guayaguayare is the scene of the early operations of Major Randolph Rust, who about twenty years ago did so much to call attention to Trinidad as a potential producer of petroleum. Sir Walter Raleigh may, perhaps, be regarded as the first European to have discovered oil in Trinidad. As we have seen, he used pitch from La Brea when caulking the seams of his vessel, and it is now recognized that there is a close geological connexion between that product and petroleum. Subsequent writers on Trinidad all refer to the existence of oil in the island. Joseph in 1837 wrote of 'streams' and 'rills of petroleum' on the surface of the Pitch Lake. He could speak with authority, having once lost his way when crossing the lake, and having been compelled to spend a night wandering about it; but no subsequent visitor has ever identified 'streams' and 'rills' of anything but water there. De Verteuil, in his *Trinidad*, published in 1858, tells of springs of petroleum in the High Woods, and the map issued with the second edition of his work shows a 'spring of petroleum' to the north-east of Savanna Grande, and a 'submarine spring of petroleum' off La Brea point. Borde again, in his *Histoire de l'Ile de la Trinidad*, written in 1876, states that petroleum was found in the neighbourhood of the Pitch Lake.

The discovery of this valuable product in Trinidad is;

therefore, nothing new. But until the invention of the internal-combustion engine, and the recognition of the advantages of petroleum as a fuel, mineral oil was used for few purposes other than burning in lamps and lubrication. The demand for it was comparatively small, and consequently there was little inducement to develop new sources of supply to compete with those in the United States and Russia.

Nevertheless, in 1856 a concern called the Merrimac Company endeavoured to distil oil from pitch or asphalt as a commercial proposition. It met with no financial success; but ten years later a Trinidad Petroleum Company, with a capital of £150,000, was formed by Mr. H. N. Sheridan, M.P., and the eleventh Earl of Dundonald, to bore for petroleum. They struck oil near La Brea, but owing to the company being unable to compete with oil-producing firms in the United States, and to other adverse circumstances, it was soon forced into liquidation. The next oil adventurer to appear on the scene was a civil engineer named Derwent. He 'brought in' a well at Aripiero in 1858, but soon found that there was no money in it, and suspended his operations. From the date of the abandonment of his well until 1901 no further attempt was made to win oil in Trinidad. In that year, however, Randolph Rust, a man of boundless energy and irrepressible optimism, staked his fortune in the purchase of modern drilling machinery, and drilled a well near the spot where Derwent had bored his forty-three years before. It proved productive, and thus justified the confidence of its pioneer, whose efforts had hitherto been ridiculed. The Government, which had been inactive in the matter of oil development, now retained the services of Mr. (now Sir) John Cadman as mining engineer, and of Mr. Cunningham Craig, the well-known geologist, who located, in the southern part of the island, three well-defined anticlines, the ownership of the mineral rights over which became in later years the basis of much active speculation.

Though much pioneer work was done by individuals and

companies, little real progress was made, however, until 1910, when, following the flotation of the Trinidad Oilfields Ltd., whose capital was very largely over-subscribed, many new syndicates and companies were formed to exploit the Trinidad oil-fields and oil-bearing lands, and licences changed hands at prices undreamed of a few years before. Meanwhile, the concessionaires of the Pitch Lake had been boring near La Brea, and on April 27, 1911, Sir George le Hunte, the then Governor, opened a valve at the end of their pipe-line which conveyed Trinidad oil to a steamer lying alongside their pier at 'Brighton', and thus formally inaugurated a new industry.

The high prices resulting from the war gave a great impetus to the production of oil, and the industry has gone ahead rapidly, the output from the local wells having increased from 4,378,942 gallons in 1910-11 to no fewer than 153,527,745 gallons, and being still on the up grade. This prosperous industry is now well established.

We returned from Mayaro by a different route across the central range of mountains and through the rich cacao district of Montserrat, pausing on our way to pay our respects to the Black Virgin in the little church of Notre Dame de Montserrat at Tortuga, where the road begins to descend to Claxton Bay. She stands on a side altar, and it is said that she was imported by a Mr. Joaquim Colomer; but he is not alive to say what her complexion was when she left Europe. Her features are European, but her face quite black. There is another black Virgin at Siparia in the south of the island, of whom it is said that when taken to Port of Spain by a priest, she found her way back to her home like the Bambino of the Ara Coeli in Rome. It may be noted that these black virgins are not unique. There is one in a church near Pompeii in Italy and several in Spain.

The cultivation of cacao was first started in Trinidad by the early Spanish settlers who introduced the variety known as Criollo, or Creole, from Mexico, and that called Forastero or Foreign from the Brazils.

The industry made little progress until the eighteenth century, when by agreement between Their Most Christian and Catholic Majesties, the Royal Company of Guinea, established in France, was permitted to supply the Spanish colonies, of which Trinidad was then one, with 48,000 negro slaves, at the rate of 4,800 a year. Cacao now began to be extensively planted, and all went well until 1725 when most of the trees succumbed to blight. The disaster was attributed by many to the appearance of a comet, though the Jesuit Father Gumilla declared that it was due to the planters failing to pay their tithes. But whatever the real cause may have been, the colonists found themselves in a pitiable plight. Without any agricultural scientists to whom to turn for advice, they simply abandoned their estates, and many were compelled to sell their plate and even their slaves, to obtain money with which to buy the necessities of life. It was at this juncture that the members of the Cabildo had only one pair of small-clothes amongst them in which to go to Mass! It is not recorded how many councillors there were, but the garment must have soon become very ragged if they were true to their vows.

The Spaniards appear to have made no serious attempt to re-establish the industry, for, when the English captured the island in 1797, only six cacao walks were still under cultivation as compared with 130 coffee plantations, 103 cotton, and 159 sugar estates. It was not until 1860 that there was a revival, and from that year onwards the development of the cacao industry proceeded practically unchecked until a few years ago, when it began to feel the acute competition of West African cacao, the production of which has outstripped that of the whole of the West Indies put together.

In Trinidad most of the planters believe in growing their cacao under shade, and when the Bois Immortel sheds its leaves and is covered instead with masses of orange-red flowers, the appearance of the Montserrat district can only be compared for beauty with that of Canada when the

maple leaves have turned. The whole country-side becomes ablaze with colour.

We lunched in the midst of this wonderful scene *under* a cool country residence. It must not be supposed that we took our meal in the cellar. Our host's residence was raised from the ground on columns, and the luncheon table was spread on the ground-level open to the four winds of heaven, and yet sheltered from the blazing sun. Afterwards we were piloted by a kindly overseer to the summit, a knoll from which we had a glorious view of mountain and valley, all under cacao shaded by its brilliant mother tree, a scene of indescribable beauty and charm.

Many of these cacao estates were established by what is known as the 'contract' system, which is still adopted in laying out any new areas under cacao. Under this system, which was regularized by Ordinance in 1889, the landowner hands over his land to peasants who undertake to plant and maintain an agreed number of cacao-trees upon it. In return for their services the peasants have the free use of the land for raising provision crops until the fifth or sixth year, when they hand it back to the owner, who pays them an agreed sum for each cacao-tree. The peasants then move on to seek fresh fields and pastures new. The system has proved a convenient one for the landowner, and it is appreciated also by the temporary tenant; but it is nevertheless opposed to modern ideas of settling peasant proprietors on the land, on which many think that the future development of some of the West Indian islands must depend.

CHAPTER VI

IERE, CRUSOE'S ISLAND, AND EL DORADO

WHEN Trinidad was captured by Sir Ralph Abercromby and Admiral Harvey in 1797, Port of Spain stood in the midst of fields of waving sugar-cane, extending from Tucker Valley to Diego Martin on the north-east, and from Caroni and Orange Grove, two estates still under sugar, to St. Joseph on the south. Peru, now an Indian village, was then a sugar-cane plantation. It was there that the English troops on their march to the capital paused, to refresh themselves with grog which they made on a large scale. Breaking open the sugar store and distillery, they emptied into a well the contents of two hogsheads of sugar and three puncheons of rum, and drawing up the mixture in buckets, proceeded to regale themselves, and to make merry. Perhaps they had heard of the famous brew of punch made at Cadiz in 1694, when the Right Honourable Edward Russel, Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's forces in the Mediterranean, entertained a large concourse of guests at a cold collation in his garden.¹ To wash down the repast he provided a fountain of punch, the ingredients of which consisted of four hogsheads of brandy, eight hogsheads of water, 25,000 lemons, 13 cwt. of fine sugar, 5 lb. of grated nutmegs, 300 toasted biscuits, and a pipe of dry mountain Malaga. The punch was served out to the guests by a small boy, who rowed himself in a boat round and round the fountain from which he ladled it out.

Even the Savannah was once under cane, but one after another the sugar estates in the immediate neighbourhood

¹ *The Naval Chronicle*, vol. xii, p. 14.

of Port of Spain succumbed to economic causes and dropped out of cultivation. Those to the south, however, fared better, and after a neck and neck struggle sugar is just ahead of cacao in the race for the position of leading agricultural industry in Trinidad. Apart from the return it yields, it is of very great importance to the colony, since it gives more employment to the labourers than any other industry—employment, moreover, of a kind that is particularly valuable to a growing community. On a sugar estate men are trained to be not only agriculturists, but also engineers, mechanics, chemists, and electricians, and technical education has many obvious advantages where, as is the case in the West Indies, openings in professional and clerical life are comparatively few.

As the crow flies, the distance from Port of Spain to San Fernando, the second town of Trinidad and the shipping port of the Naparima district, is about twenty-four miles ; but by road or rail it is thirty-five, since to get from one town to the other one has at present to make a long detour round the Caroni swamp. A few years ago an attempt was made to drain this pestilential morass, but owing to the financial failure of the promoter of the enterprise it was never completed. The shortening of the distance by road to San Fernando would have been one of the lesser benefits derived from the successful fruition of the drainage scheme. A greater one would have been the improvement of the health of Port of Spain, which is nightly shrouded by a thin veil of mist from the dismal swamp, though it must be admitted that the inhabitants do not appear to suffer from it.

Just beyond St. Joseph the road to San Fernando turns south. So does the railway, but there is no need to refer to that, as it is so much more convenient to make the journey by motor-car. After crossing the muddy Caroni River the road passes the sugar factory of that name which embodies the latest improvements in sugar manufacture, and turns out the finest West Indian crystallized sugar, whose clean colour the refiners endeavour to imitate

by applying dyes to white sugar. Try as they may, they will never succeed in reproducing the exquisite natural flavour of the molasses which is totally lost in the process of refining.

If you take an intelligent interest in a sugar factory you should acquaint yourself with the details of manufacture before entering its portals, for within, what with the scrunching of the great mills and the whirr of machinery, there is such a deafening noise that it is well-nigh impossible to 'pick up' the explanations of your guide, even though he may have the voice of a Boanerges. The factory is fed by long train-loads of ripe sugar-canes which are brought up to it by fussy little locomotives, and enter its insatiable maw on the endless conveyor, called the cane-carrier. Some of these canes are grown by the estate, others by cane-farmers, and it is not too much to state that the system of cane-farming in force in Trinidad has been the salvation of the sugar industry of the island. In the late seventies of last century, the managers of the old-fashioned estates of the Colonial Company began to purchase canes from outside growers, and in 1882 Mr. (afterwards Sir) Nevile Lubbock, a brother of the first Lord Avebury, during a visit to Trinidad introduced the system of settling East Indians and others on estates' lands for the purpose of growing canes for the factories. The system did not at first prove altogether successful, but it was revived, and the usual practice now, is to encourage small proprietors and peasants to grow canes on their own lands and to sell them to the factories. The industry in this form has made remarkable progress, and there are now upwards of 23,000 cane farmers in the island who produce 360,000 tons of cane. Their interests are jealously watched over by a Cane Farmers' Association, and the canes are sold on a sliding scale that goes up or down with the price of sugar.

Leaving Caroni behind, the road passes through a sparsely populated district with few villages and only scanty signs of cultivation. Farther south, Indians, every one of them carrying a cutlass in true creole style, are met. On either

side of the road they work industriously in the fields round their primitive-looking huts of mud with palm-thatched roofs. Alongside some of these huts are tall bamboo poles, from which tiny pennons flutter. These flags are the sign that their owners have risen in the social scale by killing goats and entertaining their friends at a feast. It is satisfactory to see so many indications of growing prosperity! Each hut has also its small provision ground planted with yams, tancias, and other ground provisions, besides one or more cotton shrubs with bolls bulging with cotton, and papaw-trees. The papaw (*Carica papaya*) soon becomes a familiar sight. It has a tall bare stem, and a crown of deep green leaves under which sprouts the fruit resembling in shape vegetable marrows. Both the leaf and the fruit possess remarkable digestive properties. It is a fact that a tough chicken wrapped in a papaw leaf overnight becomes quite tender by the morning, but some of the stories told about the tree must be discounted. It is impossible seriously to believe that when a horse was once left tied by the bridle to a papaw-tree for a few hours, it was so completely digested that only its saddle and bridle remained!

Near Claxton Bay—a railway station and little more—at the foot of the Montserrat hills to which it is the gateway, are the large oil tanks of the Trinidad Central Oilfields. To these, oil is pumped from Tabaquite and elsewhere. Some little way farther on is a still more striking manifestation of the size and importance of the Trinidad oilfields, in the new town of Pointe-à-Pierre, laid out and maintained by Trinidad Leaseholds. Ten or twelve years ago the hilly promontory on which it stands was covered with bush and scrub. Now it is a pretty little town of neat red-roofed bungalows scattered over the hill-side with offices, stores, club-houses, immense oil tanks, and a refinery that deals with crude oil pumped to it from the company's own wells at Fyzabad and Barrackpore, and also from the lands of the Apex Oilfields and other separate companies, which have no facilities

of their own for refining oil. From the refinery, great pipe-lines, with a diameter of no less than twelve inches, are carried out to sea on a pier and a skeleton jetty beyond that. The water at this spot is so deep that steamers of even large draft can lie comfortably alongside, and one could understand why Governor Hislop wanted to transfer the capital to this site in 1808.

Between Pointe-à-Pierre and San Fernando a hot spring near the outer works affords one of many indications of subterranean forces at work in this part of the island, another being the 'mud volcanoes' called the Devil's Woodyard near Princetown, which periodically eject mud and slush from the bowels of the earth.

The most remarkable evidence of subterranean, or in this case submarine, activity was afforded by a phenomenon which occurred some years ago off the south coast of the island. At sunset one calm November evening in 1912, the inhabitants of Chatham, a village to the north of Erin Bay, were startled by a violent explosion, accompanied by the appearance of a great tongue of flame which rose from the depths of the sea several hundred feet into the air. Thinking that the Day of Judgment had come, they fled precipitately to the woods, where they remained for several days. On emerging at last, they discovered that a new island had made its appearance in the sea about two miles from the shore, and had burst into flame through a violent explosion. For some days after that, this little stranger, whose exposed surface was at first about an acre in extent, grew in size in some mysterious way until Trinidad possessed a new dependency several acres in extent. The Governor visited the island, and the Union Jack was hoisted over it; but within a very short time its substance began to silt away, until it disappeared once more beneath the waves which had given it birth. It was believed at first that volcanic agencies had been at work, but an investigation of samples of the material of which the island was formed, which proved to be nodules of iron pyrites and fragments of mud, led

to the conclusion that Trinidad's new territory had been formed by a violent explosion of gas. By the negroes this remarkable island was called, in their patois, *Ba la Patte* or 'Shake hand', that being the nickname affectionately given to the Governor. This patois survives from the days when, as the outcome of a favourable report by M. Rome de St. Laurent of Grenada, in 1870, many French families settled in Trinidad. It is very descriptive, and the term '*Mama poule*', remains in the memory as a telling description of an old fogey.

The hot spring at *Pointe-à-Pierre* fills a crude sunken bath, with water a temperature of 105 deg. Fahr. The geologists Wall and Sawkins, who reported on it in 1858, believed it would prove beneficial in cutaneous and rheumatic affections; but no attempt has yet been made to exploit it, and there are at present no hotels nearer to it than those in Port of Spain.

Naparima Hill is the dominating feature of the southern part of Trinidad. This unique eminence rises to a height of 670 feet, like a sugar-loaf, near the shore of a bay. There are no other hills or mountains anywhere near it, and consequently it forms a conspicuous landmark. At its foot is *San Fernando*, the second town of the island, with its residences straggling about a third of the way up its west side.

In the year 1784, Don Josef Chacon had it in his mind to establish a town at *La Brea Point* with a view to exploiting the *Pitch Lake* (though history does not relate what he intended to do with the pitch), and to developing a trade with the Main. Owing, however, to the unhealthiness of the place, which to this day is not free from mosquitoes, his plan was modified, and he selected the site of the ancient mission named *Purissima Concepcion de Nuestra Señora* at the foot of this remarkable hill, as a more convenient and a healthier site. There the new town was built, to be dedicated on October 25, 1786, by Chacon himself to *San Fernando*, in honour of the Prince of Asturias, who was born at Madrid on October 14, 1784, and afterwards became King Ferdinand VII.

Writing forty-three years later, Joseph declared that its houses resembled huge packing-cases, promiscuously thrown ashore from ships in haste to discharge their cargo. Since then, however, many notable improvements have been effected, including the construction of the Harris Promenade, which, as its name suggests, dates from the governorship of Lord Harris. Along this spacious boulevard are the Victoria Hall, the Wesleyan Chapel, the Catholic Church of Our Lady of Good Help, the town hall, fire brigade station, and St. Paul's Anglican Church. Unlike that of most West Indian towns, the arrangement of San Fernando is not rectangular, and there is a pleasing irregularity, and lack of consequence, about its streets, one of which winds in and out at the foot of the hill.

From San Fernando it is quite a short run by motor-car to the Usine Ste Madeleine, Trinidad's largest central sugar factory. This Usine stands in a hollow in the rolling plain of the Naparima district, the contour of which somewhat resembles the field of Waterloo, to the east of San Fernando. This area produces as fine sugar-canes as any other part of the West Indies, except when the abominable pest known as the froghopper (*Tomaspis aspicata*) makes its unwelcome appearance, as it has done in recent years.

Near the factory, which looks singularly like a large railway station, an illusion heightened by many lines of rail running up to it from the cane-fields beyond, there is quite a considerable village. Many years ago the manager of this factory was invited, and consented, to deliver an address on 'Twenty years' improvements in sugar machinery in Trinidad' before a learned society in Port of Spain. When asked for a copy of the lecture a few days before it was to be delivered, he handed in a slip of paper on which was written 'absolutely none'. That led to some unpleasantness; but the statement was true, for in those days of uncertainty, capital could not be found for investment in the sugar industry. Now, however, the factory embodies the latest improvements for handling the canes, crushing the juice from them, and

manufacturing it into sugar. It has two sets of mills, one equipped with formidable revolving knives known as the Searby Shredder, which slash the canes into pieces before they pass under the first rolls of the gigantic mill. The boiler range, too, is a special feature of the modernized factory. The furnaces, fed with fine megass (the crushed cane), through funnel-shaped hoppers, almost look after themselves, a great saving in labour being thus effected.

The Usine was the conception of the late Sir Neville Lubbock, who, after a visit to Martinique and Guadeloupe in the early seventies, determined that it was in the adoption of the central factory system in vogue there that the future of the British West Indian sugar industry lay. As a result this factory was erected and equipped at a cost of £240,000 a few years later, to take off the crops from the surrounding estates in the Naparimas. It was modelled on the lines of the French *usines*, and was even provided with charcoal filters for making white sugar.

The factory stands in a shallow depression and is overlooked by the offices and the manager's residence where the 'Young Princes', as Prince Eddy and Prince George, now King George, are still spoken of, were entertained in 1880. 'We lunched', they wrote in the *Cruise of the Bacchante*, 'at the house above the mill, in front of which there was a large traveller's palm growing, several of the large cabbage-like stalks of which we cut, and out came spurts of living water.' The tree is still there with its great leaves spread out fan-wise. A few years ago the late Sir Townsend Fenwick was still able to recall holding Prince George on his shoulders to enable him to extract from the leaf stems the water that is supposed to refresh the weary traveller. The plant is really a tree and not a palm, and like many others it is exotic, having been imported from Madagascar as its scientific name *Ravenala Madagascariensis* implies.

Fyzabad is the chief centre of the field operations of Trinidad Leaseholds Ltd., the largest oil company in the island. It is reached by a private road, driven right into

the heart of the virgin forest. Near the junction of this road with the main highway, is the property of the very successful Apex (Trinidad) Oilfields. After penetrating the dense woods for a distance of about three miles, the private road reaches a clearing on which are many tall derricks, each denoting an oil well—bungalows and storehouses, and pipe-lines in such abundance, that they bring home forcibly to the visitor the fact that the winning of oil is a rich man's, or, rather, company's game. A well can be bored for £10,000 to £15,000, but £250,000 or even £500,000 does not go far where you have to construct roads, clear forests, erect mosquito-proof bungalows for white employés, and lay down miles of pipe-line. This is what many companies floated during the oil boom of 1910 found to their cost, and it is, in the amalgamation of the smaller concerns, that the prospect of success lies.

Another long journey over very bumpy roads takes you to the famous Pitch Lake at La Brea, that has been so often described by visitors to the island. The lake consists of a vast deposit of bituminous matter with a surface 114 acres in extent. For years after its first discovery by Sir Walter Raleigh no uses were found for its apparently inexhaustible supplies of pitch. In 1805 Sir Alexander Cochrane, then Commander-in-Chief of the West Indies Station, sent two shiploads of it to England, but the experiment proved a failure, as the pitch was found to require too great an admixture of oil, to render it adaptable to commercial purposes.

The resourceful Sir Ralph Woodford caused pitch to be laid down in the square in Port of Spain that now bears his name, in the hope that it might check the growth of grass there. Far from achieving this result, it actually encouraged the weeds. Indeed, it appeared to contribute so greatly to the richness of the soil that it was seriously suggested that it might be used as a fertilizer. The enterprising Governor then suggested that the pitch might make an illuminant. He accordingly had carburetted hydrogen distilled from it, and burned in a beacon on the tower of Holy

Trinity Cathedral. The gas burned splendidly, but the stench was so appalling that the experiment had to be abandoned.

The real pioneer of the lake proved to be the tenth Earl of Dundonald, who first went to the West Indies as Flag-Captain to his uncle, Sir Alexander Cochrane. The two must have had many a talk about the lake, and in 1857 Lord Dundonald published a pamphlet in which he suggested several uses to which the pitch might be applied, notably as (1) a cement for piers, moles, breakwaters, sea-walls, and shore defences; (2) bituminous concrete for foundations of lighthouses, bridges, and hydraulic works; (3) a flexible adhesive bituminous compound for forming the joints of earthenware pipes; (4) a covering for galvanic wires; (5) pipes for the conveyance and distribution of water; (6) a preservative from rust and decay; and (7) for coating water channels in porous strata. Deterred perhaps by the result of Woodford's experiment, he overlooked the possibility of using the substance for paving roads, the only really important use to which the pitch is now put. Lord Dundonald's agent was Mr. Conrad Stollmeyer, who had himself been making occasional shipments to England, but it was not until the late sixties that an asphalt export industry was established on a commercial basis, mainly owing to the enterprise of Mr. J. W. Previt , Mr. H. A. Greig, and Mr. T. A. Finlayson. Since then Trinidad asphalt has won the affections of the road-makers of the United States and Europe, where many hundreds of miles of roads have been paved with it. The lake is leased to the Trinidad Lake Asphalt Company, an English concern controlled by American interests, and the exports have now reached an average of 200,000 tons per annum.

If the tenth Earl of Dundonald could revisit the Pitch Lake to-day he would hardly recognize the place. The virgin forest that used to surround it has been cut down, and many neat mosquito-proof bungalows have sprung up in the neighbourhood, for the accommodation of the European staff, whose members used to live like lake-

dwellers on a long pier, pathetically named after Brighton. A village of small white houses with red roofs has, moreover, been built for the labourers, who are cared for in a manner that should be an example to other employers in the West Indies.

Lord Dundonald would also notice a marked diminution in the size of the lake. It used to be thought that the supplies of pitch were inexhaustible, but in actual fact the level of the great deposits is noticeably lower than it was twenty-five years ago. Though the labourers hack out the pitch in great chunks with pick-axes every day, and the chasms so formed soon disappear, it is now recognized that this is due to the pitch finding its own level again, and not to new supplies coming up from below. The chunks of pitch are loaded into buckets which are hauled by an endless cable to the brink of the lake, and are then sent swinging down on an aerial ropeway to Brighton pier, where they are dumped into the holds of waiting ships. But much of the pitch is now treated in a refinery where, the moisture having been evaporated, it is shipped in barrels manufactured on the spot, by the most ingenious mechanical appliances.

This sinister-looking lake naturally has its tradition. The old-time negroes will tell you that it occupies the site of an Indian village whose inhabitants offended the Good Spirit by destroying the humming-birds, which were animated by the spirits of their dead relations. As a punishment the entire village was engulfed in pitch. If they go on digging at the present pace, the American concessionaires will get down to bed-rock before many years are past, and will be able to ascertain whether there are good grounds for this tradition. Meanwhile, prosaic geologists discredit it, and describe the lake as a carboniferous deposit formed from petroleum that has escaped from the oil sands beneath.

From Port of Spain a miniature liner owned by the Government sails once a week to Scarborough, the capital of the neighbouring island of Tobago. The steamer leaves the Gulf by one of the Dragon's Mouths and the Boca de

Sierpe alternately, proceeding in one case along the north coast to Toco and thence to her destination, and in the other, by way of the south and east coasts as far as Manzanilla, where the actual channel crossing begins. By the shorter route the distance is seventy miles, of which only twenty are across the open sea, and any discomfort suffered by indifferent sailors during the passage is more than compensated for by the novelty and charm of visiting an island of great historic traditions that is to some extent still off the beaten track for tourists.

Tobago has had a chequered and turbulent history. It has changed hands more often than any other West Indian island, and has belonged in turn to Barbadians, Courlanders, Zeelanders—to whom it was New Walcheren—Dutch, French, and English, who have only been in undisputed possession of it since 1814. For many years while it was under English rule Tobago was a full-blown colony enjoying representative institutions with its own Governor, Legislative Council, and House of Assembly; but in 1899 it was reduced to the ranks and became a mere apauanage of Trinidad. This was at first a bitter blow to the Tobagonians; but the arrangement has worked smoothly and well, and the people, freed from the distractions of politics, have been able to devote more time than they did before to the agricultural development of their island.

Apart from its salubrious climate and varied scenery, Tobago has another claim on the notice of wayfarers by reason of the reputation it enjoys of having been the island on which Defoe, inspired, no doubt, by the adventures of Alexander Selkirk on Juan Fernandez, marooned his mythical hero. Readers of his classic will recall how Robinson Crusoe was persuaded to sail in a ship as supercargo, on a voyage to Guinea in quest of negroes, and how the vessel was driven out of her course to 'the coast of Guiana, on the north part of Brazil, beyond the river Amazonas, towards that of the Oroonoke, commonly called the Great River'. They will remember too that here the master was inclined to return to the coast of Brazil,

but that Crusoe advised him 'to stand away for Barbadoes', and that they accordingly changed their course and 'steered away N.W. by W.' Further, that when in latitude $12^{\circ} 18'$, a second storm struck the vessel and drove her to westward, where she was wrecked on an unknown island. This part of the narrative places the scene of the disaster definitely in the Caribbean. Later, Crusoe gives a further clue as to the whereabouts of his island. He records that after a discourse with man Friday he 'asked him how far it was from our island to the shore, and whether the canoes (of the Caribs) were not often lost. He told me there was no danger; no canoes ever lost; but that after a little way out to sea there was a current and wind, always one way in the morning, the other in the afternoon. This I understood to be no more than the sets of the tide, as going out or coming in; but I afterwards understood it was occasioned by the great draft and reflux of the mighty River Oroonoko, in the mouth of which river, as I thought afterwards, our island lay; and that this land which I perceived to the W. and N.W. was the great island of Trinidad, on the north point of the mouth of the river'.

Tobago is in latitude $11^{\circ} 9'$, and not $12^{\circ} 18'$. It is not in the mouth of the Orinoco, and Trinidad lies south-west and not west and north-west of the island. Nevertheless, the tradition exists that Tobago is the island described by Defoe in 1719, and it is more than likely that he was influenced by a pamphlet which saw the light in 1683 by Captain John Poyntz, an early real-estate speculator who, having purchased the island, published a glowing, and in many respects exaggerated, account of it, in the hope of inducing emigrants to 'nurse the baby' for him. In this remarkable pamphlet, which is entitled *The Present Prospect of the Famous and Fertile Island of Tobago*, Poyntz declared that the Duke of Courland had granted to him and a London Company, 120,000 acres of land (in an island of which the total area is only 74,000 acres) free of rent for seven years and thereafter at an

annual rental of twopence per acre ; and he showed how a man with ' an hundred pound sterlin ' could transport himself and his family of eleven to Tobago, establish himself on fifty acres of land for a capital outlay of £100, ' and expect by a modest computation to clear from the said fifty acres of land at least five thousand pounds sterling a year ' at the end of the seventh year. In his preface he wrote :

Thou art here presented with the present prospect of the island of Tobago, about forty leagues distant from Barbados ; but far excelling that island, and indeed any other of the Caribbee Islands in the fertility and richness of the soil, and in the commodiousness of its bays and harbours ; and it is no paradox to affirm, that though it lies more south, the air is as cool and refreshing as that of Barbados ; and yet exempted from those affrighting and destructive hurricanes that have been often fatal to the rest of the Caribbee Islands. . . . And I am persuaded that there is no island in America that can afford us more ample subject to contemplate the bounty and goodness of our Great Creator than this of Tobago ; and this I speak not by hearsay, or as one that has liv'd always at home ; but as one that has had experience of the world, and been in the greatest part of the Caribbee Islands, and most parts of the Continent of America, and almost all His Majesties foreign plantations ; and after having view'd them all, have chosen this island of Tobago to take up my quietus est in.

The public, realizing that there is a wide difference between expectation and realization, did not rise to this well-baited hook, and the scheme was a failure ; but it must have been the subject of much discussion which no doubt came to the ears of Defoe. At any rate the tradition that Tobago is Robinson Crusoe's island is now so firmly implanted in the minds of the simpler of the inhabitants that they are convinced that the story is true. Indeed, when Mr. Wetherall recently visited the island to film in Defoe's narrative, one inhabitant in his enthusiasm declared that he had actually met Crusoe.

After the cession of Tobago to England by the Treaty of Paris in 1763, successful efforts were made to induce

Englishmen to emigrate to the island, and between 1765 and 1771 large areas of land were sold in allotments of 100 to 500 acres at the average price of £2 13s. 8d. per acre, while some poor settlers were granted land free of cost.

Thereafter the development of the colony proceeded apace, and in 1774 a Mr. John Fowler felt justified in referring to Tobago on the title page of a book he wrote as 'The Respectable Colony'. Like Poyntz, he drew an alluring picture of the attractions of Tobago, but with a greater respect for accuracy than the seventeenth-century company promoter had observed. He tells in his book how 'the island affords a choice variety of native fish, flesh, and fowl, particularly the turtle—the wild hog and picary—the plover and cocrico'; how the white inhabitants include 'many ladies who would do honour to the politest circles', and how sugar settlements can be established for fifty pounds sterling an acre, and will yield 'by a prudent, skilful, and spirited management' about 20 per cent. He states, moreover, that 'the bays are all navigable with circumspection and so numerous, that no plantation can be above six or seven miles from a convenient shipping place'.

Sugar was for long the principal industry, and by 1862 there were no fewer than sixty-five sugar estates in the island. Two-thirds of these came into the hands of a single firm, whose collapse in 1885 gave the death-blow to the industry which had been suffering from competition with slave-grown sugar and other troubles. Estates changed hands at nominal prices. Many were broken up, and for some years production of ground provisions was the only agricultural industry. The cultivation of cacao, coffee, and coco-nuts was then introduced, and these industries are well established, and are being rapidly developed side by side with the raising of stock, for which Tobago is particularly well suited. Tobago is enjoying a spell of prosperity, and the planters hope that before long it will be made a regular port of call by some of the ocean liners, for which there is ample accommodation in its natural harbours.



THE BLUE HOLE NEAR PORT ANTONIO

[See page 232]

Tobago is an island of white sandy beaches, forest-clad mountains, and crystal-clear streams and rivers, but its outstanding feature is its spacious bays, one of which, suggestively called Man-of-War Bay, has deep water to the very beach, and is sheltered by a superb amphitheatre of lofty hills. Here sailing ships in the old days could ride safely at anchor all the year round, and it was the existence round the coast of bays such as these, that made the Marquis de Bouillé as anxious to possess Tobago as Rodney was, as we shall shortly see, to secure St. Lucia for the English Crown.

Scarborough, the capital, formerly called Port Louis, stands on the shores of a bay which witnessed the defeat of the Dutch Admiral Binks by the French Admiral Estras, in 1667, and the remains of the old Fort King George, with ruins of barracks and powder magazines, bear witness to the important part that Tobago played in the breathless struggle for mastery between the French and the English in the West Indies during the eighteenth century.

Before passing from this attractive and too little visited island it may be noted that the island derived its 'appellation of Tobago, or Tabago, from a whimsical notion that its form resembled that of a tubical instrument, so called by the Aborigines, and with which they inhaled the fumes of tobacco—the Indian name of which plant was Kohiba'. So John Fowler says.

British Guiana, our great colony on the north-east coast of South America, does not properly fall within the scope of this volume. Nevertheless, it has so much in common with the West Indies, and can be so easily reached from Port of Spain, that a brief reference to it here may not be out of place. At a party in London some years ago the prelate of the colony was ceremoniously announced as 'the Bishop of Gehenna'. The lamentable ignorance of the butler on that occasion is, it is to be feared, shared by people who should know better. Many confuse Guiana with New Guinea. Still more persist in believing it to be one of the islands in the Caribbean. This annoys the

inhabitants of the colony, whose total area exceeds that of all the West Indies put together.

In the minds of many residents in British Guiana there lurks a suspicion, not altogether without justification, that their fellow-colonists in the neighbouring islands dissuade tourists from visiting their shores. Wayfarers in the West Indies should resolutely ignore such advice when it is given to them. The sun shines as brightly over British Guiana as it does over the West Indies, and those islands have no monopoly in the health-giving trade-wind which sweeps incessantly across the coast lands of the colony for many months in the year.

The large touring steamers omit Georgetown, the capital of British Guiana, from the itineraries of their winter cruises. That, however, is only because they are unable to negotiate the bar that lies ten miles or so off the mouth of the Demerara River, and it is regarded by no means as a disadvantage by those who like to feel that they are off the beaten track.

The first Englishman to explore Guiana was Sir Walter Raleigh who, as we have seen, proceeded there from the Gulf of Paria in 1595 in search of El Dorado, the fabulous city of gold that still remains to be discovered. He was followed in 1604 by Captain Leigh, and in 1613 and 1627 by Robert Harcourt, both of whom endeavoured to establish settlements, but without success. In or about the year 1620 the Dutch erected a fort at the confluence of the Cuyuni and Mazaruni Rivers and majestically called it 'Kyk-over-al', or Look over all. This marked the foundation of the colony of Essequibo, of which Demerara was an offshoot, and in 1624 Berbice was founded by Van Peere. The three colonies, watered by mighty rivers of the same names, soon attracted the notice of the English and French, and in 1780 all three were captured by England. Two years later they were taken by the French, who magnanimously handed them back in the following year to their former owners by whom they were retained until 1796, when they were again captured by the English.

By the Treaty of Amiens they were once more restored to the Dutch, but in 1803 they capitulated again to England, to whom they were finally ceded in 1814.

The Dutch left behind them a complicated system of government, involving a Court of Policy and Combined Court, which survive in name only, having been simplified in 1891, Roman Dutch Law, the practice of which was finally abolished in 1916, and an elaborate system of sea defences such as only dwellers in the Low Countries could devise. They left behind them, too, many picturesque names, such as Vried's Lust, Vreed en hoop, Uitvlugt, Noitgedacht, and Beterverwagting, and when you reach Georgetown, part of which is still called Stabroek, your steamer is berthed alongside a 'stelling', and not a 'wharf', though both are one and the same thing. The thrifty Dutch colonists, though they began colonization up the rivers, never penetrated into the vast hinterland of the colony to any extent, but were content to reap their crops of sugar and cotton from the rich alluvial coast lands which have been for over three hundred years the mainstay of the colonies.

Georgetown is an attractive city of white houses, broad streets, and luxuriant trees and palms. Most of the houses are built on columns of from ten to twenty feet high, to keep them from the damp, and all have windows shuttered with jalousies. Canals or trenches used to run down the centre of the principal streets with the gigantic leaves of the Victoria Regia lilies, looking like great green tea trays, floating on their surface, but it was found that they were breeding too many mosquitoes, and were therefore filled in. The trenches also accommodated innumerable frogs, of whom sufficient survive elsewhere to contribute to the enjoyment of the tropical night. There is hardly any twilight in the tropics, and no sooner has the sun set than the nightly orchestra of frogs, crickets, and other insects begins. The frogs bubble, croak and whistle, and the insects buzz without ceasing until daybreak. The symphony is subdued and soothing,

and all would be well if it ended there. Unfortunately it rarely does, and in nine nights out of ten, dogs enter into the competition and bark incessantly for apparently no reason whatever, unless it can be that they are too hot to sleep, and are therefore determined to keep everybody else awake. In the country the cocks, too, begin to crow vigorously long before midnight, and keep it up until sunrise, challenging the roosters they can have never seen, whose replies are echoed from far-distant dunghills; but it does not take long to get accustomed to the concert.

Even the visitor who is only able to spend the few days in Georgetown while the steamer is in port, can motor through the scattered villages formed by the slaves after their emancipation to Rosignol, and cross the Berbice River to New Amsterdam, or to Suddie in Essequibo, or perhaps to Bartica. He can visit several sugar estates, and saunter through the Botanic Gardens where the vegetation is even more luxuriant and varied than it is in the islands, which is saying a great deal; and he can study the manners and customs of the East Indians who form 50 per cent of the sparse population of the colony; but British Guiana is deserving of a far longer stay. Many weeks can be profitably spent exploring the hinterland of the colony, its diamond and gold workings, and its remarkable forests which abound in valuable timbers. 'You feel in entering one of those primitive forests', said Mr. Snell, M.P., 'the same sort of awe you experience when you enter a Gothic cathedral, and a man would not be very receptive if he were not impressed by what he saw there.'

A greater wonder still is the mighty Kaieteur Fall, where the Potaro River plunges headlong over the lip of a table-land into a deep wooded gorge 820 feet below—a magnificent sight. An Indian legend says that this fall is haunted by the ghosts of old men who, when they became so old as to become a tax on their relatives, were lifted into wood-skin canoes and gently launched on the Upper Potaro River above the falls, over which they were precipitated to their eternal rest.

CHAPTER VII

ST. LUCIA THE FAITHFUL

THE early Spanish colonists divided the West Indies into two groups. They called the large islands lying to the north of the Caribbean Sea the *Islas de Barlovento*, or Windward Islands, and those to the east of it the *Islas de Sotavento*, or Leeward Islands.

According to the *American Pocket Atlas*, a rare work published in 1775-6, 'The distinction between the Leeward and Windward Islands arose from the following circumstance. It was a custom going to the West Indies to make the Island of Desirada. The wind between the tropics blowing always from the east, all the islands to the north and west of Desirada lay to the leeward, and all the islands to the east or south lay to the windward of such ships' course'.

The names Windward Islands and Leeward Islands are now only applied to two groups of British islands.

The West Indies were also known to early cosmographers as the Antilles, after Antilla, or Antiglia, the mythical continent supposed to exist about two hundred miles to the east of the Azores, and it would save much confusion with India if they were to revert to that name. Cuba, Jamaica, Santo Domingo, and Porto Rico are still described as the 'Greater Antilles' on modern maps, and the smaller islands from Sombrero to Trinidad figure as the Lesser Antilles; but only the French now make use of this designation, which they find less cumbersome than *les Indes Occidentales*.

The voyage among the islands of the Lesser Antilles between Trinidad and St. Kitts, on the Canadian mail

route, or between Barbados and St. Thomas on the West Indies-New York run, is like a yachting cruise. Every day the steamer calls at one or more ports and, except when, owing to exigencies of time, the visit is at night, passengers usually have ample opportunity of going on shore and enjoying a prow round, or a motor drive.

Grenada and St. Vincent, both on the Trinidad-Canada route, have already been dealt with. St. Lucia, the third colony in the Windward Islands group, remains to be described. Long before the island comes into sight two remarkable conical mountains appear on the horizon. These are the famous Pitons, or sugar-loaves, that rise from the sea to a height of nearly three thousand feet on the south side of Soufrière Bay. They form a conspicuous landmark for mariners, and deserve a place among the wonders of the West Indies. According to geologists they are the result of some prehistoric upheaval, and it is probable that they are the spines of some now submerged volcano. After the eruption of Mont Pelé in Martinique in 1902, just such a mass of rock as one of the Pitons was thrust up towards the sky from the bowels of the mountain.

There is a tradition that many years ago a party of sailors attempted to scale one of these imposing pyramids. Watched from below, one after another was seen to fall in his tracks. At last a flag fluttered from the summit. The Piton had been conquered ; but not one of the party survived to tell the tale, and it was agreed that all must have fallen victims to the deadly fer-de-lance snake.

St. Lucia's reputation has suffered much more from malicious stories about this snake than from the snake itself, which the French were supposed to have introduced into the island from Martinique. These stories may be dismissed as travellers' tales, like those of yellow fever, which once so upset a young parson on the voyage to the West Indies, that on reaching Carlisle Bay he transhipped himself and his baggage to the homeward mail steamer, and returned at once to England without setting foot on

Barbados. Any reasonably sober individual might spend a lifetime in St. Lucia without seeing a fer-de-lance or any other kind of snake.

The Petit Piton, which, on account of its steep precipices, resembles in some respects the Matterhorn, is said to have been scaled first by M. Lompré in 1878, and again in 1885 by a Mr. Charles de Brettes, who personally conducted a plucky Chief Justice, Dr. John W. Carrington, to the summit two years later. But mountaineering is not yet one of the habits of St. Lucians.

Tucked away in a valley behind these mysterious twin peaks is the Soufrière, a volcano that has been in a state of gentle eruption for as long as the oldest inhabitant can remember. It is quite well behaved, and the only thing at all offensive about it is its sulphurous smell. From a number of small depressions it throws up periodically boiling water to a height of several feet, accompanied by dense volumes of steam.

Baron de Laborie, the Governor in 1784, had the waters analysed by the *Médecins du Roi* with a view to ascertaining if they had any curative properties, and their report was so favourable that Louis XVI granted a sum of money for the construction of baths and buildings on the site near by 'for the use of His Majesty's troops in the Windward Islands'. An extensive *établissement des bains* was then erected between the volcano and the town of Soufrière. It was much resorted to by invalids from the neighbouring islands until the outbreak of the Revolution, when it was wantonly destroyed.

In 1836, Sir Dudley Hill, the English Governor, wanted to restore the baths, but the selfish lady who owned an adjoining estate put in a claim for a portion of the land. This was upheld by the courts, and, though the waters are said to be as efficacious as those of Aix-les-Bains, nothing has been done recently to make them known to, or available for, sufferers from rheumatism and skin disorders, and there is only a small bath-house at Ventine, about ten minutes' drive from the shore.

Castries, the capital of St. Lucia, stands near the head of a landlocked bay aptly described by the colony's motto as 'Statio haud malefida carinis'—a safe haven for ships. Originally called Carénage, the town received its present name in 1784 in honour of Maréchal de Castries, the French Colonial Minister. Thereafter, it was Carénage to the English, and Castries to the French, except during the revolution in 1792, when the National Convention conferred upon it the title of 'The Faithful' as a mark of recognition of the thorough manner in which the inhabitants accepted and carried out the doctrines imparted to them by the republican agents from France. The bloodstained Tree of Liberty found congenial soil in St. Lucia, and anarchy and terror prevailed throughout the island.

After entering the harbour by bottle-necked straits you see on the right the wooded heights of the Morne Fortuné and on the left the hilly promontory known as the Vigie, or 'Look Out'. On a plateau near the summit of the Morne, the Union Jack flies over Government House, the residence of the Administrator, who must be counted fortunate to live on such a pleasant spot. It commands one of the finest views in the West Indies. Far below lies Castries basking lazily in the sun, the water of its fair harbour as smooth as glass except where it is broken into ripples by craft moving in and out. Alongside the wharf a steamer is being coaled, and you can hear the laughter and song of the black women as they swing in an endless procession up the gangway, each of them with a basket of coal on her head. To the east are rumpled masses of forest-clad mountains as far as eye can see, and across the harbour the historic Vigie with its orderly rows of barracks, some of which had only just been completed when the garrison was peremptorily withdrawn in 1905 in pursuance of the 'blue water' policy that then prevailed. Beyond the narrow promontory is the grand sweep of Choc Bay, the romantic Pigeon Island off the entrance to Gros Ilet Bay, and, in the distance, the hazy form of Martinique shimmering in the tropical heat—altogether an enchanting scene.

An earlier residence called the Pavilion, which stood on this site, had an evil reputation for unhealthiness, no fewer than three Governors having died in it from yellow fever, between 1829 and 1832. Breen, in his *St. Lucia*, tells how a stingy successor took advantage of this circumstance.

In 1832 the Bishop of the diocese, being on a tour among the islands, arrived at Castries, and immediately received a polite invitation from General Farquharson (the Governor in question). The General was remarkable for his parsimonious habits in private life, and having left his family in England, the establishment at Government House was conducted on quasi-bachelor principles. He had made no preparation for the reception of the Bishop, except in the eating line; and indeed, had he been disposed to do so, he must have had recourse to the officers of the garrison; for, his accommodation, especially in the way of bedding, was very scanty. Perceiving after dinner that the Bishop and his suite showed no inclination to encounter the fatigue of a ride to Castries during a dark night, the wily General, being resolved to dislodge them from their snug position, had recourse to a *ruse de guerre*. 'My Lord,' said he, 'perhaps this is the first time you have visited Government House: come with me and I'll show you the apartments. I suppose your Lordship has heard of the insalubrity of the place: every room in the house has already witnessed the death of some Governor; but none of them has had the honour of killing a Bishop: so, My Lord, you have only to make your selection: I leave you to the *embarras de choix*.' The good Bishop was so mightily shocked that he thereupon ordered his horse to be brought round and descended to Castries.

By an irony of fate General Farquharson himself died of yellow jack in the house in 1834. In St. Lucia that dread disease is no longer to be feared. It has been completely stamped out and no case of it has occurred for years.

The slopes of the Vigie, now so peaceful, were drenched with the blood of the gallant soldiers of England and France in the closing years of the eighteenth century, when St. Lucia was the cockpit of the two warring nations.

By the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748 the island

had been declared neutral as the simplest way of dealing with the claims of the rival colonists. Nevertheless, the French settlers who occupied it at the time remained in possession until 1762, when they were forced to yield to a fleet sent against them by Rodney and a body of troops under General Monckton. In the following year St. Lucia was restored to the French, to the deep chagrin of Rodney, who was insistent that the island was the key of the Lesser Antilles. When war broke out again in 1778, he wrote a spirited dispatch to the Earl of Sandwich impressing upon him the desirability of securing possession of the island, which he regarded as of more consequence to Britain than Martinique.

Martinique (he wrote) though possessing four harbours, has none equal to the Carénage of St. Lucia or so secure and capable of being defended, which alone is of the utmost consequence to a maritime Power. . . . The cruisers from St. Lucia could always stretch to windward of all the other islands and intercept any succours intended for them. Add to this the infinite consequence of the harbour called the Little Carénage, where the largest ships of war can be careened, be secure during the hurricane months, and always ready to afford a speedy succour to His Majesty's other islands and a certain security to the southern islands of St. Vincent, Grenada, etc., and which at present are equally liable to depredations from St. Lucia and Martinique.

Finally Rodney declared that the observations that he had made when he commanded in those seas, and his frequent reflections since on the infinite importance of St. Lucia or Martinique to a maritime Power, had convinced him that either of those islands must, while she remained a great maritime Power, make her sovereign of the West Indies.

The Government of the day, impressed by Rodney's arguments, ordered Sir Henry Clinton to send reinforcements from New York for the conquest of St. Lucia. By a singular coincidence the French fleet, consisting of twelve sail-of-the-line under the Comte d'Estaing, sailed from Boston on the same day as that on which the British left Sandy Hook,

and for part of the voyage the two fleets proceeded on parallel courses. By a stroke of good fortune for the British, however, d'Estaing's ships were dispersed by a gale and Commodore Hotham, who commanded the British fleet, was able to join Admiral Barrington without having to engage a more numerous foe.

On December 13, 1778, the British fleet, now consisting of one seventy-four, two sixty-fours, two fifties, and three frigates, with twelve transports and 5,000 men, dropped anchor in Grand Cul-de-Sac Bay, and in the evening a landing was effected by Brigadier-Generals Meadows and Prestcott. Chevalier de Micoud, the French Governor, having only a handful of men at his disposal, was speedily driven from the Morne and the Vigie, which was thereupon occupied by General Meadows and 1,300 men, the remainder of the British troops taking up their position on the hills between Carénage and Grand Cul-de-Sac. D'Estaing, who was accompanied by the Marquis de Bouillé, Governor-General of the French West Indies, and had under his command 9,000 men, ignorant of the fact that the Vigie was occupied by the British, entered the harbour, where he was received with such a discharge of artillery that he put about and steered a course for Grand Cul-de-Sac Bay, across the entrance of which Admiral Samuel Barrington had taken the precaution of moving his ships to a position where they were flanked by two land batteries, one on either side, with his transports securely anchored near the shore. With ten sail-of-line d'Estaing, bearing down on the British fleet, vigorously attacked them, but was gallantly repulsed. Later in the afternoon he renewed the engagement with twelve ships and a heavier fire. But he met with no better success, and was finally driven back in confusion. Next day he seemed disposed to attack again, but, thinking better of it, he stood away to windward and anchored in Gros Islet Bay, where during that night and the following morning the French troops were disembarked. Their plan appeared to be to seize the heights overlooking Grand Cul-de-Sac, from which they

could compel the British fleet to leave its anchorage. Finding the heights too strongly held by General Grant and his gallant men, they then turned their attention to General Meadows and his troops, which they hoped to cut off by seizing the neck of the promontory.

On February 18th, the French generals led 5,000 men against the lines which the British had prepared to cover their position. As they approached the trenches they were enfiladed by batteries on the opposite side of the Carénage, and suffered severe losses. Then, to quote Bryan Edwards, the historian :

The coolness and firmness of the defenders were, however, more than a match for the impetuosity of the assailants. Not a shot was fired by the British till the columns were at the foot of the entrenchments. One destructive volley was then poured in, and the French were received at the point of the bayonet. The struggle was long and terrible. At last the French were driven back with heavy slaughter : seventy of them are said to have fallen within the works at the very first onset. In spite of this fierce repulse they paused only to rally and recover breath ; and then hurried back with undiminished fury. The second conflict was no less violent than the first : it terminated in the same manner. Though their ranks were sorely thinned by this double discomfiture, they were induced to make a third charge ; but they had no longer that ardour which originally inspired them. They were speedily broken, overwhelmed, and scattered in complete and irretrievable disorder. Their dead and wounded even, were left in the hands of the victors.

In the light of the appalling casualties suffered on both sides during the Great War the losses of the French on the Vigie would nowadays be regarded as trivial ; but at the time they caused a profound impression. Such carnage had never before been witnessed in so short a space of time. The total losses of the French in a single day exceeded in numbers the British troops engaged. As for Comte d'Estaing, though Martinique was close at hand, from which he could have drawn reinforcements, he had

had enough. After lingering in St. Lucia for ten days in a state of inactivity, he re-embarked his troops and left the island to its fate. There was then nothing left for Chevalier de Micoud to do, but to surrender the colony.

In 1781 the French, emboldened by the arrival of reinforcements from Europe, attempted to recover St. Lucia. Taking advantage of the temporary absence of Rodney, an imposing fleet sailed from Fort Royal on May 12th under the command of Comte de Grasse, and proceeded to invest St. Lucia. The Marquis de Bouillé with a considerable body of troops landed at Gros Ilet Bay, and, after capturing the village, demanded the surrender of Pigeon Island. The reply was a heavy bombardment of the French fleet, and this was continued until seven vessels were so knocked about that they were compelled to slip their cables and retreat to leeward. The remainder were kept at bay until Rodney sent a squadron of ships for the relief of the garrison. Detachments of seamen and marines were landed at Carénage and marched up to the Morne, to which planters, merchants, and the masters of merchant ships and their sailors also willingly repaired, to lend what help they could to the garrison. So much impressed were the French by this gesture that they marched off in the opposite direction, and, moving silently to the beach, re-embarked and withdrew to Fort Royal in such a hurry that they left behind part of their baggage and a quantity of ammunition.

After this episode the colony enjoyed a period of unwonted prosperity, the French and English worn out by fighting, devoting themselves once more to the cultivation of their estates; but their anxieties were soon to be renewed. On February 19, 1782, Rodney, after an absence of some months in England, returned to the West Indies with the fate of the Empire in his hands, as Lord Sandwich put it.

He stationed his ships in the sheltered bay of Gros Islet, and spent much of his time on Pigeon Island scanning the horizon for the French fleet, of whose movements he was kept informed by a chain of swift frigates. He had not

long to wait. On April 8th news came that Comte de Grasse was leaving Fort Royal in great force, the intention of the enemy apparently being to effect a junction with the Spanish fleet and to make a descent on Jamaica. Rodney at once gave orders to weigh, and by noon the whole of his fleet was clear of Gros Ilet Bay with every stitch of canvas spread. At 2 a.m. on the morning of the 9th it was reported that the enemy were off the north end of Dominica, and the signal for battle at once fluttered from the flagship, the fleet forming in single line ahead. Hood, aided by a fair breeze, rapidly closed on the enemy, and a partial engagement ensued. For the next two days Rodney shadowed de Grasse without, however, being able to bring any of his ships to action. On the 11th two French vessels were chased as they were making for Guadeloupe, and two more were sighted to windward showing evident signs of damage from the engagement of the 9th. Rodney gave the signal for a general chase, and got so near the two enemy vessels that they signalled for assistance, and brought down de Grasse and his entire fleet. This was just what Rodney wanted, and when the fateful April 12th dawned he recalled the chasing ships, and made signal for line of battle on the starboard tack. De Grasse responded by forming on the larboard tack, and the two fleets slowly approached one another.

The ships of the two fleets were now sailing in opposite directions, but in parallel lines. Just before eight o'clock the battle began, the *Marlborough*, the leading ship of the division, commanded by Admiral Drake, a kinsman of Sir Francis Drake, opening fire on the centre and rear of the French. The signal for close action was immediately hoisted aboard the flagship. At eleven o'clock the breeze freshened, and Rodney and Hood closed up with the enemy's van. The *Formidable* received the fire of eight or nine of de Grasse's ships in succession, but did not return it until she was well down the line. It was at this moment that Rodney performed the brilliant manœuvre of breaking the line that was to become so

famous. Lying as close to the wind as he could, he had his ships steered for a gap in the French line two or three ships astern of de Grasse's flagship the *Ville de Paris*. The order was carried out with precision by his Captain, Sir Charles Douglas, who is credited by some authorities with having originated it, the *Formidable* 'angling in upon the enemy, in order to penetrate his line of battle'. She then passed right through the enemy's line, followed by six ships of the centre division. Rodney then veering his ships brought the French between two fires. The *Duke*, the *Namur*, and the *Formidable* poured broadsides into four French vessels, which were so huddled together that they made 'one large single object to fire at'.

The enemy was now thrown into a state of complete confusion. Rodney directed his course for the *Ville de Paris*—a magnificent three-decker of 110 guns, presented by the City of Paris to Louis XV—sinking the *Diadème* with a single broadside on the way; but before he could reach the flagship, she had already struck her colours to the *Barfleur*, at 6.30 p.m., and the victory was complete.

During this battle the English lost 261 killed and 837 wounded, whilst of the French no fewer than 14,000 men were either killed or wounded. To the English this memorable sea-fight has always been known as the 'Battle of the Saints', after the islands near which it ended, but the French prefer to call it the 'Battle of Dominica'. After his brilliant victory Rodney, with his prizes, proceeded to Jamaica, where he received an ovation, the populace being overjoyed at their deliverance from the French. The *Ville de Paris* and five other prizes were sent to England, escorted by three British ships under the command of Admiral Graves, but she and the *Glorieux* were lost with all hands in a hurricane, and probably all that remains of the proud vessel is her bell and a sentry's clock which are now preserved in the museum of the United Service Institution, and two cannons in Jamaica.

Rodney, after repairing his ships at Port Royal, returned to England in September 1782. He was awarded a peerage

with an additional pension of £2,000 a year, and after his death ten years later, a noble monument was raised to his memory at the nation's expense in St. Paul's Cathedral, while Jamaica showed her appreciation of her deliverer by erecting the statue of the naval hero by Bacon, which now stands on the north side of the square at Spanish Town.

Rodney's victory enabled Great Britain to secure an honourable termination of the war, to retain the West Indian colonies still in her possession, and to recover those that had already slipped from her grasp ; but by an irony of fate St. Lucia, the possession of which had enabled the British fleet to inflict such a decisive defeat on the French, was restored to France by the Treaty of Versailles which followed.

The events of the preceding years had aroused a thirst for blood among the inhabitants of St. Lucia, and, when the Revolution broke out in 1792, nowhere were greater excesses committed in the name of Liberty than in Castries. The gutters ran with blood, and the slaves, intoxicated with their newly won freedom, readily lent succour to their brethren in the neighbouring islands at the instigation of Citoyen Victor Hugues. The revolutionaries nevertheless offered little resistance to Sir John Jervis and Sir Charles Grey, who, fresh from their early successes in Martinique and Guadeloupe, easily recaptured the island. On April 4th H.R.H. Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, the great-grandfather of King George V, hoisted with his own hands the British flag over the Morne Fortuné, at a spot that is now identified by a memorial tablet. St. Lucia was regained, but no sooner had the victors withdrawn than the revolutionaries opened a guerrilla warfare against the garrison, which was numerically too weak to resist it effectively. So began for St. Lucia the Brigands' War. The *Armée dans les bois* as the enemy was designated, reinforced by Hugues, from Martinique, soon overran the island, and, having captured Pigeon Island and the Vigie with consummate ease, made themselves masters of the colony.

About fifteen months later the British Government having made up their minds to take decisive measures for the protection of the West Indian colonies, sent out Sir Ralph Abercromby with 12,000 men for the purpose. They reached St. Lucia on April 26, 1796, and once more there was bitter fighting, and the Morne was invested. The republicans under Goyrand, who had under his command 2,000 well-disciplined black troops and some hundreds of whites, were driven back with considerable loss after a determined resistance, but it was not until May 26th that they laid down their arms and surrendered the island. Abercromby then crossed over to pacify St. Vincent, leaving behind him as Governor of St. Lucia, General Moore to cope with the Brigands, who continued their activities in the middle of the island and obstructed all attempts to establish ordered government. The task shattered Moore's health, and the gallant general who afterwards became more widely known as Sir John Moore, the hero of Corunna, narrowly escaped an early death in St. Lucia. He left the island, and his work was completed by Colonel Drummond, to whom the *Armée dans les bois* at length surrendered in 1797.

Many families of honourable French origin still reside in St. Lucia, but their members are now loyal British citizens. The negroes still speak a patois handed down from father to son, but they have no desire to see the island revert to France. Former dissensions have been forgotten, and when you see planters and negroes alike contentedly pursuing their vocations in Castries, and when you look at the slopes of the Morne with its smiling villas bedecked with purple and red bougainvillea and other flowering shrubs, you will find it hard to realize that St. Lucia was for many years turned into a shambles by England and France.

CHAPTER VIII

JOSEPHINE'S HOMELAND

ON the passage from Castries to Fort de France the capital of Martinique, steamers pass within a few miles of the historic Diamond Rock, a huge mass of basalt rising abruptly from the sea, like Ailsa Craig, about a thousand yards from the Point du Diamant on the south coast of Martinique.

During our war with France in 1804 this solitary rock was garrisoned by Lieutenant James Wilkes Maurice, and one hundred and twenty seamen and boys of the Royal Navy who, for over eighteen months, successfully resisted all attempts of the French to dislodge them. Commodore Sir Samuel Hood had established a blockade of Fort de France, then Fort Royal, and, finding that the French ships were eluding him by slipping away between the rock and the Point du Diamant, laid his seventy-four, the *Centaur*, as close as he could to the Diamond, and having made a hawser fast to the ship and to the top of the rock, slung with a traveller two long twenty-fours and two eighteens to the summit. Mr. J. Eckstein, an artist who was permitted to accompany the party, and profitably occupied his time by making some admirable paintings of scenes on the rock, describes 'how along a dire, and I had almost said a perpendicular acclivity, the sailors are hanging in clusters, hauling up a four-and-twenty pounder by hawsers. . . . They appear like mice, hauling a little sausage; scarcely can we hear the Governor on the top, directing them with his trumpet, the *Centaur* lying close under it, like a cocoa-shell'. The

sailors slung their hammocks in caves and tents, and enjoyed their life so much that it was with difficulty that they could be persuaded to return to their ship periodically. Life passed pleasantly. The rock proved healthy, and a supply of Madeira provided by the Commodore added to the amenities of existence upon it. Occasionally the parent ship would creep into Fort Royal Bay to cut out an enemy vessel, and there were great rejoicings on the rock when she returned one day with the *Curieux* as a prize under her wing. This expedition, however, cost Lieutenant Reynolds his life, and as far as is known, his remains still lie upon the rock, where they were laid to rest with such ceremony as circumstances allowed.

The garrison remained on the rock harassing the enemy on every possible opportunity until January 2, 1805, when its supply of ammunition and water being exhausted, they were compelled to surrender to a squadron of Villeneuve's fleet, consisting of two seventy-fours, a 36-gun frigate, a 16-gun corvette, and eleven gunboats each mounting three cannon, and a force of from three hundred to four hundred troops. Honourable terms were agreed, and the gallant Maurice and his men marched out of the Queen's battery with drums beating and colours flying, and, having laid down their arms, embarked on a French vessel and were sent to Barbados, where Nelson had just arrived. The usual court martial followed; but Maurice was handed back his sword and was warmly commended. Nelson himself wrote :—

While I regret the loss of the Diamond, I have no doubt that every exertion has been used by yourself, and those under your command for its defence. . . . I have very fully to express my approbation of the terms of capitulation, as well as with your conduct personally, and that of the Officers and Men under your command.

There is a picturesque tradition that the rock was commissioned as a ship of war, and that it figured on the books of the navy as H.M.S. *Diamond Rock*. In actual fact it

was a vessel attached to the rock, and not the rock itself that was commissioned. This is proved by the following endorsement by the Lords Commissioners on Hood's dispatch informing them of his action in placing a garrison on the position :—

Their Lordships thought proper to order the vessel attached to the service of the Diamond Rock to be registered by the name of the *Diamond Rock* Sloop, and that a commission to command her be sent to Lieutenant Maurice.

After passing this romantic rock, whose ledges and crannies one longs to explore, the steamer skirts the mountainous leeward coast of Martinique and the Ilet à Ramiers, another and a loftier Pigeon Island, still crowned with fortifications, and then turning east enters the magnificent bay of Fort de France. A short steam now brings her to the town of the same name, the capital of Martinique, on the north shore of this grand sheet of water. Viewed from the deck of the steamer, the most conspicuous features of Fort de France are the fretted spire of the cathedral, a Gothic structure built largely of steel after the hideous style of Viollet-le-Duc, the pseudo-Romanesque dome of the Schoelcher Library, and the crowns of a group of noble royal palms that mark the Savane. On the heights beyond, almost buried in foliage, is the fort that was once Bourbon, but is now Dessaix. Just to the east of the Savane, a substantially built stone fort, its walls running sheer down into the deep blue water, projects into the Bay. This is the famous Fort Louis that was so gallantly stormed in 1794 by the Captain Robert Faulknor, who well earned his nickname 'Undaunted'.

During the combined operations under Sir John Jervis and Sir Charles Grey, it had been arranged that Faulknor in the *Zebra*, accompanied by Captain Brown in the *Asia*, should enter the harbour behind the Fort, and cover a number of smaller vessels, equipped with ladders to be used for scaling the walls in a final assault. The *Zebra* accordingly lay in to the mouth of the harbour. The *Asia*,

on the other hand, wore, owing to a 'want of precision' on the part of the French pilot. Faulknor, after waiting for some time under a galling fire of grape-shot, which his men withstood 'with a firmness not to be described', realizing that he could hope for no help from his consort, courageously decided to 'carry on' alone. His own pilot having completely lost his head, Faulknor seized the tiller himself, and running the *Zebra* close in under the walls of the fort, scaled the ramparts, and having overpowered the guard, captured the position before the small boats could get alongside, though their crews rowed 'with all the force and animation which characterize seamen in the face of an enemy'.

Faulknor received with his own hands the Governor's sword and the colours of the fort. Summoned to the flagship, he was then embraced by Jervis on the quarter-deck, while the hills re-echoed to the martial strains of 'See, the conquering hero comes!' played by the ship's band. As a compliment to Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, who commanded one of the brigades of troops engaged in the land operations, the fort was called Edward; but it reverted to its original name many years ago.

There is no longer anything English about Martinique. Directly you set foot on the island you feel that you are in France. The buildings, the shops, and the people all have an unmistakably foreign stamp about them, but your surprise at hearing negroes talking volubly in French, will only be momentary. The picturesque native costumes are giving place to modern fashions, but you may still see dusky Martiniquaises wearing gaudy gingham skirts, long and very full, fichus, and brilliantly coloured turbans. Outside the cafés, the well-to-do colonists who make Martinique their home for life, sit and sip their absinthe and aperitifs, and discuss the affairs of the day.

Martinique boasts two celebrities, Victor Schoelcher and the Empress Josephine. The former gave his name to a village on the coast, to one of the principal streets in Fort de France, and to a valuable library and museum housed

in a gaily painted building with a dome overlooking the Savane. His memory is also kept green by a statue facing the Hôtel de Ville. This statue tells its story. The good Schoelcher is shown shielding a girl attired in the characteristic dress of Martinique, and the pedestal is inscribed :

Aucune terre Française ne peut plus porter d'esclaves.

Victor Schoelcher was a benefactor of the slaves. In 1794, two years after the outbreak of the Revolution, slavery was abolished by the Convention in all French colonies. Eight years later, however, it was re-established by Bonaparte, and it was left to Victor Schoelcher and other philanthropists to secure the final abolition of that degrading system. For this very good reason Martinique will never forget Schoelcher.

They have less cause to be proud of their countrywoman Josephine, since she was wedded to the Emperor who reduced their forbears to slavery, after they had enjoyed for eight brief years the blessings of freedom. Nevertheless, they have raised a statue to her memory. It stands in the centre of the Savane surrounded by majestic royal palms.

The Empress, a stately figure, wears her coronation robes. Her head is turned slightly to the left, so that, whether by design or accident, one cannot say, she looks across the bay towards the commune of Trois Ilets where she was born. On either side of the pedestal on which she stands is a bronze relief of no little merit. On one Napoleon is shown in the act of placing the Imperial crown on the temples of his bride. On the front is the inscription :

L'An MDCCCLVIII
Napoléon III regnant
Les Habitants de la Martinique
ont élevé ce monument
à l'Impératrice Joséphine
née dans cette colonie

Marie Joseph Rose Tascher de la Pagerie, who was born on June 25, 1763, was first married at the early age of

eighteen years, to the Vicomte de Beauharnais, son of the Governor of Martinique. Her first husband was guillotined during the Terror, and she herself narrowly escaped a similar fate. While she was still a girl an old black mammy telling her fortune, declared that she would 'one day become greater than a queen, and yet outlive her dignity'. This prophecy was fulfilled by her coronation as Empress, her subsequent divorce, and her death in retirement at Malmaison.

The Savane, with its rough and rank grass and its irregular border of mango and sand-box trees, would be almost commonplace but for the statue and the sentinel palms that keep watch over it. They give it a peculiar charm. The tallest of these majestic palms cannot be an inch less than a hundred feet in height. Unlike the coconut whose trunk is nearly always curved, the royal palm rises as straight as an arrow from the ground, its smooth cylindrical stem looking as if it had been turned on some gargantuan lathe. Within a few feet from the top of the tree is a bunch of fruit from which depends the last leaf to die, while crowning all is a glorious feathery mass of leaves, from the centre of which emerges the spike of a new leaf pointing straight towards heaven. Each leaf is of an immense size, but the tree is so graceful and well proportioned that it is not easy to appreciate that this can be so.

At noon the merchants and officials repair to the hotels for their déjeuner, and visitors who follow their excellent example have the opportunity of tasting such creole dishes as calalou, le blaff, courtbouillon, bouillabaisse, and omelettes aux chadrons, washed down with the red wine of France. The omelette will probably be the greatest novelty. Chadrons are the sea-urchins that abound on the coast. Beaten up with eggs and then cooked like an ordinary omelette, they make a delicious dish. Le blaff can also be recommended to those possessing normal powers of digestion. It is made of one of three local fish—coulibou, mackerel, or balarou. The fish, after being thoroughly

cleaned is soaked for about half an hour in a sauce made of crushed pimento or allspice, salt, pepper, and garlic. It is then boiled in water, to which are added as additional ingredients, myrtle, cloves, onions, parsley, thyme, eschalots, a whole pimento berry, and garlic.

Martinique has several thermal springs, the most accessible being the Bains d'Absalon in a mountain valley about twelve kilometres from Fort de France. These healing waters are reached by a mountain road of easy gradient and irreproachable surface, fringed with tree-ferns, balisiers, and tall forest trees. At a short distance beyond Balata, once a military camp of importance, you descend a steep branch road to the caretaker's house, alongside a luxuriant gully in which the *établissement des bains* is situated in a setting of exuberant tropical vegetation. A few steps down through this glade, in which the atmosphere is like that of the tropical house at Kew, steamy and airless, bring one to the bath-house, an unpretentious building astride the gully, its interior divided into cubicles on either side of a central passage, each with its bath below the level of the floor. The flow of water is not very generous. It sometimes takes as much as half an hour to fill a bath. Possibly Frenchmen used to beguile the time of waiting by strong language and ribald song, for on the walls is the warning that any bathers uttering 'parole ou chant pouvant être considéré comme un outrage aux bonnes mœurs' will be fined. The thermal waters have their source in the Pitons of Carbet. They are said to be very effective in cases of anaemia and rheumatism; but accommodation in the caretaker's house is very limited, and you wonder how the afflicted manage to reach them.

One of the first aims of every visitor to Martinique is to see the ruins of St. Pierre, the prosperous town that was obliterated by the eruption of Mont Pelé in 1902. For interest they are not to be compared with those of Pompeii and Herculaneum. They have yielded no art treasures like those of the two Neapolitan towns that were overwhelmed by Vesuvius; but all the same, they are worth



BANANA CULTIVATION

inspection. Only cruising steamers now call at St. Pierre. Others pass it by, but from their deck it is possible to visualize what occurred on the fateful May 8, 1902.

Straggling along the shore and up the hill-sides stood one of the prettiest little towns in the West Indies. On the sea front was a boulevard planted with shady trees, and behind it a long cobble-paved street, on either side of which were houses and shops with red roofs, pierced with dormer-windows protected by green jalousies. Near the centre of the town rose the cathedral with a small *place* in front of it. The roadstead presented a busy scene, especially in crop time, when steamers and other vessels frequented it to collect cargoes of sugar and other produce. Behind the town rose hills, on one of them a calvary, and beyond, rugged mountains clothed to the summits with tropical trees and vegetation. Over all towered the majestic peak of Mont Pelé. It was known that this mountain was a volcano, but within the memory of man no eruption had occurred, and, when early in 1902 signs of activity began to manifest themselves, the inhabitants could not be persuaded that there was any danger. On April 25th at 8 a.m. St. Pierre was darkened by a shower of ashes which fell steadily for nearly two hours. This ceased, but the weather remained overcast, and the crater continued to smoke. On May 2nd and 3rd, following a gradual increase in activity, a tremendous outburst of fire and lava overwhelmed the Guérin sugar estate to the north of St. Pierre, burying more than 150 persons. Some of the inhabitants did then leave the doomed city for St. Lucia, but the great majority remained, believing that the worst was now over, and the population was increased by the arrival of 5,000 terrified refugees from the country. On May 7th it was learned that the Soufrière in St. Vincent was in eruption, and the authorities hoped that this would relieve the situation.

The morning of May 8th dawned with nothing to distinguish it from those of the preceding week as far as the condition of Pelé was concerned. It was Ascension Day,

and being a *fête d'obligation* the shops and stores were closed. At about 6 a.m. the cargo steamer *Roddam*, owned by Steel Young and Company, and under charter to Scrutton Sons and Company, anchored in the roadstead. She had cleared from the West India Docks with a general cargo, and after an uneventful voyage had visited in turn Trinidad, Grenada, Barbados, and St. Lucia, where she had taken on board the company's travelling superintendent. As she came to her moorings at a distance of about a quarter of a mile from the shore the people could be seen quietly moving about as they would do on any other fête day. There was no sign of panic. Pelé was smoking slightly, but there was nothing to suggest danger to life or property.

Then without an instant's warning the entire scene changed. The master, Captain Freeman, and the supercargo were conversing with the local agent, who was alongside in his dinghy, when there was a terrific explosion. The side of the mountain appeared to open, and a dense cloud of hot air and ashes rushed with incredible speed upon the town and the roadstead. Captain Freeman, who never lost his presence of mind, calling upon everyone to take shelter, rushed with three or four others into the chart room. Scarcely had they closed the door than a devastating blast of hot air, or gas, and cinders at a live heat, struck the ship on the port side with such force as to cause her to careen over until her rail actually touched the water. It was little short of a miracle that she was not capsized.

The roadstead and town were shrouded in inky blackness, while there was a roar which the master described as louder and more awesome than any thunder he had ever heard. Even in the chart room the heat was scorching, and the sense of suffocation even more intolerable than the burns. As soon as the air cleared a little, Captain Freeman, finding that his vessel was on fire, and realizing that he must act instantly if he would save her, left his shelter. The first officer ran forward to open the windlass, but was so terribly burned that he jumped overboard, and was

never seen again. Meanwhile, the master proceeded to the bridge, and signalling for steam, took the wheel himself, but his hands were so severely burned that he could only work it by holding the spokes in the crook of his elbows.

The wheel chains were found to be jammed by the heavy deposit of hot cinders and scoriae, and the entire gear of the vessel had fallen *en masse*, owing to the ropes having been torn aloft, so the vessel could not be steered. For two hours she was worked backwards and forwards, whilst efforts were made to free the steering gear. As may be readily imagined, manœuvring in the narrow limits of the bay crowded with vessels, every one of which was destroyed, was an operation of considerable danger. Added to the danger of fouling some of the wrecks, was the risk of going ashore, which would have involved a certain loss.

At one moment the *Roddam* only cleared by a narrow space the *Roraima* of the Quebec line, which was ablaze from stem to stern, throwing up flames thirty feet high. Moreover, the only light was that afforded by the burning vessels and the distilleries and other buildings. Eventually, however, the *Roddam* was got away. Like the *Calliope* at Samoa, she was the only ship to escape, though here there was no one alive to cheer her on her way.

Once out of the roadstead the *Roddam* was steered for St. Lucia, where she arrived at 5 p.m., a ghastly spectacle. Her decks and upperworks were deep in ashes, and she had no masts left. As she entered the harbour the quay was crowded with spectators. 'Who are you?' and 'Where do you come from?' shouted some one in the crowd. 'Don't you recognize us?' replied an agonized voice from aboard the vessel. 'We have come from the gates of hell! You can tell the world that St. Pierre has ceased to exist!'

When the roll was called it was found that the first and second officers, the chief engineer, the carpenter, one able seaman, two firemen, the steward, the mess-room steward, and the cook, besides seventeen out of twenty-one labourers, who had been taken on board to work the cargo, had lost

their lives, while the master and ten men were badly burned. The second and third engineers, who were below at the time of the explosion, were the only two men on board who were uninjured; the third engineer on coming on deck to close the skylight was so overcome by the fumes that he fell down the stokehold, receiving severe injuries, notwithstanding which he remained by his engines.

Even after clearing Martinique, the situation of the vessel was full of peril. Leaving the bridge, Captain Freeman mustered all available hands to lend assistance and endeavour to put out the flames, which were spreading over the ship. The boats, tarpaulins, standing and running gear, the wood of the cabins and forecastles, the beds and bedding, etc., were all aflame, and the outlook at one time was so threatening that the master feared that he would have to beach the vessel. Every part of the ship was covered with intensely hot scoriae, of which no fewer than one hundred and twenty tons were subsequently taken from the deck, and carried out to sea in six lighters.

The rest of the shipping in the roadstead was less fortunate. The *Roraima* was burnt to the water's edge, and the cable ship *Grappler*, which was endeavouring to restore telegraphic communication at the time, was seen to turn turtle and disappear, struck, no doubt, by a tidal wave.

It is said that in St. Pierre itself only one man, a prisoner in the condemned cell, survived the fatal blast from the volcano which swept like a sheet of flame over the town. The sulphurous fumes hung about for a few minutes before they were dissipated by a faint breeze. Then succeeded darkness, made more utter and awe inspiring by the burning houses and vessels, from which proceeded shrieks from the few survivors.

The reason why the volcano is called the Mont Pelé, or la Montagne Pelée, the 'bald mountain', is now painfully apparent. The mountain and the country-side, as far as eye can see, are covered by masses of lava that have assumed weird and fantastic shape. They are still for a great part bare of vegetation. Here and there a mountain

torrent has eaten its way through the lava, forming ravines with clean-cut, precipitous sides, and similarly the action of the waves has sharply cut the solid lava stream at its junction with the sea. Over all, the serrated and rocky cone of Pelé, peeping from the clouds, rules supreme, viewing the scene of destruction which it has wrought.

Just over a quarter of a century ago the mountain was green and forest clad like those of Dominica. At its foot were many picturesque villages. Of these no vestige remains. Le Prêcheur and Les Abymes are now little more than names.

CHAPTER IX

THE ISLAND OF THE SABBATH

DOMINICA, a Presidency of the federal colony of the Leeward Islands, is sandwiched between the French colonies of Martinique and Guadeloupe.

Columbus named the island Dominica because he discovered it on a Sunday, but the English persist in speaking of it as 'Domenecker'. Its appearance from the sea is incomparably grand.

A dark irregular mass of lofty mountains rises abruptly from the ocean, as if suddenly upheaved from the deep by some mighty convulsion of Nature. The rugged grandeur of the island is softened on a nearer approach by the mantle of green that everywhere covers its surface, from the sea margin to the tops of the highest mountains. In sailing along the coast, the smiling valleys, deep ravines with overhanging cliffs and lofty mountains form a succession of views of exceeding beauty and magnificence. The coast of the island, for the most part bold and rocky, is here and there indented by deep bays. The European visitor is struck with the luxuriance of vegetation that everywhere meets his eye. Not only are the precipices fringed with trees and shrubs, but along the face of the cliffs are seen growing many different kinds of plants; and even trees are observed shooting, as it were, from the bare rock, and sending out their roots in all directions in search of rents and crevices, into which they dive for the purpose of finding nourishment. Wherever, indeed, the smallest portion of soil can collect, there some form of vegetable life is met with.

This description of Dominica from the pen of Dr. John Imray is as accurate now as when it was written in 1840. So exuberant is the vegetation of the island, that it is only

when you get near that you notice small fishing villages on the coast, and the scattered red-roofed houses of Roseau, the capital, on either side of the river of the same name. The town, though picturesque, is dwarfed by the immensity of the mountains behind it, which are the highest peaks in the Caribbean Andes.

At the time of its discovery on November 3, 1493, Dominica was peopled by warlike Caribs who for over two centuries rendered ineffective all efforts of the French to establish a settlement on its shores. In 1748 the island was declared to be neutral by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. This did not, however, deter the French adventurers, whose attempts to colonize the island had met with some measure of success in 1756, when it was captured by the English, to whom it was definitely assigned by the Peace of Paris in 1763. Thereafter there were only three French invasions, one in 1778 when the Marquis de Bouillé seized Dominica at the point of the sword, another in 1795, twelve years after it had been restored to England, and a third in 1795, when General La Grange, after extracting £12,000 from the inhabitants of Roseau, vainly summoned the Governor-General Prevost to surrender. On this occasion the English troops made a brilliant forced march through the bush to Prince Rupert's Bay at the north end of the island. This anxious period is still spoken of as 'La Grange' by Dominicans, who like other residents in the West Indies are accustomed to calculate the passage of time by reference to some outstanding event.

Dr. Imray is one of the outstanding figures in Dominica's history. He was the *deus ex machina* who, when the island had been brought to the verge of ruin by the failure of the coffee and sugar industries, introduced the cultivation of limes (*Citrus acida*, var. *medica*). That fruit yields no fewer than eight commercial products—concentrated lime juice, raw lime juice, lime juice cordial, green (or fresh) limes, pickled limes, citrate of lime, essential oil of limes, and otto of limes.

Just over a hundred and fifty years ago the export of

coffee amounted to from 4,000,000 lb. to 5,000,000 lb. annually. The prosperity that resulted was, however, short-lived. The closing years of the eighteenth century were marked by acute differences of opinion between the French and English planters. Many families left the island and either abandoned their estates or entrusted them to attorneys to manage, with disastrous results. An insect blight played havoc with the coffee plantations, and in 1834 a severe hurricane completed the work of destruction. Estates were then cut up and devoted to the cultivation of cassava, arrowroot, yams, and other ground provisions, by peasant proprietors.

The story of how Dominica was saved from complete bankruptcy at this critical moment by the vision of Dr. Imray shall be given as it was told to me by the late Sir Alford Nicholls, who served with him and became his worthy successor.

Dr. Imray owned the Batalie sugar estate, situated in a valley on the leeward coast, midway between Roseau and Portsmouth, the town on Prince Rupert's Bay at the north end of the island. The main road leading up the valley from the sea coast to the sugar works was lined on either side by old lime-trees which bore prolifically, the ripe fruit falling on the ground to rot. This appeared to Dr. Imray to be a great waste, for he knew that lime juice was very rich in its citric-acid content and that the same acid in the lemon had made Sicily prosperous. He accordingly instituted inquiries, and visited Sicily to find out how the lemon juice was prepared for the manufacture of the acid. On his return to Dominica he concentrated the juice of the fruit of the old trees at Batalie in deep enamelled iron pans, and shipped it to a firm of wholesale druggists in Liverpool. The financial result was so eminently satisfactory that he set to work to replace the sugar-canes with lime-trees, and so Batalie became the first lime estate in the West Indies.

News of the establishment of this new industry was soon spread abroad, and a Mr. Burke of Montserrat hearing it begged Dr. Imray to supply him with plants to enable him

to start a lime industry in Montserrat. The doctor willingly consented, and sent him a consignment in a sloop. They flourished in the fertile soil of Montserrat, and lime products soon became an important item in the exports of that island also.

At the International Exhibition held in London in 1862, Dr. Imray showed a bottle of concentrated lime juice, which attracted much attention, and until the last few years when the lime-trees in the interior have been attacked by withertip disease, the industry never looked back. Dominicans have therefore every cause to be grateful to Dr. Imray who, to paraphrase the wording of Codrington's will, while taking care of their bodies did good to their pockets as well.

On the occasion of a visit to Dominica a few years ago the author was fortunate enough to have as his guide, philosopher, and friend, Dr. the Hon. (afterwards Sir) Alford Nicholls, upon whom Dr. Imray's mantle had fallen. Like his predecessor, with whom he had been associated in the medical profession, Dr. Nicholls was an eminent agriculturist, and owner of St. Aroment estate to the north-east of Roseau valley, where he continued to cultivate many plants of economic value sent out from the Royal Gardens at Kew. He was a mine of information, and Dominica is the poorer by his death, which occurred in 1926.

At Dominica the clerk of the weather, for the first time on our cruise, failed us. It rains somewhere in the island every day in the year, and, as we dropped anchor in the roadstead, it was Roseau's turn for a downpour. Clouds that had been gathering round the summits of the mountains, rolled down the valleys blotting out the landscape, the glassy surface of the sea was ruffled afar by rain which drew nearer and nearer, till it enveloped the ship, and we knew that we were in for a wet day. But even in the wet season it rarely rains incessantly throughout the day in the West Indies. The rain comes down in torrential showers, between which the sun shines with its usual vigour and serenity.

After a council of war at Kingsland House, the doctor's charming residence in Roseau, we elected to drive up the Imperial Road as our first expedition, and were soon spinning along the coast to the north of Roseau. Early maps show a perfect network of roads and bridle-paths all over the island. These are the highways and byways planned by the French; but most of them are more imaginary than real. During the governorship of Sir William Haynes-Smith an elaborate scheme of road construction was formulated, and £60,000 was raised for carrying it out. Owing, however, to bickerings between the Road Board and the engineer, and also to unforeseen difficulties of construction, there was little to show for it beyond the improvement of the few existing roads and the erection of bridges. The principal proposal, which was to drive a road to Layou—thus opening up the fertile district known as the Layou flats—and thence to the windward coast, was pigeon-holed.

The Layou flats had for long been regarded as Dominica's 'Promised Land'. They had attracted the eagle eye of Dr. Imray, and had formed the subject of a special report by his successor, my present host; but it was not until 1898 that steps were taken towards opening them up. In that year during the administration of Mr. (now Sir) Hesketh Bell, a special vote of £15,000 having been secured from Parliament, work was begun on a road to serve this fertile district. It was never finished, and still comes to an abrupt end in the heart of the mountains, and many think it hardly worthy of the name Imperial that was given to it as a compliment to the Imperial Parliament. Nevertheless, it is a fine piece of engineering work.

Many young settlers were induced to take up land alongside the road as construction progressed, and to embark on the cultivation of citrus fruit and cocoa. But it is to be feared that the picture put before them was too highly coloured. The capital required for enterprise of this kind was underestimated, added to which were unforeseen difficulties about getting crops to market, and consequently

most of the settlers have been frozen out—if one may use that expression when writing of a tropical island. In a word, the Imperial road has signally failed to attain the success expected of it.

Still the road is a delight to the visitor. From the coast it strikes into the interior at a point near Canefield, an estate under limes and sugar-cane belonging to Mr. Andrew Green, an enterprising American who has spared neither money nor energy in bringing it as near to perfection as a West Indian estate can be. The road ascends by steep gradients, sometimes on the straight, sometimes in zig-zags with sharp hairpin corners, commanding alternately exquisite views over Woodbridge Bay, and forest-clad valleys of every shade of green, from the lighter hues of the balisier to the darker shades of the forest giants, whose branches are festooned with lianes and creepers of great variety. At places the road is cut clean out of the mountain-side, exposing richly coloured soils, which give it at one place the name Red Gully. It is quite good for motor-cars, but altogether unsuited for heavy cart traffic. Some day perhaps some new industry may be established which will justify the heavy expenditure that would be involved by strengthening it and extending it from Bassin Will, where it now comes to an abrupt end, high up in the mountains to the windward coast. Till that day arrives it will never serve the purpose for which it was conceived.

We drove as far as Highbury, where there is a small rest-house, or shanty, for the convenience of travellers. Leaving our car by the roadside we then walked down a pathway to a typical settler's residence overlooking an expansive valley, where we found an Anglo-Indian and his wife, bemoaning their fate at being marooned in such a rainy district. We wondered how they had managed to convey the household goods by which they were surrounded, to this remote eyrie. The view of the valley with its dense vegetation, and forest-clad ravines, the trees glistening with the newly fallen rain, was exquisitely beautiful, but even in the West Indies you cannot live on beauty.

The run downhill back to Roseau would have made our hearts quail, but for the skilful manipulation of the wheel by the Director of Public Works who piloted us. The precipices looked awesome indeed, and we came to the conclusion that the most pleasant way of inspecting the Imperial road would be on horseback, for the creole ponies, though inclined to shuffle, are extraordinarily sure-footed.

Dr. Nicholls was brimful of information about the history and folklore of Dominica. When pressed to do so he would tell the thrilling story of his discovery of the Boiling Lake, that is now regarded as the most remarkable manifestation of volcanic agencies still active in the West Indies.

For over a hundred years it had been a tradition that high up in the distant mountains in the south-east there existed a large and active Soufrière. It was noticed that a peculiar white cloud constantly shrouded the highest ridges, and that, even when blown asunder by the trade-wind, it would reunite and continue its lonely vigil. Moreover, when the wind set in from the south-east there was a very perceptible smell of sulphur in Roseau. But no European was inclined to penetrate the dense forests and scale the precipitous mountains to discover its source. At last, however, stories of this mysterious lake so greatly fired the imagination of Dr. Nicholls, and two of his friends, that they determined to find out whether there was any real justification for them or not. Consequently, on a January morning in 1875 they set out into the unknown, and after three days' absence in the forest returned with the startling news that they had discovered the Boiling Lake, and could confirm the existence of the Soufrière, which they found to be far greater and more impressive than any hitherto known in the West Indies. Thereafter Dr. Nicholls made several further expeditions to the lake, on one of which he was accompanied by W. Gifford Palgrave, formerly H.M. Minister in Uruguay, who, in an essay published in 1880, recorded his experiences in telling language.



ROARING RIVER FALLS, JAMAICA

In this essay he describes how early on a spring morning the party, mounted on sure-footed island ponies, rode out of Roseau up the beautiful Roseau valley, with its steep cliffs and overhanging woods, to the little hamlet of Laudat. Here they plunged into the forest on foot, their porters hacking a way for them with their cutlasses through the lianes and tangled bush. Then,

the continuous slope up which we had thus far climbed gave place to a succession of the abruptest gullies that it has ever been my lot to traverse. Hands and feet were alike in requisition as we toiled onwards, now clinging for help to the small tree trunks amid which we forced our passage, at the continual risk of laying hold of some deceptive bough, rotten in all but its outward bark ; or, worse still, catching for support at a prickly stem that pierced fingers and hand with its sharp needles ; till when, after several hundred feet of a climb that might have done honour to the most dare-devil of Marryat's midshipmen, we found ourselves at the top of the ridge, it was only to begin over again, after an interval of hardly a yard's breadth, a descent, steeper, if possible, and more venturesome than the preliminary ascent had been. This manœuvre we repeated some half a dozen times, every ridge being somewhat higher than the one passed, with the occasional unpleasant variation of having to follow up some torrent, pent in between perpendicular crags on either side, where we made our way by jumping, gracefully or otherwise, from one slippery boulder of volcanic rock to another, at a tolerable risk of dislocated or broken limbs, and frequently sliding off knee-deep into the water that foamed and roared around.

The sun's rays, visible at rare intervals through the dense wood, were fast slanting to a level, when, after a long and weary struggle up the highermost gully, we stood at last on the central ridge of the island, looking down on either side to west and east : to west, where the low sun brightened into one dazzling glass the now distant Caribbean Sea ; to the east, where steep mountain-tops sunk rapidly down one below another to the restless, white-waved Atlantic. A little farther on we plunged again into a labyrinth of small trees thickly planted in a deep layer of decaying vegetable matter,

intermixed with slender bamboo tufts, where we were hardly able to make out the right direction of our path amid the maze of green young trunks; till from in front a light suddenly broke in on us, as though there was nothing but open sky before, and so in fact it was. All at once, with hardly a warning, we stepped out of the continuous forest, right upon the edge of a sheer precipice several hundred feet in height; while below us lay a huge valley, or rather gulf, reeking in every part with thick white sulphurous vapours that rose from the depths and curled up the bare sides of the abyss. Holding on to each other's hands, or to the shrubs that grew nearest the edge, we leaned over as far as we dared, gazing down into the steamy chasm below, and resembling in a general way the Dantes and Virgils of Flaxman's statuesque outlines, where they bend over the margin of Malebolge, it may be, or of the awful bridge that spans the infernal gulf.

Next morning the party was up betimes, and

partly by our own efforts, partly by sheer compliance with the laws of gravitation, descended the lower bank, and soon found ourselves on the soft ash-bed that paves the half-extinct crater. From innumerable sources, large and small, some sulphur-encrusted with bright yellow, others blood-red with iron oxide, or white with insoluble salt, magnesium principally, I believe, there gushed up a mixture of boiling water and steam, amid a constant tumult of noises, hissings, bubblings, explodings—here more, there less—throughout the whole extent of the gulf. The waters, white, black and red, mingling at the lower end of the valley, rushed out in a strong torrent, scalding hot, and steaming as they went; in many places the vapour-cloud formed a thick impenetrable veil; no plant, but an ugly bluish-coloured broad-leaved *Clusia* grew for some distance around the blighting fumes.

Greater wonders were yet to come. Picking their way among the scalding pools and over the treacherous sulphur crust that rang hollow to the tread, the party reached the main exit of the Soufrière waters at the lower end of the crater. For a little distance they followed the course of the torrent through a narrow gully, and then clambering

for an hour or so, first over a knife-like ridge and then over a second crater considerably larger than the last, but comparatively quiescent—a silent burnt-out region of ash and sulphur with many springs of white, yellow, red, or black water—they ascended at a run a bare ridge of heaped-up pumice and ash, from behind which rose vast columns of steam, and checking themselves at the top saw before them an awesome scene.

Fenced in by steep, mostly indeed perpendicular banks, varying from sixty to a hundred feet high, cut out in ash and pumice, the lake rages and roars like a wild beast in its cage; the surface, to which such measurements as we could make assigned about two hundred yards in length by more than half the same amount in breadth, is that of a gigantic seething cauldron covered with rapid steam, through which, when the veil is for a moment blown apart by the mountain breeze, appears a confused mass of tossing waves, crossing and clashing in every direction—a chaos of boiling waters. Towards the centre, where the ebullition is at its fiercest, geyser-like masses are being constantly thrown up to the height of several feet, not on one exact spot, but shifting from side to side, each fresh burst being preceded by a noise like that of cannon fired off at some great depth below; while lesser jets often suddenly make their appearance nearer the sides of the lake. What the general depth of the water may be would be difficult to ascertain; but a line stretched out over the edge from the end of a pole indicates a sheer descent of fifty or sixty feet within a couple of yards distance from the shore. The heat of the water, where it beats in seething restlessness on the cliff, is 185° F.; we tied a thermometer to a stick and found the surface temperature at the distance of a few feet farther on to be almost 200° F. The height of the lake above the sea is a little over 2,400 feet; an elevation which, at an average atmosphere temperature of 64° , gives the boiling-point for water at 207° F., or near it.

It is a curious fact that there are no legends attaching to the lake; but possibly this may be because many negroes are too superstitious to visit it. The Freshwater Lake, on

the other hand, which can be reached on horseback in from two and a half to three hours from Roseau, is the subject of many fables, the most terrifying of which makes it the abode of 'a vast monstrous serpent' with, on its head 'a carbuncle of inestimable price'. Oldmixon, who told the tale in 1708, adds that 'the monster commonly veil'd that rich jewel with a thin moving skin, like that of a man's eyelid', and that 'when it went to drink or sported itself in the deep bottom, it fully discovered it, and the rocks all about receiv'd a wonderful lustre from the fire issuing out of that precious gem'. This story should not, however, deter even the most timid wayfarer from including the lake in his wanderings. Surrounded by tall forest trees and tree-ferns it is an enchanting spot, and it is hard to believe that it is the crater of some extinct volcano. From it, a rough path up its eastern rim takes one to Rosalie view, which commands a glorious panorama of mountain and valley with the surf-fringed shore of Rosalie Bay eight or nine miles away and the deep blue Atlantic beyond.

Wayfarers interested in ethnology should visit the Carib reserve at Salybia on the windward side of the island, where the last survivors of a once warlike race eke out a modest livelihood by making wonderfully woven baskets, and by fishing.

In the Official Gazette of the Presidency the following significant announcement appeared in April 1926 :

ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE,

April 24, 1926.

It is notified for general information that His Honour the Administrator has, subject to the approval of the Right Honourable the Secretary of State for the Colonies, appointed Thomas John, alias Jolly John, to be 'Head Man' of the Caribs vice Corriette Jules, Carib Chief, who has been retired.

The above appointment dates as from April 1, 1926.

Behind this announcement lies the tragedy of a broken people. At the time of their discovery the Lesser Antilles were inhabited by savages called the Caribs, or Charaibes.

No one knew where they came from, and few cared. What concerned the early settlers was how they could most speedily exterminate them. The task was no easy one. The Caribs were numerous, and as fierce as the Arawaks, occupying the islands to the north, were gentle. For years they stoutly resisted all attempts of the Europeans to dispossess them of their lands, and so successful were they for over a century, that in 1748 several islands were declared neutral by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. But this state of affairs did not last for long. Gradually the Caribs were compelled to give way before the advancing tide of European civilization. Inter-marriage with the blacks in St. Vincent led to their downfall in that, and in the neighbouring islands in the Brigands' War, and the last surviving families of pure-blooded Caribs were decimated by the eruption of the Soufrière in 1902. The original Caribs are said to have been cannibals; but their propensity for eating human flesh has probably been greatly exaggerated. Though not so tall as most Europeans they were robust and muscular. Their chief pride was their hair, which was shining black, and straight. Both men and women painted their bodies with annatto, a brilliant yellow dye, and gashed their cheeks, making hideous scars which they stained black, and painted black and white circles round their eyes. Bryan Edwards thought that this practice of painting might have been introduced as a protection against verminous insects. The children were treated with Spartan severity. 'On the birth of a child, its tender and flexible skull was confined between two small pieces of wood, which, applied before and behind, and firmly bound together on each side, elevated the forehead, and occasioned it, and the back part of the skull, to resemble two sides of a square'; this custom still prevails.

Only a few hundred Caribs are now left in the West Indian islands, and they are to be found in their Reserve at Salybia. They are treated as a distinct people by the kindly Government, which appoints from among them a 'head man', or King. On the occasion of the visit paid

by the Prince of Wales to Dominica in 1920, the then reigning sovereign of the Caribs, King Coriette Jules, wearing an old top-hat and a broad sash, and holding his staff of office, came over from Salybia to Roseau with a deputation of his subjects to pay his respects to his Royal Highness. Now he is deposed, and another reigns in his stead.

Dominica is a naturalists' paradise. Its many rivers are well stocked with fish, and birds abound in its forests, the destructive mongoose not having extended its depredations to the island. The river fish include mullet, crocro, and pike, while the surrounding seas yield grouper, cavally, snappers, mackerel, and barracouta, in abundance. Several times a year an astonishing spectacle is presented when immense numbers of freshly spawned fry make their way for several miles up the rivers from the sea. They surge along like a living stream, leaping up the rapids and over rocks, the surfaces of which are at times quite covered with them. To the natives these tiny fishes are known as 'tri-tri', and it is said that when fried in batter or stewed with herbs and spice they make a very appetizing dish. Land-crabs are also plentiful. They are regarded as a great delicacy; but as they are not very particular about what they feed upon themselves, it is wise to make inquiries about their origin before eating them. In the old days prudent housewives used to keep eating-crabs in pens, and fatten them with potato vines and maize before cooking them, a very wise precaution. Another gastronomic speciality of Dominica is the crapaud, a large frog which the negroes catch by luring it with flambeaux or torches, whose light seems to have an irresistible attraction. It is served to unsuspecting visitors as 'mountain chicken'. Grugru worms, that live in the hearts of cabbage-palms and the trunks of decayed coco-nut-trees, are not so easy to disguise. Their appearance is disgusting, but nevertheless they are much sought after by epicures, who declare that they taste like marrow.

The solitude of the forests is broken by the harsh cries

of macaws and parrots, the mellow notes of pigeons and doves, and the melodious whistle of the siffleur montagne, a bird of glorious red and blue plumage; but of all the feathered kind in the island the most peculiar is the diablotin—the 'little devil'. About the size of a duck, it is web-footed and has a big round head, a hooked bill like a hawk, and large eyes resembling those of an owl. The chief feathers of its wings and tail are jet black and the rest of its body is covered with white down. Atwood relates that 'great quantities' of these birds used to be salted and exported to Martinique, until the traffic was stopped by the Legislature of Dominica, which found that the runaway slaves were exchanging the little devils for muskets, powder, and balls. The birds were easily trapped by stopping some of the holes in the hill-side where they lived, and putting empty bags over the others. Finding their passage impeded they made for the covered holes, and were promptly caught.

The Botanic Gardens at the back of Roseau are far away the most beautiful in the West Indies. They are ideally situated in a rich and sheltered hollow on the left bank of the Roseau River, and at the foot of Morne Bruce, an elevated plateau about five hundred feet above sea-level. The gardens are well stocked with such economic plants as limes, oranges, cacao, kola, nutmegs, vanilla, ramie, and fibres, that can be purchased at nominal prices by planter or peasant, and the spacious lawns are planted out with many handsome trees and palms of great variety. Only just over thirty years old, they still enjoy the freshness and vigour of youth, and convey to one some idea of what the Trinidad garden must have been in its early days.

What has the future in store for Dominica, this tropical paradise? Third of our West Indian islands in order of size, it stands ninth only in that of volume of trade. Will it be content to remain in that position, perilously dependent, as it is now, on a single industry, or will its latent resources be developed to such an extent that it will attain its proper place in the West Indian group? One would

not wish to be a Jeremiah, but it is impossible to dismiss from the mind the thought of what would happen if history were to repeat itself and a blight were to ruin the lime plantations as completely as it did the coffee estates in the early part of last century. Fortunately, the island now has an efficient Agricultural Department, which furnishes the best safeguard against the occurrence of such a calamity, whilst constant endeavours are also being made to establish subsidiary industries. The members of the Royal Commission of 1897 expressed the view that where sugar could be completely or very largely replaced by other industries, the West Indian colonies would be in a much sounder position, both politically and economically, when they had ceased to depend wholly, or to a very great extent, upon the continued prosperity of a single industry. Dominica no longer produces enough sugar for its own requirements, and the Commissioners' remark might now be applied with equal force to the cultivation of limes. As was stated by the *Kew Bulletin* in 1888, Dominica, from the time of its settlement, has been justly celebrated for its fruit. 'Possessing a fertile soil unsurpassed in any other part of the world, an abundant rainfall, and a wide diversity of climate . . . the capabilities of Dominica for the culture of tropical and sub-tropical fruits can scarcely be overestimated.' Is it too much then to hope that the day may come when a line of fruit steamers is established to carry fresh limes, oranges, bananas, pineapples, and other fruits from the West Indian islands under the British flag to the markets of the United Kingdom? The imports of citrus fruit into Canada are comparatively negligible, but the requirements of the United Kingdom in respect of oranges, lemons, etc., amount to over 6,000,000 cwt. every year, which would certainly seem to be a trade well worth competing for.

CHAPTER X

BASSE TERRE AND GRANDE TERRE

GUADAELOUPE, France's largest West Indian colony, consists of two islands, Basse Terre, or Guadeloupe *proprement dite*, and Grande Terre, separated from one another by the Rivière Salée, a narrow strait about four miles long, that links the great bay of Grand Cul-de-Sac on the north with the slightly smaller one of Petit Cul-de-Sac on the south. One island is mountainous; the other comparatively flat. From their names it might be supposed that Grande Terre would have the mountains and Basse Terre the plains. But it is the other way about. While Basse Terre is one rumpled mass of mountains tossed into every conceivable shape by volcanic agencies in some bygone age, Grande Terre has for the most part a fairly level surface. The capital of the colony is in Guadeloupe *proprement dite*, after which it is called Basse Terre; but the principal commercial centre is Pointe-à-Pitre in Grande Terre, a town standing on the shores of an inlet of the bay of Petit Cul-de-Sac.

To reach Pointe-à-Pitre steamers pick their way through a group of fairy-like islets, dotted with picturesque little villas nestling among coco-nut palms, and the view is enhanced by the majestic mountains of Basse Terre in the distance. To the left as you enter the harbour is Low Hill on a promontory called Morne Savon, or Morne-à-Patate. On the right, the Usine d'Arbussier, the largest sugar factory in the colony, is conspicuous. Like all other self-respecting colonists in those parts, the people of Guadeloupe claim that their own particular harbour is the 'finest in

the West Indies'; but you still have to land by shore-boat, unless you are aboard a French mail steamer.

Were it not for the innate cheerfulness of its inhabitants who share the French *joie de vivre*, Pointe-à-Pitre would be a depressing place. It is half encircled by a dismal mangrove swamp, and is consequently afflicted by mosquitoes to an almost unbelievable extent, and you wonder why the Dutchman Pieters, who gave it its name in 1654, should have chosen this spot for his settlement. But the Guadeloupians make the best of things. Their picturesque houses, many of which have mansard roofs, and are painted in gay colours, its open-air cafés, and its *magasins* would compare favourably with those of any small French provincial town. The principal street is the Rue d'Arbaud. At one end of it are the wharves of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique. At the other, a small *place* where the people congregate in the cool of the evening and on fête days to listen to the band, and gossip. Originally called Place Sartine, this pleasance was renamed Place de La Victoire to commemorate the defeat of the English by Victor Hugues on July 2, 1794. When in turn the English again became masters of the island in 1810 it was, for a short time, called Place Skinner after the General who succeeded Admiral Cochrane as Governor of Guadeloupe. This *place* is still surrounded by venerable sandbox-trees (*Hura crepitans*), whose pods when ripe burst, and scatter their seeds far and wide. These trees are of great historic interest, having been planted by order of the ferocious Hugues who, when Commissary of the Convention, directed the operations against the English in the Windward Islands described in an earlier chapter. During the Revolution, the guillotine was erected in the centre of the *place*, and on October 6, 1794, many Royalists were executed on this spot.

The Republicans, reinforced by fresh troops from France under the direction of two Commissioners of the National Convention, had defeated the English at Camp Berville, and had compelled them to evacuate Pointe-à-Pitre, which

Sir John Jervis and Sir Charles Grey had captured a few months before.

The English had been permitted to re-embark and to take with them twenty-five officers of the Royalists, but the remainder to the number of three hundred, who had most gallantly defended their posts to the last, were left behind. Twenty-seven of them were taken to Pointe-à-Pitre, where they were beheaded, and the rest were ferried across the harbour to Morne Savon, where they were lined up before a big ditch, which they had been compelled to dig themselves. While the heads of the Royalists were falling into the basket on the scaffold in Pointe-à-Pitre, the rattle of musketry was heard from across the harbour. With a single volley, the Chef de Bataillon Charideau, acting on the orders of Hugues, had massacred several hundred of the prisoners. Cooper Willyams, who accompanied Jervis and Grey, in his account of the campaign declares that the unhappy Royalists were tied together, and that the firing party consisted of some undisciplined recruits who, 'firing with irregular volley at their miserable victims, killed some, wounded others', leaving some in all probability untouched; 'the weight, however, of the former dragged the rest into the ditch where the living, the wounded, and the dead shared the same grave, the soil being instantly thrown upon them'.

A recital of the romantic story of the Morne Savon awakened in the author of this book a strong desire to visit that historic spot, more especially as it was said that the graves of the unfortunate Royalists were still to be seen there. The problem of how to reach the place was soon solved by M. Questel, a prominent resident of Pointe-à-Pitre, who kindly placed his motor-boat at our disposal, and took us under his wing. Within about half an hour, we had crossed the harbour, and were scrambling up the Morne, through a tangle of dense undergrowth and bush, and were being bitten by myriads of sand-flies and mosquitoes, that seemed to have got wind of our expedition and to be determined to have our blood. The discomfort

was considerable ; but we had the satisfaction of accomplishing our purpose, for just over the brow of the hill we came across the shattered masonry and iron-work of a large tomb, which, according to local tradition, contains the mortal remains of the victims of Victor Hugues's fury.

The old route between Pointe-à-Pitre and Basse Terre used to lie across the Morne Savon, to and from which those using it were conveyed by a big ferry-boat, or gabarre, and it was not until 1906 that the two islands were linked by a bridge over the Rivière Salée. An inscription on this bridge records that La Guadeloupe is *reconnaissante* to the Governor and Deputies responsible for this improvement. She ought to be. Before it was carried out a party of citizens accompanied by their women-folk in evening dresses were endeavouring to reach Basse Terre by sloop to attend an official ball, when they were swept out to sea. They missed the party, and after a voyage of five miserable days only just managed to reach St. Thomas alive.

The road over the Pont de l'Union, as the bridge is called, passes for several kilometres through the dismal and reeking mangrove swamp before it reaches the open country of Guadeloupe *proprement dite*. We followed it as far as La Jaille. Here we spent an hour or more inspecting the Station Agronomique, where seedling canes are raised for the planters and experiments are conducted with various economic plants.

Sugar is the staple industry of Guadeloupe, where the cultivation of sugar-cane and the manufacture of sugar were stimulated in the closing years of the seventeenth century by the Dominican missionary Père Labat, whose sugar works are still pointed out. The French planters realized before their *confrères* in the British islands that the future of the sugar industry lay in co-operation, and the development of production on a large scale, and they were the first to adopt the central factory system which, with judicious advances against the crops (*prêts sur cession de la récolte*) proved their salvation. There are now about fourteen centrals in the island of which the largest is the

Usine d'Arbussier, on the shore of the harbour just to the south-east of the Place de la Victoire. Constructed by that eminent engineer M. Cail, whose bust is over the office door, it turns out 10,000 tons of sugar and 650,000 gallons of rum in a season.

Following the coast road beyond the usine for about three kilometres, we next visited the ruins of Fort Fleur d'Épée, on a cliff dominating Grande Baie. During the wars of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries this fort was the scene of much terrible fighting. Captured at the point of the bayonet by the English troops commanded by Major-General Dundas (who subsequently died of yellow fever) and a landing party of seamen under Captain Robert Faulknor, of immortal memory, on April 12, 1794, it was retaken on June 6th in the same year by Victor Hugues, a gallant sortie by Lieutenant-Colonel Drummond having ended disastrously, the French Royalists, who constituted more than one-half of his little force, being seized with panic and fleeing incontinently when they first sighted a picket of the enemy. The fort again changed hands on January 27, 1810, when General Ernouf surrendered it to Admiral Cochrane, who had landed at Gosier, a small bay to the south-east under shelter of an island of the same name. From that date until March 30, 1814, when Guadeloupe was restored to France, it remained in the hands of the English, who again occupied it during the Hundred Days.

The battlements of this ancient fort, whose weather-worn fabric, considering its age, is still in a fair state of preservation, command a superb view of Guadeloupe's sentinel dependencies of Marie Galante and the Saintes, which, in the hands of the English, proved for so many years a thorn in the side of the mother island. It was from under the guns of Fort Fleur d'Épée that Faulknor in the *Blanche* enticed the French frigate *Pique* before engaging her in the memorable action in which he lost his life, but won undying glory.

Seeing the *Pique* at anchor at daybreak on January 4,

1795, he immediately stood in within gunshot of the fort, but as the Frenchman seemed disinclined to come out he trimmed sail to board a suspicious schooner that was running down the coast. That vessel claimed to be American, but as her papers were suspicious Faulknor brought her master on board the *Blanche*, and took her in tow.

A battery at Gosier, and also the *Pique*, then began to fire at long range, and Faulknor, noticing that the *Pique* had tacked and was standing towards him, shortened sail to allow her to come up. At 3.30 the Frenchman, thinking better of it, stood away again, and the *Blanche* then made sail for Marie Galante taking the American schooner in tow.

The *Pique* at length came out, and at 12.15 a.m. the action began, the *Blanche* on the starboard tack passing under her lee and exchanging a vigorous broadside. Just before 1 a.m. the *Blanche* approached to within musket shot of the starboard side of the *Pique*, and the two vessels became closely engaged. Then Faulknor with his own hands lashed the enemy's bowsprit to the capstan of the *Blanche*, whose quarter-deck guns now raked her adversary from stem to stern. Nevertheless, the French sailors, though their vessel resembled a shambles, showed great bravery and made repeated, but ineffectual, efforts to board the *Blanche*, which by this time had lost both her main- and mizzen-masts.

Shortly before 3 a.m. the gallant Faulknor fell, shot through the heart, whilst he was assisting Lieutenant David Miln to lash the two ships together more securely. After this calamity Lieutenant Frederick Watkins assumed command of the *Blanche*, and the action continued with unabated vigour, until the *Pique* was completely disabled, all her masts having been shot away. In this condition the *Blanche* towed her before the wind, continuing to engage her until 5.15 a.m., when her crew shouted out that she had struck, and the victory was won.

During the engagement all the boats on both vessels

had been wrecked, and Miln and ten men, having failed to reach the deck of the *Pique* by the hawser, swam across to her, and subsequently brought her into port. She proved a valuable prize, mounting as she did twenty-six 12-pounders, eight 9-pounders, and four 32-pound caronades, whilst her crew numbered 360, of whom 76 were killed, 30 drowned when the masts fell, and 110 wounded. The *Blanche*, on the other hand, only mounted thirty-eight guns, and had a crew of no more than 98 men and boys.

News of the death of Faulknor and the circumstances in which it occurred caused a profound sensation in England. Never before had a single ship action so greatly struck the imagination of the people as that of the *Blanche* and the *Pique*. It formed the subject of an Interlude, entitled *The Death of Captain Faulknor*, at Covent Garden Theatre, of paintings by Stothert and others, and of doggerel lines. One poet wrote in his enthusiasm :—

You Frenchmen, don't boast of your fighting, nor talk of
great deeds, 'tis in vain ;
Do you think that Old England you'll frighten as easy as
Holland and Spain ?
We listen and laugh while you threaten, your boasting the
valour of France,
Since your frigate *Le Pique* has been beaten by the jolly
brave tars of the *Blanche*.

She sail'd from the bay of Point Petre, four hundred and
fifty on board,
And we were all ready to meet her : to conquer or die was
the word !
The cans of good liquor were flowing, we gave them three
cheers in advance,
And courage in each heart was glowing, for cowards ne'er
sail'd in the *Blanche*.

When Faulknor resigned his last breath, each tar gave a tear
and a sigh,
Such sorrow was found at his death, but we'll soon be
revenged was the cry,

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But, like Wolfe, with victory crowned, at his death he said,
' Ne'er mind my chance ;
Fight on, my brave boys, or be drowned on board of our
frigate the *Blanche* ! '

Bold Watkins his place soon supplied, and like a bold Hector
engaged,
His guns with more judgment to guide, for the death of his
captain enraged ;
And who could our fury allay when *Le Pique* alongside did
advance ?
The masts being all shot away, we grappled her close to the
Blanche.

They thought it in vain to withstand ; they called out for
quarter amain.
Although the advantage they had, still Britons were lords of
the main.
So push the grog round, let it pass, since they found us true-
hearted and staunch ;
Every lad with his favourite lass drink success to the tars
of the *Blanche*.

Parliament reflected the feeling of the country, and on
April 4, 1795, the House of Commons voted a sum of money
for the erection of the handsome memorial to Captain
Robert Faulknor that now adorns the west wall of the
north transept of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Returning to Pointe-à-Pitre, after our visit to the historic
fort, we sampled the cooking of the chef of the *Hôtel
Moderne* at a dinner given in a *salle privée* by some
American fellow-passengers, and the evening ended in
uproarious fashion, a staid official of a Government Depart-
ment in the United States performing a *pas de cafard* to
the strains of a gramophone, and killing at each wild step
one of the monstrous cockroaches which were racing across
the floor—and then we went to sea again.

CHAPTER XI

WITH NELSON IN THE LEEWARDS

SOME people pronounce Antigua as if it rhymed with 'big you are'. That is altogether wrong. The correct pronunciation is 'Anteega'. The name is Spanish. It was given to the island by Columbus in 1493, in honour of the church of Santa Marta la Antigua in Seville.

In respect of ownership, Antigua, now the seat of government of the Leeward Islands, has a record almost equal to that of Barbados, over which island no foreign flag has ever flown. Since 1632, when it was first settled by Edward Warner, son of Sir Thomas Warner, the colonizer of St. Christopher or St. Kitts, it has only once been invaded. That was in 1666, when the island was captured by the French who were, however, compelled to hand it back by the Treaty of Breda in the following year. Like Barbados it remained Royalist during the Revolution, and it was included with Virginia, Barbados, and Bermuda in the Imperial Act of October 1650, which prohibited trade with those dependencies on account of their attitude towards the Parliament. In its physical aspect also it resembles 'Little England'. A considerable part of the island is of coral formation, and the volcanic and mountainous area is restricted—in the case of Antigua to the south. But its coasts, unlike those of Barbados, are indented by many spacious bays. Of these the principal is that of St. John's, at the head of which stands the capital of the same name. In the eighteenth century this harbour was much resorted to by merchant ships of every nationality, but its glory departed with the coming of the steamer, for it is so shallow that no vessel of any size can enter it. Passengers who

wish to go ashore have therefore to submit to a buffeting in a jerky little motor-launch for a distance of three miles or more.

The importance of the harbour in the old days is still shown by the ancient and weather-beaten forts that used to guard its wide entrance. On the left as you look towards the shore is Fort James, standing on land given to Charles II by a Colonel Vaughan, and first erected in 1704-5, while away to the right is the romantic Goat Hill, the scene of one of the dashing exploits of the debonair Prince Rupert, grandson of James I, and the first member of the Royal Family to visit the West Indies. The young prince, who was perhaps not undeservedly called a 'grand pirate' by Governor Searle of Barbados, arrived off Antigua with Sir Robert Holmes in 1652. Finding that two of the Parliament's ships lay in Deep Bay, that sheet of water separated from St. John's harbour by the narrow strip of land ending in Goat Hill and Ship's Stern Point, Sir Robert landed at night and, scaling the hill, captured the fort and turned its guns on his enemy. Next morning Prince Rupert appeared off the entrance to the bay, and, by this concerted action, the Royalists sank one vessel and captured the other, which they escorted in triumph to Montserrat. It was at Goat Hill, too, that the French landed in 1666; but the fort now seen is of a later date, and is called Fort Barrington, after Samuel Barrington, Admiral of the Blue, the saviour of St. Lucia, and was not completed until 1779.

Half-way up the harbour is the rocky Rat Island, whose forts are now devoted to the use of the Presidency's lepers. The rat's tail is the causeway that links it to Antigua. Many afflicted men and women have passed over that path never to return. It is estimated that there are 2,800 lepers in the British West Indies; but since the discovery was made that leprosy can be cured by intravenous injections of oils containing chaulmoogric and hydrocarpic acids, a new spirit of hopefulness has prevailed among the sufferers, a few of whom have already been discharged from their hospitals cured; and experts have expressed the view that

it should be possible to eradicate the loathsome disease of leprosy from the West Indies altogether within twenty or twenty-five years.

From the wharf at the head of the harbour you step right out into the main street of St. John's. The town stands on a gentle declivity, and consists mainly of wooden houses painted white, with galleries, or balconies, and green jalousies. Though destroyed by fire in 1797, and again in 1841, it still has about it the atmosphere of the eighteenth century, and motor-cars look quite out of place in its old-fashioned streets. The negro hucksters with their oblong trays of plantains, sweets, ground nuts, cakes, and vegetables, which they dexterously balance on their heads, the women in their spotlessly white dresses and gaily coloured gingham turbans are more in the picture. Near the top of the rising ground, and overlooking the town, is the cathedral of St. John's with its twin domed towers. It is substantially built of stone; but, as its predecessor was destroyed by an earthquake in 1843, it is provided with an inner shell of pitch pine for the better protection of the worshippers. The old church was a less imposing structure, but its walls were liberally adorned with monuments and mural tablets of which few only escaped destruction.

As in Barbados, every cultivable acre of land in Antigua is under sugar-cane or Sea Island cotton. It is still customary for planters to speak of the good old days of slavery, but actually the exports of sugar which now amount to about 20,000 tons annually are greater than they ever were before. In the eighteenth century there were no fewer than 168 estates in the island, most of them with their own windmills and sugar works which turned out a low-grade sugar by primitive and wasteful methods. Now over two-thirds of the crop are 'taken off' by two central factories—Gunthorpe's and Bendal's, of which the first is profitably conducted on co-operative lines. From this change-over the contracting planters have benefited, having now become part owners of the factory, while the

labouring classes which once suffered from great poverty and distress are now provided with work at a living wage. As a result the whole tone of life in Antigua has improved.

Every wayfarer setting foot on Antigua will doubtless visit one or both of these central factories which furnish the life blood of the island, but his or her Mecca should be English Harbour. By motor-car that historic spot can be reached in about an hour over a road so extraordinarily bumpy that it leads one to reflect on the endurance of travellers who were condemned to betake themselves and their belongings in buggies and carts to the harbour in the days when the inter-colonial steamers made it their only port of call in the island. The author of *Antigua and the Antiguan*s describes the road as 'dull and uninteresting'. So it is for the greater part of its length, when the novelty of the sugar-canes, amid which it runs for miles, has worn off, but when it enters the mountainous region in the south the surrounding scenery is by no means unattractive.

The road winds round the foot of Monk's Hill, passes through Falmouth, and, after skirting a swamp at the head of Falmouth Harbour, ends abruptly at the dockyard gates. On Monk's Hill, which looks lofty by comparison with rolling cane-clad plains to the north, are the ruins of Great George Fort, a citadel completed in 1705 as a place of refuge for women and children in case of invasion or insurrection. Mercifully there has never been occasion to use it for that purpose. It covered no fewer than ten acres and mounted several 48-pounders captured from the French man-of-war, *Foudroyant*. Falmouth, a place of importance in the eighteenth century, is now little more than a village, and scarcely a vestige remains of the shops, gaming houses, and taverns outside the dockyard gates, that used to echo with the ribald songs and laughter of the red-coated soldiers of the garrison and the blue-jackets. They have been almost completely obliterated, but if you peer into the scrub by the roadside you may still see their foundations now crumbling to dust.



THE HISTORIC ENGLISH HARBOUR, ANTIGUA

If you would imagine what English Harbour is like to-day, picture to yourself a wide expanse of placid water, blue as the deepest indigo, surrounded by well-wooded hills with high mountains beyond ; on an artificial brick-paved promontory jutting out into this lake an irregular group of yellow two-storied buildings, mostly oblong in shape, with red roofs, and, on the hill opposite, a neat stone-built residence like an English country house. The red-roofed buildings are the old naval barracks where the sailors lived—and died too like flies—during the hurricane months while the ships were careened and refitted, the sail lofts, and capstan- and store-houses all intimately associated, with the memory of Nelson, who spent many months in this ‘vile spot’, as he called it when he commanded H.M.S. *Boreas* from 1784 to 1787. The house on the hill was specially built by English stonemasons, sent out for the purpose, as a residence for the sailor prince, Prince William Henry, afterwards Duke of Clarence and King William IV, when he was on the Leeward Islands station in command of H.M.S. *Pegasus*. The Prince, whose arrival in Antigua put the ‘little community into a ferment’, was a close friend of Nelson, and insisted upon giving away the bride on the occasion of his marriage to the widow Nisbet in Nevis, on March 12, 1787.

It was in this harbour that Nelson had his memorable dispute with Captain Moutray, Commissioner of the dock-yard, as to who was senior officer on the station. This dispute was soon settled by Nelson ordering the Commissioner’s broad pendant flying from the main top-gallant mast-head of H.M.S. *Latona* to be struck. To show, however, that he bore Moutray no ill-will he dined with him that night, and the two became fast friends. ‘Was it not for Mrs. Moutray who is *very, very* good to me,’ he wrote, ‘I should almost hang myself at this infernal hole.’

A similar argument on the same spot thirteen years later—in 1798—was attended with fatal results. Lord Camelford, whose exploit off Grenada has been related in an earlier chapter, while acting as Commander of his

Majesty's sloop *Favourite*, claimed to be senior officer on the station during the absence of Commodore Fahie of H.M.S. *Perdrix*. As such he gave an order to Mr. Peterson, first of that vessel, to patrol the harbour on the night on which a ball was to be given to the naval officers at Black's Point. Peterson, claiming that he was Camelford's superior officer, refused to obey, and went to his quarters above the capstan-house to dress for the ball. Meanwhile, Camelford, arming himself with a brace of loaded pistols, and attended by his boat's crew, took up his position between the capstan-house and the guard-house, and sent for Peterson. That misguided young officer having made his appearance, Camelford once more ordered him to take the watch. He promptly refused, whereupon Camelford, levelling one of his pistols, fired and shot him through the breast. Peterson fell, a corpse, in a pool of blood on the spot now marked by one of the large anchors used for careening ships. Camelford was tried by court martial and honourably acquitted, but he too met a violent death, falling in a duel with Captain Best, a Barbadian, in a field to the west of Holland House in Kensington.

When Nelson reached the West Indies in 1784, he found that Americans were trading with the islands in direct contravention of the Navigation Act and the King's Proclamation which prohibited trade between America and those colonies, except in British bottoms, owned and navigated by British subjects. The sympathies of most of the inhabitants were with the revolted colonists who made no attempt to disguise them. 'I was once or twice at St. John's,' wrote Nelson in one of his letters, 'at which place the American flags were by far the most numerous; and had it been possible I could have been set down by air, I should assuredly have been convinced I had been in an American instead of a British port.' The Americans taking advantage of their vessels having been on the British Register before the Declaration of Independence, and by resorting to many subterfuges, were, with the connivance of the customs officers, freely securing

entry to British ports, and were carrying on a profitable business. Nelson was determined to put a stop to these illegal practices. At first he was content to compel the Americans to leave the British ports when he found them there ; but at length, hearing that four American vessels under English colours were lying in the roadstead at Nevis, he proceeded to that island, and ordered their masters aboard the *Boreas*. Three obeyed, and their answers to questions put to them by a King's Counsel, whom Nelson had taken the precaution of carrying with him, proving unsatisfactory, the vessels were seized and condemned in the Vice-Admiralty Court. This roused the anger of the merchants, who raised a subscription to enable the masters to issue writs for the arrest of Nelson, and to claim damages to the extent of £4,000. For eight weeks the young captain was forced to remain on board his ship to avoid arrest. Receiving only lukewarm support from the Commander-in-Chief, Rear-Admiral Sir Richard Hughes, whom he described as 'too much of a fiddler', he sent home a memorial to the King. As a result, orders were issued for Nelson's defence at the expense of the Crown, and eventually the Register Act was passed which put an end to the illicit traffic.

Throughout his commission on the station Nelson was at loggerheads with the inhabitants of Antigua. 'I am not very popular with the people,' he wrote. 'They have never visited me, and I have not set foot in any house since I have been on the station, and all for doing my duty by being *true to the interests of Great Britain*.' It is hardly surprising in the circumstances that he should have detested English Harbour.

At this period the harbour was a hot-bed of fever and disease. Mosquitoes abounded, and the sailors confined in stuffy and overcrowded barracks were decimated by yellow jack and malaria. Captain Edward Thomson described it in 1756 as 'one of the most infernal places on the face of the globe'. Though he had long been suffering from a white flux, he was 'stuffed into a small

room with twenty-six people'. 'I officiate as chaplain,' he wrote, 'and bury eight a morning'. He attributed the prevalence of fever to 'water taken from cisterns built by Admiral Knowles. It is all rain-water, and covered close up, which for want of air breeds poisonous animalculæ, and becomes foul and putrid'. Thomson got very near to the truth; but over a hundred and thirty years passed before an astounded world learned that it was the tiny mosquito, and not the climate, that was responsible for the high rate of mortality in many parts of the tropics. In 1897 Ross proved that Manson's theory that the female of the *anopheles* mosquito was the communicating agent of malaria, was correct, and three years later Reed, Carroll, Lazear, and Agramonte demonstrated by practical experiments that Finlay was right in declaring that the *stegomyia* mosquito was the carrier of yellow fever. These discoveries have had a profound effect on life in the tropics. As a result of them the once dreaded yellow fever has lost its terrors. It has been banished from the West Indies altogether, while the incidence of malaria has been reduced to a remarkable extent.

Nelson left the Leeward Islands station in 1787, and only once revisited it. That was in 1805, when he was in pursuit of Villeneuve before the Battle of Trafalgar. The French fleet passed to leeward of Antigua on June 8th, and four days later Nelson reached St. John's in H.M.S. *Victory* with twelve ships of the line. Lord Lavington, the Governor of the Leeward Islands, whose simple tomb can still be seen on Carlisle's estate, invited him ashore, but he declined, expressing his determination not to lose a moment in pursuing the enemy. There is a tradition that on this occasion his ships were refitted in English Harbour, but he only remained in port for twenty-four hours. Those inhabitants who had opposed him and had rendered his life a misery on his earlier visit must have felt humbled when he came to their deliverance.

The historic dockyard is now deserted and forlorn. In 1889 it was abandoned by the Admiralty. For some years

it was used as a port of call by the inter-colonial mail steamers, and in 1906 it was handed over to the local government, which unfortunately cannot afford to restore its buildings and to maintain them. So the old barracks and storehouses are rapidly falling into ruin, and unless funds are forthcoming for their preservation they will inevitably share the fate of the little town outside the gates.

About fifty miles to the north of Antigua lie St. Christopher and Nevis, which form jointly a Presidency of the Leeward Islands.

From a distance Nevis has the appearance of a single symmetrical volcanic cone rising from the azure sea with a wreath of fleecy white clouds almost always resting round its summit. It is said that it was owing to the resemblance of this cloud to snow that Columbus called the island 'Nieves' when he discovered it in 1493. The lower slopes were once a vivid green with canes; but they have now assumed a more sedate hue, cotton having replaced sugar as the principal staple. At the foot of the mountain is Charlestown, the capital, its red-roofed houses forming a pleasing contrast to the deep blue of the sea. Round the coast are many coco-nut groves, which lend enchantment to the scene.

Nevis, though only fifty square miles in extent, once supported a population of 30,000 souls, and its trade demanded the undivided attention of twenty ocean-going vessels. In 1770 it exported sugar and cotton to the value of £44,000 to Great Britain, and 'a great deal of molasses, rum' and, according to Jefferys's atlas, 'a prodigious quantity of lemons' valued at over £14,000 to North America. Those were the days of the wealthy sugar lords and the richly furnished great houses, when residents from the neighbouring islands came to Nevis to take the cure at its thermal baths. The old Bath House is still standing at a distance of about a quarter of a mile from the town, and after having been closed for many years has again been opened as a hotel. It is a substantial building of stone with cool corridors, lofty rooms, and wide verandas

which command captivating views over the sea. The waters are said to resemble those of the Wildbad Springs in Würtemberg, and many remarkable stories have been told of their efficacy. According to the 'Rev. Mr. Smith' they cured a negro boy of leprosy though he had broken out 'in running sores or ulcers all over from head to foot', and the worthy divine tells how he himself bathed in it once a fortnight.

I own (he writes) that it contributed not a little to my Health and Vivacity. I usually went in at nine a Clock at night; and observed, That in two minutes time the sweat was ready to blind me, and that in about three minutes more I was obliged to quit it through faintness of spirit. Upon stepping out of it into the green bank, the wind blew so exceedingly cold that I should almost have fancied myself instantaneously transported to Nova Zembla, or Greenland; that is to say, we have a perpetual breeze of the Trade-wind that runs from East to West, which refreshes us in the Day, but is cool enough in the Night, and of course must prove intensely cold when we just come out of so hot a Bath. I do not mean that it blows directly from the East Point; for it varies from North-East to South-East, according to the place and position of the Sun, and in October it generally blows directly from the North; we have no Land and Sea Breezes, as is usual at Jamaica. However, half a pint of strong Madeira Wine enabled me to cloath, put on my Riding Coat, and go briskly home; the next Morning I was almost as nimble as a Mountebank's Tumbler.

Stories of the rank and fashion of the West Indies assembling at these baths, and of local Beau Nashes, must be accepted with reserve, for the Bath House was not erected until the end of the eighteenth century, when the fortunes of Nevis were already on the decline.

Half-way up the mountain-side is Fig Tree Church, in whose vestry is preserved the register containing the entry of Nelson's marriage on March 11, 1787, to his 'Fanny', the Widow Frances Herbert Nisbet, to whom he wrote such endearing letters from Antigua. The actual ceremony was performed in a house called Montpelier of which little

more than the gate-posts now remain, and Prince William Henry gave away the bride. The residence in which Alexander Hamilton was born is also in ruins, awaiting the munificence of some wealthy citizen of the United States, who will restore it in honour of the memory of that great statesman.

The slopes of Mount Nevis command some superb views of the glorious blue Caribbean Sea and the islands of Barbuda (a game preserve, formerly the property of the Codrington family, and now an apanage of Antigua), Redonda (a lonely rock containing phosphate deposits still occasionally worked), St. Eustatius (a dependency of the Dutch, where Rodney captured merchandise to the value of three million pounds), Saba (almost a replica of Stromboli, but now fortunately quiescent), and St. Kitts.

Nevis is separated from the last named island by a narrow strait scarcely two miles across, though the distance from Charlestown to Basseterre, the capital, is thirteen miles.

St. Christopher owes its full name to Columbus, who, when he first sighted the island in 1493, saw in its rugged form a fancied resemblance to that Saint carrying his holy burden. It is now more usually called St. Kitts. The island is exceedingly mountainous except towards the south-east, where the foothills resolve themselves into a broad plain narrowing to an isthmus which expands again at the southern end. The mountain range culminates at the north-west in Mount Misery, an awe-inspiring volcano, 3,711 feet in height, now happily extinct. Basseterre stands to the south of the plain on the shores of an open roadstead, the scene of the brilliant manoeuvre of Sir Samuel Hood, on January 25, 1782, when he completely outwitted Comte de Grasse. It was the headquarters of the French when St. Kitts was under two flags.

The founder of the English settlement in St. Kitts was Thomas Warner, son of a Suffolk yeoman, who had received favourable accounts of it from Captain Painton whilst he was making a voyage with Captain Roger North to Surinam.

On returning to England he induced Mr. Ralph Merrifield, a London merchant, to send out an expedition to it under his command. The settlers reached St. Kitts in 1623, and met with a friendly reception from the Caribs. They planted corn and tobacco, and all went well until the end of the year, when the fruits of their labours were destroyed by a hurricane; but supplies reached them in the good ship *Hopewell* in February 1624, and a fresh crop of tobacco was successfully raised. Warner now left for England to collect more settlers and stores, and just as he had returned to St. Kitts, d'Esnambuc, the captain of a French privateer that had barely escaped destruction by a Spanish galleon, sought refuge on the island with thirty followers. The Caribs were beginning to show signs of restlessness, and it was this, no doubt, that induced Warner to come to terms with the new-comers. In due course a treaty of partition was arranged whereby the English were confirmed in the possession of the centre part of the island and the French in that of either end. The settlers of both nations, after fierce fighting, exterminated the Caribs, but soon afterwards they were themselves nearly annihilated by the Spaniards, who resented the growing strength of the two foreign colonies. Most of the settlers were either killed or deported, but no sooner had the enemy withdrawn than the colonies were re-established. The history of the island thereafter is one of a see-saw struggle between the English and French for the mastery. In 1666 the French seized the English settlement, but were compelled to restore it by the Treaty of Breda in the following year. In 1689 the English were again defeated, but in the following year Sir Timothy Thornhill landed troops from Barbados, and, after a brilliant march over the isolated hill that still bears his name, captured the entire island. The French had their part of St. Kitts restored to them in 1679, but in 1702 England again became sole mistress of the island, and an invasion by the French four years later having proved abortive, she was confirmed in her possession of it by the Treaty of Utrecht. The French estates and possessions were sold,

and, of the proceeds, £80,000 was appropriated as a marriage portion for Princess Anne on the occasion of her marriage to the Prince of Orange.

The colony now entered upon the period of its greatest prosperity. Sugar became the predominant industry, and the name St. Kitts was synonymous with wealth. For nearly seventy years the island enjoyed the blessings of peace which was not to be disturbed until the American revolution.

After the fall of Yorktown in October 1781, the Marquis de Bouillé and Comte de Grasse left the American coast and sailed for the West Indies with the intention of reducing Barbados. Defeated in their purpose by the violence of the north-east trade-wind, they then proceeded to St. Kitts, where de Bouillé landed his troops, and proceeded to invest Brimstone Hill, a remarkable mountain about 780 feet high, standing aloof from the central range on the leeward coast, and now covered with the ruins of elaborate fortifications of a later date. The garrison under General Fraser, who was reinforced by the Governor, Sir Thomas Shirley, and 350 men of the militia, had withdrawn to this stronghold on the approach of the French, and offered a gallant resistance to the enemy, whose numbers were overwhelmingly stronger than their own. Meanwhile, Sir Samuel Hood, who had followed de Grasse from America, sailed from Barbados on January 14th, and after embarking all available troops at Antigua, left on the 23rd overnight for St. Kitts, with twenty-two ships. The French fleet, comprising twenty-nine ships superior class for class to the English, lay at anchor in Basseterre Roads, under the lee of St. Kitts, little expecting an attack.

Hood had intended to fall on the easternmost ships of the enemy at daybreak, and then to keep his fleet circling in a long procession. Owing, however, to the awkwardness of a lieutenant of the watch who hove-to a frigate at night ahead of the fleet, and was run down, his plan miscarried, and the French, now warned of the approach of the enemy, and fearing that Hood would pass down to

leeward and disturb the siege of Brimstone Hill, overlooked the weakness of their own position, and were drawn into a trap.

At noon, when the hill-sides of Nevis were covered with expectant and interested sightseers, the English fleet rapidly formed its line on the starboard tack and headed north for Basseterre. The French, at the moment, were in column steering south, but went about at once and stood for the enemy. . . . At two the British had got far enough for Hood to make signal to anchor. At twenty minutes past two the van of the French came within gunshot of the English centre, and shortly afterwards the firing began, the assailants very properly directing their main effort upon the English rear ships which . . . had opened out. . . . The French flagship *Ville de Paris* of one hundred and twenty guns, bearing De Grasse's flag, pushed for the gap thus made, but was foiled by the *Canada*, seventy-four, whose Captain Cornwallis, the brother of Lord Cornwallis, threw all his sails aback, and dropped down in front of the huge enemy to the support of the rear—an example nobly followed by the *Resolution* and the *Bedford* immediately ahead of him. The scene was now varied and animated in the extreme. The English van, which had escaped the attack, was rapidly anchoring in its appointed position. The commander-in-chief in the centre, proudly reliant upon the skill and conduct of his captains, made signal for the ships ahead to carry a press of sail and gain their positions regardless of the danger to the threatened rear. The latter, closely pressed and outnumbered, stood on unswervingly, shortened sail, and came to anchor, one by one, in a line ahead under the roar of the guns of their baffled enemies. The latter filed by, delivered their fire, and bore off again to the southward, leaving their former berths to their weaker but clever antagonists.¹

At 8 a.m. on January 26th de Grasse attacked, and as his leading ship came abreast the British line she received the fire of four of Hood's vessels. 'The crash occasioned by their destructive broadsides', wrote an English officer, 'was so tremendous that whole pieces of plank were seen

¹ *The Influence of Sea Power upon History*, MAHAN.

flying from off her sides ere she could escape the cool concentrated fire of her determined adversaries. As she proceeded along the British line, she received the first fire of every ship in passing. She was indeed in so shattered a state as to be compelled to bear away for St. Eustatius.' Undismayed, de Grasse renewed the engagement at 3 p.m., only to meet with the same stubborn resistance, and when at length he withdrew at sunset his flagship the *Ville de Paris* had been riddled with shot. Hood's losses were 72 killed and 244 wounded, and of the French over 1,000 wounded were sent ashore at St. Eustatius.

Hood landed his troops from Antigua under General Prescott, but they were unable to reach the beleaguered garrison on Brimstone Hill, which was eventually overwhelmed by force of numbers, and compelled to surrender on February 12th. Nevertheless, their gallant defence had a profound effect upon the war. By detaining de Grasse, Hood had prevented him from joining hands with the Spanish fleet at Havana, and he thus contributed towards the British success in the Battle of the Saints, in which Rodney had to meet one adversary instead of the combined fleet of France and Spain.

After the siege, immense sums were spent on the erection of fortifications and barracks upon Brimstone Hill, which was not finally abandoned until the time of the Crimean War. Now, the fortress is preserved as an historic monument, and it is certainly one of the most interesting spots in the whole of the West Indies. It is reached by a road, encircling the mountainous part of the island, which begins and ends at the Parish Church of St. George's in Basseterre, a town of wooden houses whose chief features are a little circus surrounded by tall cabbage-palms, and a pretty garden known as Pall Mall Square, usually gay with flowering shrubs. The road dips down into, and across, several gullies which carry to the sea foaming torrents when the rains fall in the mountains, and passes acre upon acre of sugar-canes, nearly all of which are now crushed in a large modern sugar factory on the plain. In the little

graveyard of St. Thomas's Church at Middle Island, three miles from Brimstone Hill, lie the mortal remains of Sir Thomas Warner, who died on March 10, 1648. Under a simple roof, to protect it from the weather, is the tombstone of the ' Noble & Much Lamented gent ' who

bought
With losse of Noble bloud the illustrious Name
Of a Commander Greate in Acts of Fame.

As the pioneer of English colonization in the West Indies, which brought such immense wealth to this country and paved the way for the industrial revolution of the eighteenth century, Warner deserves to be included among the makers of Empire ; but while there are statues of Captain Cook, John Cabot, Stamford Raffles, and Cecil Rhodes, not one has been raised in honour of the man of Suffolk who founded our oldest group of colonies.

Of the Presidencies of the Leeward Islands only Montserrat remains to be described. It was named by Columbus after the famous mountain monastery in Catalonia, where Ignatius Loyola conceived the idea of founding the Society of Jesus. Describing it in 1672, eight years after it had been settled from St. Kitts, Richard Blome wrote : ' It is much inclined to mountains, which are well cloathed with caeder, and other Trees ; and the Valleys and Plains are very Fertile. This isle is most Inhabited by the Irish, who have here a Church for Divine Worship.' The Irish were those sent out by Oliver Cromwell, and it is computed that at one time there were no fewer than three thousand Irish families in the island. They have left their mark in place names like Kinsale, and Harris Village, and in such surnames as Daly, Burke, O'Gara, Ryan, and Curwen, and by the continued use of Irish idiom by the negroes, some of whom, it is said, even speak with a brogue like the faithful Mesty in *Mr. Midshipman Easy*. In this connexion an amusing story is told of an Irishman who, on his visit to Montserrat, hearing one black man shouting to another in the language of the Liffey, asked him how long he had been

on the island. 'Shure, yer honour, and three years it is that I've been here,' replied the black. Whereupon the Irishman, aghast, exclaimed, 'Glory be to God! And do ye turrrn black in thot toime?'

The old families lived in great luxury and style in the days when sugar was king. There was much sumptuous feasting, and it is said that in one great house the mahogany dining-room chairs had sloping seats to enable revellers who had imbibed too freely to disappear gently and gracefully under the table without exciting remark, and that slave boys were in attendance to loosen their cravats. In this same island some young bloods played an amusing practical joke on a certain wealthy sugar lord. After dining and wining well but unwisely, his lordship was tied to the arm of a cattle mill, and spent several hours walking round and round in the confident belief that he was wending his way home.

Those days have long passed, and the cultivation of limes—introduced by Mr. Burke from Dominica in 1852—and of Sea Island cotton has replaced that of sugar; but the 'Emerald Isle' of the West Indies offers undoubted attractions of climate and scenery to visitors from overseas, though as yet it has little in the way of hotel accommodation.

CHAPTER XII

ST. THOMAS AND THE VIRGINS

MANY visitors to the Lesser Antilles from the United States make the island of St. Thomas their landfall in the West Indies. A few years ago the author followed their example.

We sailed from New York on a wintry day in February. The city had been swept by a blizzard of great intensity a few days before, and was in the grip of a hard frost. Melted snow and slush had turned to solid ice, making the roads almost impassable for wheeled traffic. Street cars caught in the open whilst the storm was at its height had been frozen in their tracks, and one of the few taxi-men about drove a hard bargain before he consented to bump us—as he literally did—to the pier down-town. As our steamer backed out from the dock into the Hudson, great floes of ice, drifting with the current, ground against her sides. In the keen atmosphere, the skyscrapers, collectively not an ungraceful group, stood out sharply against a steel-blue sky, and on the shores of Long Island the snow was stacked in piles like salt awaiting shipment in Grand Turk.

Few passengers ventured on deck that night, but the next day brought an astonishing change. Snow and ice had completely disappeared, and the temperature had already risen to such an extent that overcoats were discarded, and we could sit in our deck chairs in perfect comfort without our rugs. The weather off Cape Hatteras did not belie its reputation. It was exceedingly tempestuous ; but the dusting we received was soon forgotten when, less than six days after leaving port, we glided past Cowell's battery into the land-locked harbour of St. Thomas.

The scene unfolded as we entered was enchanting. Before us, reflected in the deep blue water, was the town formerly known as Charlotte Amalia, after the consort of King Christian V of Denmark, its gay houses, some white, others painted in brilliant colours, straggling down the lower slopes of a long rocky mountain thinly covered with bush. By the old-time sailors these three parts of St. Thomas were nicknamed 'fore-top, main-top, and mizzen-top'. On the main-top was Blackbeard Castle, suspiciously resembling an old windmill bereft of its sails. It was here that the notorious pirate Edward Teach is supposed to have indulged in wild orgies, when he was not pursuing his nefarious trade on the high seas.

A native of Bristol, Teach, after fighting in the War of Spanish Succession, gathered round him some companions as worthless as himself and turned pirate. He earned his nickname from the immense beard he allowed to grow to a prodigious length on his ungainly chin, its ends plaited like those of a Ramillies wig. When going into action he carried three brace of pistols slung over his shoulders in holsters like a bandolier, and lighted slow matches tucked under his hat and behind his ears.

McKinnen, who visited the Bahamas within a few years of the death of Blackbeard, tells how that bloodthirsty ruffian once gave his companions a foretaste of the place to which he and they so richly deserved to go. Closing the hatches of his vessel, he kindled a fire and burned sulphur and brimstone. Then, 'with oaths and frantic gestures he acted the part of the devil, as little affected by the smoke as if he had been born in the infernal regions ; till his companions, nearly suffocated and fainting, compelled him to release them'. On another occasion frenzied with drink, he sat in his cabin with a loaded pistol in each hand. Blowing out the lights, he then blazed away at random until one of his fellow-scoundrels received a wound that maimed him for life. The following extract from his log quoted by Surgeon-Major Bacot throws a lurid light on the manner of life of these pirates :—

Rum all out. Our company somewhat sober. A damned confusion among us. Rogues a-plotting. Great talk of separation, so I looked sharp for a prize.

Took one with a great deal of liquor on board, so kept the company hot, damned hot. Then things went well again.

In this manner Blackbeard, who became the terror of the Caribbean, kept his pirate gang together until 1718, when it was split up, and he was laid by the heels by a gallant sailor named Robert Maynard, in a secluded creek near Cape Hatteras on the coast of Carolina.

On St. Thomas's 'mizzen-top' stands another castle. It is shaped like a band-box, and is frivolously called Bluebeard Castle, though neither Perrault nor his wife-killer ever visited the island.

The three parts of the town, straggling down the foothills, are blended into one on the waterfront of which the most conspicuous feature is a miniature fort, its walls and battlements painted a brilliant red. It was the scene of a moving ceremony on March 31, 1917, when for the last time Denmark's National flag, the Dannebrog, was lowered from the top of its staff. For over two hundred and fifty years, with brief periods of English occupation, in 1801, and from 1807 to 1815, the island had belonged to the Danes who had settled it in 1666. As far back as 1867 the United States, which had for some years cast covetous eyes upon it, and its neighbours St. John and St. Croix, made an offer of \$7,500,000 for the group. This was accepted, but the Senate at Washington failed to confirm the agreement, and so the deal fell through. In 1901 negotiations were reopened, and terms of sale were arranged; but this time the Danish Landsting failed to ratify. Germany in pursuance of her policy of peaceful penetration, now began to establish a commercial footing in St. Thomas. The Hamburg-Amerika line had made Charlotte Amalia their headquarters in the West Indies, and important dock and harbour works were being carried out when the Great War put an end to these activities. Meanwhile, the completion of the Panama Canal greatly

enhanced the strategic value of St. Thomas, and in 1916, negotiations having been resumed, the United States agreed to purchase the islands for \$25,000,000. This time all went smoothly. Both the Landsting and the Senate ratified the agreement, and in 1917 Uncle Sam entered into possession of his new territories, which became officially known as 'the Virgin Islands of the United States'.

The period of greatest prosperity enjoyed by St. Thomas was in the days of sailing ships, when Charlotte Amalia was a free port and the principal entrepôt of the trade of the West Indies. After the advent of steam, however, merchants in the neighbouring islands found it more convenient to meet their requirements direct from Europe, and the fortunes of St. Thomas began to decline. Still there remained the profitable coaling industry, and until 1885 Charlotte Amalia was the headquarters of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, and consequently the Clapham Junction of the West Indies. The enforced suspension of the activities of the Hamburg-Amerika Company at the beginning of the war was a bitter blow, on the top of which came the competition of Colon in the coaling business. To make matters worse St. Thomas had no agriculture to fall back upon. Its sole industry was the manufacture of bay rum, and even for that the raw material, the leaves of the bay-tree (*Pimenta acris*), had to be imported from St. John.

The inhabitants believed that under the magic influence of the United States their harbour would regain its former importance and their island a new lease of prosperity, but they were soon sadly disillusioned. Many of them hoped, moreover, that they would have the opportunity of claiming citizenship of the great country to the north. By the terms of cession they were given one year in which to make up their minds whether they would become American citizens or retain their Danish nationality. The year expired on January 17, 1918, which was to be known thereafter as 'Citizens' Day'. It was marked by great rejoicings, those who had not already renounced their Danish nationality

believing that they now automatically became citizens of the United States. Their dismay was profound when they were informed that their new status was only that of 'Citizens of the Virgin Islands of the United States'. To make matters worse the Eighteenth Amendment of the Constitution was held to apply to St. Thomas, St. John, and St. Croix, which were made as dry as a desert. In their anxiety to ensure the strict observance of the Volstead Act the local authorities even placed an embargo on bay rum, fearing that the inhabitants, unable to obtain rum and other potable spirits, might turn in desperation to that famous hair wash and toilet water, when they wanted to quench their thirst. So not a bottle of it could one purchase without first obtaining a permit from the police station. In the old Danish days visitors to Charlotte Amalia who had dined well but not wisely, were locked up for the night, and made to purge their offence by sweeping the streets on the following morning. Under the new régime the streets of the capital will most certainly not be swept for nothing.

The wayfarer does not require much geological knowledge to enable him to recognize in the harbour of St. Thomas one of those volcanic craters with which the Caribbean Andes are so liberally equipped. When its many volcanoes were in action in prehistoric days, that mighty range of now submerged mountains must have presented an amazing spectacle, if there was any one there to witness it. Only one side of the extinct crater of St. Thomas now remains more or less intact, and that is the main massif of the island, a long serrated ridge with a saddle here and there. The other sides are low, but rocky, and the narrow breach forming the entrance from the open sea is scarcely a pistol-shot across.

Our steamer was made fast to the wharf. From her foremast fluttered the yellow quarantine flag, and there was consternation on board when it was announced that only passengers destined for St. Thomas, reinforced by the master, the purser, and the doctor, would be permitted



SOME PICTURESQUE STEPS IN ST. THOMAS

to land, the Governor having decided to keep us in quarantine, owing to the prevalence of influenza in New York. The thought of this tiny island, once a breeding place of fever and disease, fearing infection from the United States would have been quite entertaining, but for the exasperation we felt at the prospect of not being able to explore the tempting town. However, after a good deal of argument, the authorities were at last persuaded that the transit passengers were less likely to convey influenza to the inhabitants than those intending to remain in the island were, and eventually ashore we went.

The town can be reached either by launch, or on foot by a road skirting the harbour on one side and the only level stretch of land in St. Thomas on the other, and then passing pretty villas embowered in glorious brick-red and purple bougainvillea and hibiscus until the main street is reached. This, still known as the Norre Gade, runs the whole length of the town, and has on either side of it merchants' offices, dry goods stores, and bay rum shops, with attractive little parks here and there.

St. Thomas has several quite passable hotels. Of these the principal is the 'Grand', an old-fashioned colonial building with several airy bedrooms leading off a spacious ball-room, fully a hundred feet long by fifty wide, a rather embarrassing arrangement perhaps for some visitors on dance nights! It has a pleasant terrace overlooking a small plaza called Emancipation Park, commemorating the abolition of slavery, which was effected in 1848, ten years after the slaves in the British West Indian islands had been freed.

Fortified by an excellent luncheon of creole dishes, of which we partook on the broad terrace of the Grand Hotel, we began the arduous ascent of the mountain to Mafolie on one of the aforementioned saddles on the mountain ridge.

After passing the *dépendance* of the hotel, curiously named, '1829', and ascending a long flight of stone steps, we toiled up the steep and rough zig-zag path, and it soon became apparent why St. Thomas can boast no agricultural

industries. The soil was so rocky and parched that it was a wonder that it was able to support even the scrub growing upon it. After about an hour's walk under a blazing sun we reached the summit, and were rewarded by a most attractive view. Mafole is a small property situated astride the mountain saddle, and the gardens of its bungalow residence, which, on the occasion of my visit, was the property of a venerable Danish lawyer, command the seas on either side of the island. During the war the owner had reluctantly to quit this delightful spot and give place to a detachment of American marines, who mounted a heavy gun in his beautiful garden to protect the harbour below from possible enemy attack, but he had been reinstated in his eyrie, to which he gave us a cordial welcome. Many visitors to St. Thomas will remember him. He presented a most picturesque appearance. With long white hair and flowing beard, he was attired in a ragged shirt, the nether garments of a pyjama suit, and a pair of felt slippers. The views from his garden were superb. On one side far below lay the town with its red-roofed houses nestling among coco-nut and other palm trees, with the harbour beyond, the placid surface of its deep blue water reflecting like a mirror the shipping and surrounding hills. At the extremity of one of the promontories embracing it was Cowell's battery, recalling one of the brief periods of English occupation, and at its foot the now almost deserted wharves of the Hamburg-Amerika line, and the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company.

Far away to leeward was a speck on the water which the uninitiated might well take for a distant sloop. This was the famous 'Sail' rock, which has misled so many mariners.

It is a tradition that during the American War this solitary rock received a severe punishing from a French frigate, whose captain mistook it for an English vessel. The skipper hailed it. His hail was ironically returned by—an echo. He then let go at the impudent 'Englishman' a broadside, the noise of which reverberated, and some of

the shot, ricochetting and splashing into the water round his ship, convinced him that he had fallen in with an enemy. He consequently kept up a heavy cannonade until the morning, when he discovered to his mortification the ridiculous mistake he had made.

The view from the other side of the lawyer's house is, if anything, even more striking, embracing as it does Magens Bay, a deserted bay lying parallel with the coast, the water of which runs through the whole gamut of blue, from the palest tints, fringing the white sandy beach, to the indigo of the deeper water, and a group of fairy-like islands, including Hans Lollik and Little Tobago in the dim and hazy distance, recalling the view of Capri from the Bay of Naples.

There is no need for visitors to St. Thomas to carry conversation books. Nearly everybody speaks English there. Most of the inhabitants are of English descent, and many of them would not understand what you were saying if you talked to them in Danish ; but, surprising though it may seem, there is a small community in the island whose members talk a Norman-French dialect. These are the ' Cha-chas ', descendants of European immigrants from the French island of St. Bartholomew. In many respects they resemble the ' poor whites ' of Barbados, the descendants of the bond-servants with whom every slave owner had to leaven his holding of slaves. They have maintained their separate identity for generations, and never intermarry with the blacks. These ' Cha-chas ' make a modest livelihood by fishing. They are tall and lean, and their skins have been reddened by many years of exposure to the sun. Their peculiar name is said to be due to the exclamation of annoyance they use when they are angered ; but it would be cruel to put this theory to the test by attempting to irritate this simple folk.

Having exhausted the sights of St. Thomas, we sailed at four o'clock in the afternoon for St. Croix, and dropped anchor in the roadstead of Frederiksted, the second town in the island, just after sunset. Twinkling lights, the glow

from the furnaces of a central sugar factory, and the distant strains of a brass band, tempted some of the more adventurous spirits on board to go ashore overnight. They returned with a wonderful account, of course, of their experiences, but the appearance of the town at daybreak confirmed the suspicion that their enthusiasm was only an attempt to conceal their disappointment. An American visitor might justifiably wax enthusiastic on seeing the warehouses of the late Mr. Nicholas Crujer, where the great statesman Alexander Hamilton, who was born in Nevis, worked as a boy, but apart from that and the police station and the post office, he would not find much else to attract his attention. The streets are wide, but badly paved; the houses are of the usual West Indian type—one story of stone, and one of wood, under a roof covered with reddish coloured shingles, and on their balconies or window-sills flowering plants and crotons in kerosene tins, which are put to every conceivable use in the West Indies.

Purchased by Denmark in 1733 from the Knights of Malta, who had acquired it from Louis XIV in 1653, St. Croix is chiefly famous for its slave insurrections. The most serious of these was in 1848. In the preceding year King Christian VII issued a decree that all children born after July 28th were to be free. This was not much consolation to the slaves whose brothers in the neighbouring islands under enlightened British rule had enjoyed the fruits of freedom for ten years. They accordingly rose in a body and devastated the island, which was only restored to tranquillity when the Danish Governor declared slavery to be at an end. Then a system of apprenticeship was set up whereby children, vagrants, and petty offenders were apprenticed to the planters for terms of years. This developed into a system of forced labour. For a while it was tolerated, and it certainly served to maintain the prosperity of the island; but, following the refusal of the Government to allot lands to free negro settlers, another serious insurrection broke out in 1878 which nearly ruined St. Croix. Houses, factories, and cane-fields were pillaged

and ruthlessly destroyed by fire, and the greater part of Frederiksted was razed to the ground. Years elapsed before the island recovered from this tragic disaster.

While the steamer is in port, there is usually time for passengers to drive across the island by the Centerline road to Christiansted, the capital of St. Croix, on the north-east coast. The road passes through smiling fields of sugar-cane, with patches of yellow flowering cotton and ground provisions, relieved here and there by tall cabbage-palms. Visitors are usually struck by the apparent sparseness of the population. Very few labourers are to be seen working in the fields, and the number of people you pass on the road can almost be counted on the fingers. Compared with Fredericksted, Christiansted is a very attractive little town. Its main street runs down the hill-side from the quite English-looking church of St. John to a small open square alongside a neat little harbour. A biscuit-throw from the shore is an exquisite island resembling one of the Borromean islands on Lake Maggiore, or more closely, perhaps, the Isola San Giulio on Orta. In a villa on this delightful island lives the pilot, who must be regarded a lucky dog to be permitted to occupy such a charming residence. Up against the wharf near by there lies as often as not a quaint old schooner, now named *Vigilant*, which plies between St. Croix and St. Thomas with cargo and passengers. There was a time when the decks of this tough old vessel ran with blood, for she was actually a pirate schooner, and for many years sailed the Caribbean Sea flying the Jolly Roger, with her carronade, her brass Long Tom, and her crew of dastardly ruffians stripped to the waist and armed to the teeth. Now she looks peaceful enough, but her weather-worn timbers could tell some stirring tales of adventure on the high seas if they could but speak.

Of St. John, the third of the larger American Virgins, there is not much to be said. A mass of rugged mountains, it has in Coral Bay a sheltered harbour, which is, however, little used, since the island is off the steamer route. The

island is now an apanage of St. Thomas, whose manufacturers rely upon it for their supplies of bay leaves for making their shockingly spirituous hair-wash. Still less is there to be said of the satellite islets surrounding St. Thomas, St. John, and St. Croix, some of which are never visited from year's end to year's end.

It is a sad reflection upon the British colonial system that while the Virgin Islands of the United States enjoy a steamer service, those of Great Britain do not. If you ask an Englishman where the Virgin Islands are, the probability is that he will stare at you blankly. A certain statesman to whom that question was put, replied that he could only say that they were a long way from the Isle of Man! Philatelists are better informed, since for their size the Virgin Islands can perhaps boast more issues of postage-stamps than any other part of the King's dominions.

The islands, some thirty or more in number, are scattered over a wide area of the Caribbean Sea about 120 miles to the north-east of St. Kitts, and just to the east of the new possessions of the United States. Politically they form a presidency of the Leeward Islands, and on behalf of the Governor their affairs are controlled by a Commissioner, whose duties are even more numerous than those of the elderly naval man who recited in a singular minor key:—

Oh, I am the cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite.
And the crew of the captain's gig.

He is Treasurer, Registrar of Shipping, Deputy Judge of the Summary Jurisdiction Court, Magistrate, Registrar, Provost-Marshal, Coroner, Registrar of Deeds, Registrar-General of Births, Marriages and Deaths, Civil Marriage Officer, and Postmaster, besides numerous 'etceteras'—and all for a modest £500 a year! This veritable Pooh Bah was once expected to act as medical officer as well, and it must have been disconcerting to the King's representative

to be called up at night to minister to the medical needs of his subjects !

Just over thirty years ago the fortunes of the Virgin Islands fell to such a low ebb that there were only three farthings in the treasury, but thanks to the introduction of cotton cultivation by the Imperial Department of Agriculture the Presidency now has the respectable surplus and reserve of £11,000. A high official of the Leeward Islands has calculated that if England had progressed at the same rate, she would now have a surplus of £10,000,000,000. Negro peasants own and cultivate most of the land, and raise vegetables for their own subsistence and for St. Thomas, with which island they carry on a brisk trade.

Etymologists would find in the names of these islands a fruitful matter for research. The group was called the Virgin Islands after St. Ursula and her eleven thousand martyrs. Virgin Gorda from her shape was the fat virgin ; Tortola, the principal island, took its name from the turtle dove ; Anegada was the inundated island, owing to its flatness ; Fallen Jerusalem, consisting of great masses of rocks of fantastic shapes, looked to the discoverers like a ruined city. Jost van Dyke, like Hans Lollik in the American group, probably owes its name to the Dutch buccaneers who first settled the islands. The origin of the titles of Round Rock, Ginger, Salt, Cockroach, Buck, and Mosquito islands is not difficult to surmise, but who gave their names to Peter, Cooper, and Norman islands ? And why were the Dogs, including Great Dog, George Dog, West Dog, and Seal Dog, so called ? Perhaps some readers may have wondered how Stevenson in *Treasure Island* could have found room for—

Fifteen men on The Dead Man's Chest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum.

The answer to the question is to be found in the Virgin Islands, where there is an island called Dead Man's Chest, because its flat surface is said to resemble a coffin from

a distance. Another peculiar island is Sombrero, better known to generations of sailors as Spanish Hat, from its shape. In the year 1807 an English seaman named Jeffery, from one of His Majesty's ships, was marooned upon it by his commander, Captain Lake, as a punishment for some misdemeanour. The unfortunate man was monarch of all he surveyed on this desolate island, with nothing to eat except shell-fish for eight days, when he was rescued by an American ship. Captain Lake was dismissed the service. Jeffery, on the other hand, was awarded £600 in compensation for his sufferings, and made for himself besides a livelihood by exhibiting himself at shows in London and elsewhere.

The Virgin Islands are quite innocent of hotels; but motor-boats of any size can lie snugly in their secluded harbours, and a sportsman wishing to enjoy a novel holiday amid beautiful surroundings would find in this little archipelago a sanctuary where he would be completely free from the disturbing features of modern civilization.

CHAPTER XIII

ALONG THE MAIN TO XAYMACA

THERE is no steamship communication between the Lesser Antilles and Jamaica. Consequently those who wish to reach that island from St. Kitts, for example, have to follow a devious route involving a change of steamer either at Bermuda, or Trinidad, or even at New York. The most interesting cruise of the three is undoubtedly the one by way of Trinidad, since it affords passengers the opportunity of seeing something of the Panama Canal and Costa Rica on the way.

As a crow would fly, if there were such a bird in the West Indies, the distance from Port of Spain to Kingston is just over 1,000 miles, and in the halcyon days of the subsidized steamer service thirty years ago there was direct communication between the two ports, and the journey was performed in three days. Nowadays, the passage between Trinidad and Jamaica involves a steam of 2,185 miles, and occupies nine days ; but few grudge the time, since the expedition from Port Limón to San José in the mountains of Costa Rica, which can be made while the steamer is in port loading bananas, is a fascinating experience, and a visit to the cosmopolitan town of Cristobal-Colon also has its attractions.

Port Limón, which is reached after a voyage of five days along the Spanish Main, must surely be the hottest place on the face of the earth, and passengers who elect to remain in the steamer instead of exploring the interior soon regret their decision. No sooner are they alongside than mechanical carriers are hoisted on board, steam is turned

on, and endless processions of bunches of green bananas come rattling from over the side into the holds, to the accompaniment of a terrible creaking as the steamer is bumped against the pier by the ocean swell. Off the coast is Uvita, another of those fairy-like little islands that look as if they had been lifted from the Italian lakes, dropped down in the Caribbean, and replanted with the coco-nut palms that are inseparable from the white sandy beaches of the tropics.

Provided a sufficient number of passengers decide to make the trip to San José, a toy railway train of pullman coaches, summoned by wireless, awaits them on the pier, and with clanging bell it is soon on its way across the plains, over mighty rivers, and up into the mountains. The line at some places overhangs steep precipices, at the foot of which remains of old locomotives and carriages tell their tale of past catastrophes, and at others clings on to buttressing rocks, winding in and out of ravines of rare beauty. At times, where brawling rivers tumble over the rocks far below, you are reminded of the Highlands, until you realize the immense size of the forest trees, and notice the festoons of Spanish moss (*Tillandsia usneoides*) hanging from their branches, and the clearings devoted to banana cultivation, which is creeping rapidly up the mountains from the coast, where it has been checked by Panama disease, and has given place to cacao. In the higher altitudes the negroes of the lower lands, recruited mainly from Jamaica, are replaced by the swarthy descendants of the old Spanish settlers who, at the stations offer you delicious oranges and luscious pineapples, of which a peseta will buy as many as a single individual could consume in twenty-four hours. Beyond Turrialba the train ascends the narrowing canyon of the Reventazon, on emerging from which the ominous-looking volcano Irazu comes into view. It rises to a height of 11,000 feet, and dominates the town of Cartago which was destroyed by earthquake as recently as 1910. At El Alto, ninety-two miles from the start, and 5,137 feet above sea-level, is the great divide,



A BULLOCK CART IN SAN JOSÉ, COSTA RICA

and the passenger is greatly to be pitied who has not brought with him for the journey an ample supply of warm wraps ! By contrast with the oppressive heat of Limón, the temperature of 65° Fahrenheit is chilling ! The train now descends through a rolling downland, reminiscent rather of Sussex than of any place in the tropics, to San José.

In this city there is everything that a wayfarer in search of novelty could require. There is a magnificent National Theatre, the pride of every Costa Rican, a handsome old cathedral overlooking an open parque, a feature of which is a trained bougainvillea that must cover a space of fifty or more square yards with its shade, and a most attractive market. There are open electric trams and many bright, well-stocked stores, including some admirable book shops which are so rare in the West Indies. As a precaution against damage by earthquakes, most of the houses are only two stories in height. After five in the morning, and not before—so considerate are the authorities—the streets are paraded by a succession of gaudily painted ox-carts, whose wheels are solid, because no other kind could possibly stand the bumping about they get on the country roads. Some years ago an Englishman conceived the idea of carrying on a trade with these picturesque carts. He accordingly had quite a number of them made. They were brightly coloured, and to outward appearance all that could be desired ; but not one could he sell. He consulted all and sundry about his misfortune, and then discovered that the trouble was that the wheels did not creak. It appeared that the Costa Rican preferred carts that creaked and bumped and jolted, as they were ‘ company ’ on the lonely country roads. So the wheels were adjusted till they bumped and creaked, and then they sold like wildfire.

No sooner is the last bunch of bananas on board at Limón than the carriers are trundled away, and the steamer slips her cables and is off to Cristobal-Colon, the gateway of the Pacific. Sailing as she usually does, late in the afternoon, she is off the coast of Panama awaiting *pratique* at dawn on the following morning.

The first appearance of the coast of this part of Central America is not attractive. The impression it leaves on the memory is one of gaunt forest trees wreathed in mists, suggestive of miasma and fever. Nevertheless, it stirs the imagination to see for the first time a country so steeped in romance and so rich in anecdote of the proud *conquistadores*, of buccaneers and pirates weltering in blood, and of treasure and pestilence. The sea, muddy even when the Chagres River is not in flood, dashes itself into spray against the two immense breakwaters that protect Limón Bay and the entrance to the canal, affectionately known to Americans as the 'Big Ditch', that unites the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Beyond, on Manzanilla Island—there is nothing but its name to suggest that it is not the mainland—are the sister towns of Cristobal and Colon, a confused mass of buildings, wharves, wireless masts, cranes, and funnels.

It should be explained that Colon, a town of ramshackle wooden houses, formerly a sink of iniquity, and still somewhat open to suspicion in respect of morality, is in the Republic of Panamá, the province that won its independence from Colombia in 1903, while Cristobal, an orderly aggregation of mosquito-proof houses, is American territory, being in the Canal Zone, a strip ten miles wide and about 436 square miles in extent, leased in perpetuity to the United States. It is difficult to say where precisely Colon ends and Cristobal begins. The two are really one and indivisible, and the Americans are supreme where matters of sanitation are concerned in both towns; but while Cristobal is dry, Colon is extremely wet, though, nevertheless, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than it is to obtain alcoholic refreshment at the Washington, one of the finest hotels in this part of the world, since it is under American management. This hotel has a delightful open-air swimming pool with a toboggan slide, and on the sea side a pleasant lawn fringed with coco-nut palms. The shops in the main street cater for the tourist, and are crammed with picture postcards, cheap

jewellery, and trumpery knick-knacks from the Far East, which is really the west from Colon's point of view.

The history of the Panama Canal really begins with the discovery of the Pacific by Vasco Nunez Balboa in 1513. It was he, and not the poet's stout Cortez, who

with eagle eyes
 . . . stared at the Pacific—and all his men
 Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

The discovery of Peru by Pizarro followed in 1526, and for many years thereafter the gold and silver of that rich country was transported across the isthmus of Panamá on mules—a hazardous journey over precipitous mountains, through dense virgin forests and deep ravines—to Chagres, where it was transferred to boats which carried it to Porto Bello or Cartagena for shipment to Spain in the galleons of the treasure fleet.

Spain is credited with having been the first nation to consider the possibility of piercing the isthmus of Darien ; but it is said that her ministers refused to take any action in that direction through fear that if they were to do so her possessions in Peru would be exposed to attack. It was not until the nineteenth century, when the United States began to feel the need for communication between her eastern and western seaboard, that the question was seriously discussed. At first the construction of a canal through Nicaragua was favoured. The Atlantic terminal of this waterway would have been in a country over which Great Britain had long exercised control, and in 1850 the Bulwer-Clayton Treaty was signed by Great Britain and the United States, which contained the sweeping proviso that neither Power should ever obtain, nor maintain for itself, any exclusive control of any canal connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific, nor erect fortifications to protect it.

In 1849 three Americans, W. H. Aspinwall, H. Chauncey, and J. L. Stevens, whose enterprise is commemorated by a monument alongside the Washington Hotel, conceived

the idea of making a railway to enable gold-seekers from the West to reach the new diggings in California more easily. Stevens secured a concession from the Government of New Granada of which Panamá then formed a province, and work on the new line was begun in 1850. The difficulties courageously faced by these pioneers were immense. The route selected lay through pestilential swamps and virgin forests, and the mortality among the labourers, who were mainly recruited in China, was so great that it used to be said that each sleeper laid down represented one dead Chinaman. Nevertheless, in five years the line was completed.

Canal schemes now began to be seriously discussed, and after the completion of the Suez Canal, Ferdinand de Lesseps entered the lists. Following a congress in Paris in 1878 he floated the *Compagnie Universelle du Canal Interocéanique de Panamá*, which shortly afterwards began the construction of a sea-level canal across the isthmus. The company purchased the railway for \$25,500,000, and much valuable machinery was shipped from France to Colon. French engineers set about their task with remarkable energy and skill; but the deadly mosquito, which by spreading yellow fever and malaria decimated their labour forces, coupled with speculation and fraud, proved too much for them, and after spending \$300,000,000 the company went into liquidation in 1889. Poor de Lesseps must have bitterly regretted that he did not rest on the laurels he had won in Egypt.

The New Panama Company, formed to take over the assets of the *Compagnie Universelle*, maintained the railway and also continued the excavation of the great cutting at Culebra in a desultory manner. It was not, however, until after the outbreak of the war with Spain, when the United States cruiser *Oregon* was compelled to make a perilous voyage of 13,000 miles round the Horn from the Pacific to the Atlantic to join the main fleet off Cuba, that the need for a canal was brought home to the Government at Washington.

Then a Commission was appointed to consider what would be the best route for a canal 'under the control, management, and ownership of the United States'. It favoured a Nicaraguan Canal, considering that the price asked for its plant and goodwill by the New Panama Canal Company, whose works, including the railway, they valued at \$40,000,000, was excessive. Realizing how futile it would be to compete with a Government-owned undertaking, the New Panama Company immediately offered to sell at that price, and the purchase was duly authorized by the 'Spooner' Act of 1902. By the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty of 1901, Great Britain had waived the right of joint control, it being agreed that the canal should be 'free and open to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations . . . on terms of entire equality', and all that remained was for the United States to make a satisfactory arrangement with the Republic of Colombia, of which Panamá was now a Province.

A treaty was thereupon negotiated whereby the United States agreed to pay \$10,000,000, and an annual rent of \$100,000 after nine years for a strip of land across the isthmus. Colombia, however, refused to ratify, and a few days later Panamá declared her independence. Hostilities appeared to be imminent; but at this juncture the United States intervened. By a singular coincidence her warships were lying on either side of the isthmus, and, anticipating the policy of 'self-determination' of later years, they assisted the Panamanians very materially by refusing to permit Colombia to land troops. Consequently Panamá won the day. Her independence was immediately recognized by the United States, and within a few months a treaty was negotiated with the new-born Republic and ratified, by which the Canal Zone was leased to the United States for \$10,000,000, and an annual payment of \$250,000 after nine years.

As soon as these little political difficulties were out of the way, the United States appointed a Commission to undertake the organization and management of the enter-

prise ; and in 1904 tenders were invited for the construction of the canal. These proving, however, unsatisfactory, President Roosevelt decided that the Government should carry out the work, which was accordingly placed under the immediate control of the Corps of Engineers, with Major (afterwards General) G. W. Goethals as the presiding genius.

Since the failure of the French effort, it had been conclusively proved that mosquitoes and not the climate had been responsible for the terrible epidemics of yellow fever and malaria that had caused such terrible loss of life on the isthmus. Profiting by the discoveries of Manson, Ross, and Finlay in this connexion, the United States sent quite an army of sanitary experts to Panamá under the command of Colonel Gorgas, who had recently rid Havana of yellow fever. The houses of all employés were screened with wire gauze to keep out mosquitoes, swamps were drained, streams and pools were sprayed with oil to kill the larvae of the *stegomyia*, *anopheles*, and *culex* mosquitoes, and, as a result, the Canal Zone was, in an incredibly short space of time, transformed from a pestilential country, reeking with fever and disease, into a place where Europeans could live all the year round in perfect health and bring up their families.

The difficulties in respect of finance which had proved too much for the French were more easily overcome. The United States determined to see the business through whatever the cost might be, poured dollars into the Canal Zone. Material was assembled, and for year after year work on the canal was carried on by night as well as day by a labour force of 40,000 negroes, recruited mainly in the British West Indies, and some hundreds of skilled American employés. The result was never now in doubt, and on October 10, 1913, President Woodrow Wilson at Washington, two thousand miles away, completed an electric circuit, and thus ignited a great charge of dynamite which blew up the final obstruction in the canal, and permitted the waters of the Atlantic to mingle with those of the Pacific in the Culebra Cut.



A STEAMER IN THE GATUN LOCKS, PANAMA CANAL

When asked what direction the Panama Canal follows nine people out of ten will probably reply 'east and west'. That is wrong. In actual fact it runs north-west and south-east, and new-comers to Panama City are usually astonished to see the sun rising from the Pacific Ocean.

The French favoured a sea-level canal, and as the tide rises fourteen feet higher in the Pacific than it does in the Atlantic there was a good deal of speculation as to what the effect would be. The Americans, however, decided upon a high level system with a succession of locks to raise ships over the backbone of the isthmus. So the Chagres river was dammed at Gatun, forming an immense new lake, approximately the size of Geneva, to which vessels are lifted from the Atlantic side by a flight of three locks, each of which is duplicated. After negotiating these, ships cross the lake by a channel defined by small white light-houses, and then, after passing through the Gaillard Cut, descend by three more locks, one at Pedro Miguel—or in American, Peter McGill—and two at Miraflores to the Pacific terminal at Balboa, the total distance traversed from deep water to deep water being $50\frac{1}{4}$ miles.

The Culebra Cut—now called the Gaillard Cut after the engineer who superintended its excavation—is perhaps the most striking feature of the canal. It is nine miles long, and its construction involved the removal of no fewer than 230,000,000 cubic yards of rock and earth. To realize fully the magnitude of this remarkable 'ditch' one must have seen it before the water was let in. From Gold Hill the Cut presented an amazing scene during the construction period, with huge steam shovels, at different levels, cutting into the rock as if it were butter, long trains of 'dirt' trucks puffing busily to and fro, and thousands of labourers looking no bigger than ants at the bottom of the deep chasm they were excavating. An entire mountain had to be cut through, and it is not easy to recognize the hand of man in the beetling precipices of Gold Hill, that looks as if it had been riven by an earthquake.

The wayfarer who cannot spare the time to make the

transit of the canal or to inspect the Cut, should at least see a ship put through the Gatun Locks. The drive alone is interesting, and to those who knew Colon in the old days, it is a revelation to find the forest cut back, the swamps drained, and Monkey Hill, on which the bones of countless victims of Yellow Jack lie, cleaned up, and renamed Mount Hope. The road, superbly paved with asphalt and as smooth as a billiard table, passes some vegetable gardens where, if you are lucky, you may see a Chinaman and his wife, with their characteristic broad-brimmed and pointed straw hats, working diligently in the neatest *jardin potinière* imaginable.

At Colon you enter a new world of reinforced concrete. Telegraph posts, lighthouses, light standards, buildings—all are made of that material, and it sets the head reeling to think of the tons of concrete that must have been used in the construction of the locks alone. But in this wonderland you soon lose all sense of proportion, and a battleship entering the locks looks no bigger than a river steamer. On either side of the lock are two electric locomotives with windowed cabs fore and aft, and a turret amidships from which steel cables are paid out. These are made fast to the bows and stern of the entering vessel. The pilot on the bridge waves his arms and the cables are hauled taut, bells clang, and the electric 'mules' grunt and scrunch over their rails towing the largest steamer into the lock with remarkable precision and a complete absence of fuss. Behind each locomotive two or three negroes amble along with spare ropes, but no one else is to be seen. Directly the ship is clear, the huge lock gates close gently behind her, hand-rails rising upon them automatically, and a great fender chain emerges from the depths to hold her back in case of emergency. The entire system is controlled by hidden hands from a conning tower. It is all very mysterious.

CHAPTER XIV

“MOUNTAINS OF SUGAR”

TO the man in the street, the name of Jamaica is probably more familiar than that of any other West Indian island, because it is associated in his mind with rum, cigars, ginger, and bananas. To the leisured classes it is becoming yearly better known as that of an island, possessing a wide range of delightful climates and exquisite scenery, where they can find a refuge from the severity of the English winter, and bask in sunshine to their hearts' content.

Jamaica is the largest of our West Indian colonies, and the oldest of those acquired by conquest, having been captured in 1655 by the disorderly rabble of troops sent out by Cromwell under Admiral Sir William Penn and General Venables against Santo Domingo, where they were ignominiously defeated. It is one of the Greater Antilles, and lies almost across the Windward Passage that separates Cuba from Haiti, and astride the main trade route to the Panama Canal, for which reason it has become a Naboth's vineyard in the eyes of certain politicians in the United States.

When the island was discovered by Columbus on May 3, 1494, it was inhabited by Arawaks, a race of savages who at first assumed a warlike attitude, but were soon reduced to subjection. Many of them with bodies gaudily painted and feather crowns upon their heads sallied forth uttering loud cries and brandishing wooden spears to meet the adventurers; but the Spaniards soon put them

to flight. In the ensuing years many of the Arawaks were sent to Spain, to be exchanged for live-stock and stores. Others were forced to work in the mines, while numbers were ruthlessly butchered at the whim of their captors.

The savages called the island Xaymaca, their word for 'well watered'; but Columbus dedicated it to his patron Saint, St. Iago. It reverted, however, to its Indian name, which became corrupted into 'Jamaica'.

Having practically exterminated the aborigines, the Spaniards, in the sixteenth century, imported African slaves, many of whom took to the mountains after the loss of the island in 1655. These runaways, known as the Maroons, periodically waged guerrilla warfare against the English, but, after their final defeat in 1795, they became their staunch allies when the slaves rose against their masters. Maroons still survive in Maroon Town, and in Accompong in a wild and desolate part of the island known as the Cockpit Country; but the bulk of the population of Jamaica to-day consists of the descendants of the slaves introduced by the English from Africa. They are intensely patriotic, and their attitude towards the United States for which they are sometimes supposed, though quite wrongly, to feel great affection, was admirably summarized by one of their number who declared that while he liked to work under the Stars and Stripes, he preferred to sleep under the Union Jack.

The approach to Jamaica has often been described, but never better than by Michael Scott in *Tom Cringle's Log*, a West Indian classic which every visitor to the island should read.

I went on deck . . . (wrote the hero) and . . . beheld the towering Blue Mountain Peak rising high above the horizon, even at the distance of fifty miles, with its outline clear and distinct against the splendid western sky, now gloriously illumined by the light of the set sun. We stood on under easy sail for the night, and next morning, when day broke, we were off the east end of the magnificent island of Jamaica. The stupendous peak now appeared to rise

close aboard of us, with a large solitary star sparkling on his forehead, and reared his forest-crowned summit high into the cold blue sky, impending over us in frowning magnificence, while the long dark range of the Blue Mountains, with their outlines hard and clear in the grey light, sloped away on each side of him as if they had been the Giant's shoulders. Great masses of white mist hung on their sides about half-way down, but all the valleys and coast as yet slept in the darkness. We could see that the land-wind was blowing strong in-shore, from the darker colour of the water, and the speed with which the coasters, only distinguishable by their white sails, slid along ; while astern of us, out at sea, yet within a cable's length, for we had scarcely shot beyond its influence, the prevailing trade-wind blew a smart breeze, coming up strong to a defined line, beyond which and between it and the influence of the land-wind, there was a belt of dull lead-coloured sea, about half a mile broad, with a long heavy ground-swell rolling, but smooth as glass, and without even a ripple on the surface, in the midst of which we presently lay dead becalmed.

From the south as you steam towards Kingston, the appearance of Jamaica is equally majestic and impressive. The mountains, indistinguishable at first from dark clouds lying low on the horizon, rise higher and higher, until you can discern at their foot a weather-beaten brick fort and the red roofs of the old dockyard town of Port Royal peeping out from the coco-nut palms. Behind the battlements is still preserved the historic 'quarter deck' from which Nelson, when he commanded the batteries in 1779, used to scan the horizon for Comte d'Estaing, whose fleet was believed to be on its way to Jamaica with 25,000 troops on board for the reduction of the island. His coat of arms is painted over the entrance to his quarters, and on a wall near by is a tablet inscribed

In this place
dwelt
Horatio Nelson

You who tread his footprints
Remember his glory.

Port Royal stands at the extremity of a long spit of sand called the Palisadoes, for the most part covered with coco-nut trees and infested by land-crabs, which forms a remarkable natural breakwater enclosing Kingston Harbour. Long before Nelson's day the sleepy little town had the reputation of being the wickedest spot in the universe. In the seventeenth century it was much resorted to by buccaneers and pirates, who squandered their ill-gotten gains in its taverns and brothels. Consequently when in 1692 this sink of iniquity was almost completely demolished by an earthquake, that event was regarded as a judgment. The rector of the parish who was an eye witness of the disaster described how 'whole streets with their inhabitants were swallowed up by the opening of the earth, which, when shut upon them, squeezed the people to death', adding that 'in that manner several were left with their heads above ground'. One Lewis Galdy, a French immigrant, had an astonishing experience. According to the inscription on his tomb which is still preserved at Green Bay, he was 'swallowed up . . . and by the Providence of God was by another shock thrown into the *Sea*, and miraculously saved by swimming until a boat took him up'. The work of destruction was completed by a tidal wave, and a considerable part of the town was submerged. It is said that on a clear day the ruins can still be seen in the water, and Mr. Cundall in *Historic Jamaica* records that in 1859 a diver named Jeremiah Murphy went down, and succeeded in identifying the remains of old Fort James under the buoy marked 'Church Buoy'.

The deep-water channel to Kingston is marked out by these buoys, and passes in succession the Apostles' Battery, with an embrasure for each one of the twelve, and Fort Augusta, grim but derelict, at Mosquito Point. Of Kingston little is to be seen until you are close upon it except the squat dome of the Roman Catholic Church rising above the trees. Ugly piers, jutting out into the sea, several with long tin tabernacles upon them, mar the appearance



ON THE NORTH COAST OF JAMAICA

of the water-front ; but they are comforting to visitors whom they enable to land without the intervention of shore-boats.

Kingston dates from after the old Spanish days. It came into existence after the destruction of Port Royal in 1692, and its importance rapidly increased until, in 1872, it was made the capital of Jamaica in the place of Spanish Town, the old St. Jago de la Vega of the Spaniards, twelve miles away to the west. The town has never really recovered from the fire and earthquake which devastated it on January 14, 1907, sweeping away nearly all of the picturesque old houses with their overhanging balconies that used to characterize it. The events of that terrible day have often been described, how a large party of English visitors had been taken out by Sir Alfred Jones in his palatial liner *Port Kingston* to attend an Agricultural Conference, and how while some were shopping, some were enjoying a siesta after luncheon, and others were at a meeting listening to an address by Mr. J. R. Bovell, a loud rumbling was heard, which developed into a roar, and culminated in an appalling series of bangs and crashes, the whole room being heaved up and down in sharp waves, windows falling out, pictures and clocks tumbling down, the ceiling, on the point of falling, gaping from the walls, which themselves bulged and bent. In a moment all was confusion ; the room was full of dust and falling plaster, and men's faces were blanched with terror. Similar scenes were being witnessed all over the stricken town, and a fire, which the lawyers proved to have broken out before the first shock, added to the work of destruction. Kingston was covered with a shroud of dust, and when this cleared away the dead and dying were seen on all sides. Fully two-thirds of the houses were in ruins, telegraph, telephone, and tram wires lay in a tangle on the streets, and, to add to the horror of the situation, dense smoke rose from the burning buildings. In Kingston alone no fewer than eight hundred persons lost their lives on that day, and it was only by the devoted work and admirable example set by the

Archbishop of the West Indies and others that panic was averted.

The earthquake has been long forgotten, though traces of its effects may still be seen in unsightly gaps where owners have been unable or unwilling to rebuild. The most notable example of the architecture of old Kingston surviving is Headquarter House in Duke Street, where the Legislature meets. Mr. Cundall tells how it was built as the result of a wager, into which four wealthy merchants, Jasper Hall, Thomas Hibbert, John Bull, and another entered, as to which of them would erect the finest building. History does not record who won; but Headquarter House, built by Hibbert, could hardly have been excelled for noble proportions and quiet dignity. The members of the local parliament now assemble periodically in its panelled dining-room, where the sugar lord used to regale his friends in days gone by. The Governor, as President, is accommodated on a dais, whilst the Honourable Members sit like boys at school at desks below him, the officials on his right and the elected members on his left, and visitors are seated almost among them on the floor of the House, an arrangement which hardly makes for healthy debate. There is talk of the erection of a more suitable Chamber for the Legislature. If it should materialize, one must hope that Headquarter House will be preserved as a national monument.

Of the new buildings in Kingston, those devoted to the various Government Departments are the most notable. They stand on either side of King Street, the principal thoroughfare. Long and low, and with flat chimneyless roofs and recessed galleries, they present pleasing contrasts of light and shade, and recall vaguely the East.

To the east of the eastern block is a well-laid-out garden, in the centre of which is raised a beautiful cross of stone and marble hewn in the island to the memory of the 1,101 Jamaicans who fell in the Great War. Of the 15,501 officers and men who constituted the British West Indies Regiment, no fewer than 10,380 came from Jamaica,

and it would be impossible to lavish too much praise on those gallant volunteers who crossed four thousand miles of ocean to face an unknown foe in a climate to which they were quite unaccustomed. The regiment was employed on nearly every battle front, and showed courage in the face of the enemy, and a remarkable steadiness under fire, to which both Lord Haig and Lord Allenby have borne testimony. This deserves to be placed on record, since a breezy American traveller, in a book on the West Indies published a few years ago, made disparaging remarks about the ‘B.W.I.’s’, as the regiment was called, and has suggested that official reports of their bravery in action were ‘cooked’. He had evidently not read the account which Mr. W. T. Massey, *The Times* correspondent with the Egyptian Expeditionary Force, sent home after the capture of Amman, in which they took a brilliant part.

I have just returned (cabled that well-known journalist) from witnessing our mounted men’s triumphant capture of Amman. . . . The Anzac Mounted Division east of the Jordan were assisted by some infantry, including a battalion of British West Indians, whose gallant bayonet charge on the banks of the Jordan won the admiration of the colonial veterans.

Brigadier-General E. W. Chaytor, whose attention was called to the remarks of the roaming American traveller, in a letter which lies before me, made no attempt to disguise his indignation at the slight thrown on the B.W.I.’s who were under his command at the time. He wrote :—

Statements to the effect that the British West Indies Regiment was useless, that it did not distinguish itself in the advance to Amman, and that the favourable reports about the regiment published in General Orders were untrue, and were only prompted for diplomatic reasons, are absolutely false, and I assure you that all I said of the B.W.I.’s, either in my reports or when speaking to them at Ram Allah on November 25, 1918, was true, and was prompted by no other motive than my appreciation of their work and of the great

assistance they had given to me and my division during a difficult operation.

Previous to the two British West Indies Battalions coming under my command in the Jordan Valley, I had not met them, nor have I ever been in the West Indies or had any interest there; consequently I could have had no reason to favour them, and it must be obvious that neither the G.O.C. N.Z.M.R. Brigade nor I was likely to award an undue share of the credit for the success of the operations to an attached unit. Further, no one ever tried to influence me as to what I should say in my reports on the B.W.I.'s or on any other unit. Those for the period when the B.W.I.'s were under my command were rendered direct to G.H.Q., and Lord Allenby is the last man to allow, still less to instruct, a subordinate to give praise which he considered was not deserved.

My knowledge of the work done by the B.W.I.'s was derived from reports by the G.O.C. New Zealand Mounted Rifles Brigade, and from officers on my staff, and also from personal observation of their work in the line, of much of their fighting on September 19th, 20th, and 21st, and of the condition of the 1st Battalion when it arrived at Amman, and its work there.

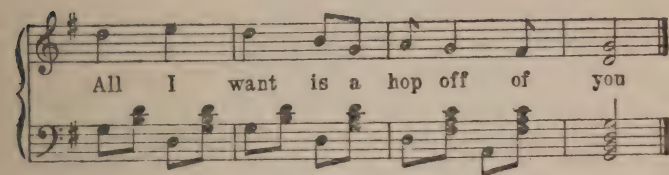
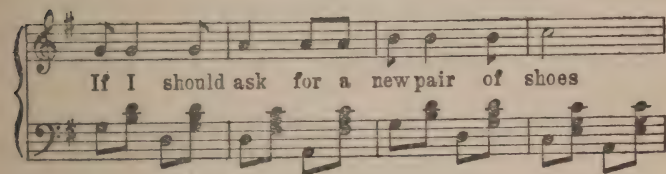
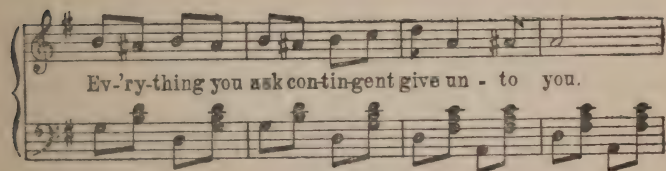
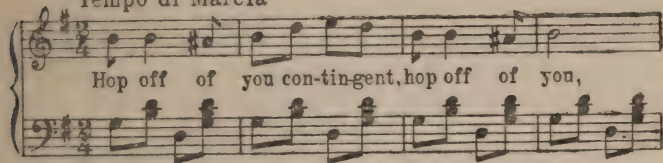
Since my reports were written, I have frequently heard officers and men of the N.Z.M.R. Brigade, who had fought alongside the B.W.I.'s, speak of them, and all, without exception, have expressed appreciation of the 'Westies' and of the help they gave to the Brigade.

The 'B.W.I.'s' were a care-free crowd. Nothing could damp their ardour and enthusiasm when the weather was warm, and they presented a businesslike appearance as they swung along singing their own particular marching song composed by one of their number, the words and music of which are reproduced on the opposite page.

The old Parish Church in Kingston was so badly damaged by the earthquake that it had to be rebuilt, and reinforced concrete has been substituted for its ancient red bricks, but the chancel still enshrines the slate-grey tombstone of 'John Benbow, Esq., Admiral of the White, a true pattern of English courage, who lost his life in defence

of his Queene and Country, November ye 4th, 1702'. Benbow was cruelly let down by his captains. On August 19th with seven English ships he encountered a French squadron of inferior strength under Monsieur du

Tempo di Marcia



The "B. W. I.'s" Marching Song

Casse, but five of his captains refused to fight. The ship of another was speedily disabled, but undismayed the gallant Benbow in the *Breda* engaged the enemy single handed. Three times he was boarded, and when shot in the leg he said, 'I had rather have lost them both than

have seen dishonour brought upon the English nation. . . . If another shot should take them off, behave like brave men and fight it out ! ' The day was lost, but the *Breda* escaped capture, and returned with the wounded Admiral on board to Kingston, where he died in the fifty-second year of his age. Two of his cowardly captains were tried by a Council of War, and were sent home and shot on board the *Bristol*, without being permitted to set foot again on English soil, a third was condemned to imprisonment and loss of pay, and a fourth died in dishonour.

King's House, the seat of the Governor about four miles to the north of Kingston, has also been concreted. Like the Public Buildings, it has a look of the East about it, and the flying buttresses of its great ball-room give that part of the building the air of a cathedral.

Several of the banks also show what can be done to produce decorative effects with reinforced concrete, and the admirable proportions of 'Barclays', with its copper domes and vivid green jalousies, makes one regret that building regulations were not laid down to secure some uniformity of design and style about the buildings in the new Kingston.

The streets are wide and not entirely dustless. The more important are traversed by electric cars and motors innumerable, whose gongs and raucous horns drown all other sounds ; but in the side streets one can still hear the negro hucksters with their straw hats and turbans and their starched white dresses, calling out such cries as ' Ripe banana 'gwine pass ' (going past), ' Buy yo' yam ! Buy yo' sweet potato ! ' or ' Haat patties an' cruss ! ' (hot patties and crust) ; and nearer the hotels you may find tireless vendors of walking-sticks made of native woods lying in wait for the tourist.

Visitors to the West Indies must not expect to find hotels of the Ritz-Carlton variety in the islands, and such caravanserais would be altogether out of place in the tropics. They will, however, experience no difficulty about finding clean and comfortable accommodation. In Jamaica

there are hotels to suit all purses in and near Kingston, at Port Antonio, Mandeville, Moneague, Holly Mount on Mount Diablo, St. Ann's Bay, and Montego Bay. One has to admit that those under American management in Kingston and Port Antonio are the best ; but they are also the most expensive. Indeed, Sir Richard Stapley, a wealthy Manchester merchant, was so incensed at the rates that English visitors were being asked to pay at one of them, when he was visiting the island in 1922, that he bought the Constant Spring Hotel which had been closed since the beginning of the war, furnished it, and, hoisting over its towers the largest Union Jack he could obtain, threw it open to visitors—all within three weeks. To the regret of his beneficiaries this public-spirited merchant died at sea on his way home to England, and his hotel was destroyed by fire a few years later.

The Myrtle Bank survives, and may be regarded as the focus of social activities in the capital. It has a delightful open-air restaurant, whose tables are usually well laden with oranges, bananas, mangoes, sapodillas, soursops, and other tropical fruits, and a lawn running down to the harbour's edge. When the big tourist steamers arrive, and their passengers—usually attired in 'plus fours' and Norfolk jackets, a most unsuitable get-up for the tropics—descend upon it in search of refreshment, it presents an animated scene. These passing visitors do not see much of Jamaica. No sooner are they ashore than they are packed like sardines in motor-cars and rushed to the other American hotel at Port Antonio, and then rushed breathlessly back again, smothered in dust, just in time to re-embark.

Jamaica has mastered the art of providing for the entertainment of her visitors. There is in Kingston an admirable social club standing in a walled garden, and, on the plain beyond, the Liguanea Club, by far the best country club in the British West Indies. Towards this rendezvous the members and their friends direct their cars every afternoon round about four o'clock. Arrived there, they indulge in

tennis, polo, golf, and other games, or dance until night falls, when the rattle of the cocktail shaker is heard. Another popular resort is the Bournemouth Baths to the east of Kingston, where there is a delightful swimming pool in which mixed bathing is permitted, and a capital dancing floor.

The merchants of Kingston no longer live over or near their offices, having migrated to the suburbs, the most popular residential quarter being the Liguanea Plain to the north, which Sir Harry Johnston once described as resembling parts of Brixton ('Mind you, the very best parts of Brixton', he said) set down in the tropics. That was doing Liguanea an injustice. The plain certainly has some red-brick villas, and can be reached by electric tramcars, but there the fancied resemblance begins and ends. The houses in Jamaica are far prettier than anything Brixton can boast, standing as they do in gardens in which plumbago, allamandas, bougainvilleas, hibiscus of many hues and shapes, and clitoria run riot. Characteristic of this neighbourhood are the quaint cactus and pinguin hedges. The cactus hedges look like rows of immense cucumbers, each with parallel lines of prickles along its length that must make them impassable even by cattle capable of consuming prickly pears and Turk's head cacti. The pinguin fence looks even more formidable, and is said to be very effective in keeping away thieves. This pinguin is a variety of wild pineapple, and has long narrow leaves with dreadful thorns upon them. The presence of these plants points to the soil being dry and sandy. Nevertheless, the plain is well covered by trees, and Hope Gardens, a beautiful botanic station, formerly a sugar estate owned at one time by Lady Temple, Marchioness of Buckingham, not far from this neighbourhood, supports a wealth of tropical plants and trees, though they are not so richly luxuriant as those in Castleton Gardens in St. Mary on the road between Kingston and Annotto Bay.

'High, high, high up in the hills' behind the capital, appearing as white specks on the mountain-side, are the



THE MILITARY CANTONMENTS AT NEWCASTLE, JAMAICA

military cantonments of Newcastle, hanging in terraces like a monastery in Tibet. Formerly one had to drive up the valley of the Hope River to Gordon Town and then take to the saddle or ‘Shanks’s pony’ to reach that elevated base; but now one can ride all the way in a motor-car by a zig-zag road commanding superb views of Kingston Harbour. Perched at a height of four thousand feet above the level of the sea, these barracks were erected by Sir Charles Metcalfe, Governor from 1839 to 1841, for the benefit of the white troops, which were literally decimated by yellow fever during the ‘sickly season’ on the plains. In this eyrie the remnant of the white garrison must find time hang rather heavily on its hands, since there are no shops, and no petticoats for miles, and few of the amenities that make garrison life what it is; but to compensate for these shortcomings there is the fresh mountain air and exquisite scenery.

Wayfarers who wisely decide to make the ‘grand tour’ of Jamaica—and it can be accomplished comfortably in a few days—should not fail to carry with them a book entitled *Historic Jamaica*, since it contains a wealth of romantic history and information. Its author, Mr. Frank Cundall, is the gifted Secretary and Librarian of the Institute of Jamaica, a society devoted to the encouragement of literature, science, and art, and is himself a local institution. A Londoner by birth, Mr. Cundall became a Jamaican by adoption in 1891, and since that year his output of books and magazine articles regarding Jamaica has been simply prodigious. He has also collected the finest library of West Indian books existing in either hemisphere, and has established a picture gallery of scenery and portraits of local worthies that is a complete epitome of Jamaica history, besides a museum containing, in addition to geological specimens and examples of the fauna of the island, many objects of interest associated with the life and history of the colony, such as the maces of the old House of Assembly and Legislative Council, an old Spanish bell, engulfed at the time of the earthquake of

1692, and subsequently retrieved from the depths of the harbour, and the famous Shark Papers. These are the identical papers found by Lieutenant Michael Fitton, R.N., in the maw of a shark off Jacmel in 1799 which led to the condemnation of the brig *Nancy* after she had been captured on suspicion that she was sailing under false colours. The visitor is freely permitted to browse among these treasures and books, the inspection of which will add greatly to the enjoyment of his tour.

Jamaica has upwards of 2,300 miles of main roads, which make it one of the best of the West Indian islands for motoring. In 1906 Mr. H. C. Davenport, an enterprising subaltern in the West India Regiment, imported an English 'Rover', which was No. 1 on the local register. Then American cars began to come in. The English manufacturers failed to take up the challenge, with the result that automobiles from the Land of Liberty now hold the road. This is due partly to the war, which prevented the English manufacturers from delivering the goods at a time when planters and merchants were prosperous and were buying cars, and partly to the cheapness of the American 'machine', and the enterprise of its manufacturers who supply the garages with 'spares' for their own particular makes. If English manufacturers were to adopt a similar policy, their cars would be more extensively used.

The broad highway between Kingston and Spanish Town runs in places almost parallel with an historic section of the Jamaica Railway—historic because it was the first iron road to be constructed in the western tropics. The prospectus of the concern was issued in the year of 'railway mania', and this perhaps accounts for the fact that though the original line was only ten or twelve miles in length, it cost no less than £222,250 to build! This 'golden line' as it might well be called, for many years came to a dead end at the Angels, just beyond Spanish Town; but it has long since been extended right across the island to Montego Bay, while branches serve Ewarton, Clarendon, and Port Antonio. The main railway follows, for the greater part

of its length, a very inconvenient route, passing through the desolate and rocky Cockpit country, which, though pleasing to the eye on account of its rugged scenery, is perfectly useless for agriculture. After enduring many vicissitudes the railway is now owned by the local government and is well cared for; but most people who can afford to do so prefer to travel by road.

The high road passes the historic Ferry Inn, once a favourite ‘pull up’ for travellers. Lady Nugent, wife of Sir George Nugent, Governor of Jamaica from 1801 to 1806, refers to it more than once in her entertaining journal. On June 13, 1803, she wrote:—

Sent carriages, soon after 5, into Spanish Town, for the Murphy family, who slept there. Soon after breakfast, General N. set off with Mr. M. in the curricule, to visit the estates between this and Kingston called the Camoens (Caymanas). After second breakfast Mrs. and the Misses Murphy with me in the sociable. The rest of the party in kittareens, phaetons, and on horse-back, all proceeded to the Ferry Inn to meet the Admiral and a large party at dinner. We had sent on to order the dinner, a few days before, and all that Jamaica produces was ready to be served up. The poor Admiral, however, was so overcome with fatigue and the heat of the day, that he was quite ill, and obliged to leave the table. In consequence we all separated early. Mr. and Mrs. M. went with the Admiral, and are to be his guests till Wednesday. I took my seat in the curricule with General N., and all our young people went in the sociable; and really if it had not been for Sir J. T. Duckworth’s illness it would have been a merry party. As it was, I was much entertained; for the Inn is situated on the road between Kingston and Spanish Town, and it was very diverting to see the odd figures and extraordinary equipages constantly passing—kittareens, sulkies, mules, and donkies. Then a host of gentlemen, who were taking their sangaree in the Piazza; and their vulgar buckism amused me very much. Some of them got half tipsy, and then began petitioning me for my interest with His Honour—to redress the grievance of one, to give a place to another, and so forth; in short it was a picture of Hogarth. . . .

Just beyond the seventh milestone is another link with the past—the immense silk-cotton-tree immortalized by *Tom Cringle's Log*. Of these trees in general and this one in particular the author of the *Log* wrote :—

We clambered up into one of them, a large umbrageous wild cotton-tree, which cast a shadow on the ground—the sun being, as already mentioned, right overhead—of thirty paces in diameter ; but still it was but a dwarfish plant of its kind, for I have measured others whose gigantic shadows, at the same hour, were upwards of one hundred and fifty feet in diameter, and their trunks, one in particular that overhangs the Spanish Town road, twenty feet through of solid timber ; that is, not including the enormous spurs that shoot out like buttresses, and end in strong twisted roots, that strike deep into the earth, and form stays, as it were, to the tree in all directions.

It has been said that when it was St. Iago de la Vega—or St. James of the Plains—Spanish Town possessed ‘ five or six stately churches and chapples, and one Monastery of Franciscan Fryers ’ ; but that was probably an exaggeration. At any rate no trace of them now remains, and the handsome red-brick cathedral, and the imposing buildings round King’s Square, date from after English occupation. The cathedral, which is the oldest in the British dominions, contains many monuments, including several of English governors and their wives, the most impressive being one by Bacon to the memory of the Earl and Countess of Effingham, who died in 1790. The building is lofty and spacious, and one wonders where the congregation could have come from to fill it, for Spanish Town is now sadly deserted. King’s Square, once the focus of social and political life of the island, bears witness to the former importance of the town. The buildings round it look substantial, but only the façade of King’s House remains, the rest of it having been destroyed by fire in 1925. It is a pity that no attempt has been made to rebuild the house, for it was once regarded as the ‘ noblest best edifice of the kind either in North America or any

of the British Colonies in the West Indies'. On the east side is the old House of Assembly, on the south the Court House, and on the north the Rodney memorial, consisting of a classic temple surmounted by a cupola and lanthorn, supported by open arches and connected with the neighbouring buildings by colonnades. A statue of the naval hero from the chisel of the elder Bacon stands under the cupola. He is incongruously dressed in the scanty garb of a Roman warrior, and on either side of him is a bronze cannon from the *Ville de Paris*, the flagship of de Grasse whom, as described on another page, he defeated in the Battle of the Saints, thus preserving Jamaica from certain attack, and probable capture by the French.

Anthony Trollope declared that three people would make a crowd in New Amsterdam. That remark would apply equally to Spanish Town to-day. The old capital is now a ghost of its former self; but the simple grandeur of its public buildings enables one to picture the scenes it must have presented in the eighteenth century, and later when they were fully occupied and the chariots rumbled through the streets carrying fashionable ladies and their cavaliers in brilliant uniforms to the routs and assemblies at King's House. The old-time Governors lived in great style. As recently as 1849 Sir Charles Grey used to ride in a state coach drawn by four horses with outriders, and two footmen in handsome liveries holding straps behind the carriage, and, on ceremonial occasions, the Admiral, the Commodore of the Station, the General Commanding the Forces, and the Chief Justice and Judges in their robes, and the Foreign Consuls in their uniforms made up a brilliant picture.

After roaming about the sleepy streets all full of memories of the past, it is refreshing to visit the great sugar factory at Barnard Lodge, and to hear the scrunching of the sugar-canes by the huge mills, and the whirl of the machinery. No one could say that Jamaica is behindhand in sugar production after seeing this factory with locomotives dragging to its maws great trucks similar to those used

in Cuba, which are ingeniously tilted over on a movable table to drop their loads of canes on to the endless belt that carries them to the mills.

Near Spanish Town is the romantic gorge unromantically known as Bog Walk. The Spaniards called it *Boca del Agua*, a prettier name than the English corruption of it. Here the Rio Cobre, or Copper River, rushes and tumbles over its stony bed between steep and rocky cliffs on its way to the sea. The road alongside it is in some parts level with the purling waters, and in others high above them on the face of overhanging precipices. Near the town the river fills an irrigation canal which, though artificial, possesses a rare beauty and charm. In this tropical backwater, feathery bamboos and graceful coco-nut palms almost meet overhead, and are reflected in the clear blue waters that render the happy planters in St. Catherine almost independent of the seasons, as the rains are called. Higher up the Rio Cobre, the waters of the upper reaches are kept back by a dam to furnish electric power for the tramways and lighting of Kingston ; but even this barrier fails to detract from the wild beauty of the scene.

Beyond Bog Walk the road ascends by steeper gradients, affording magnificent views, through gaps in groves of banana-trees, of the spacious vale known as the Sixteen Mile Walk, with the purple Blue Mountains deeply indented with valleys of a darker shade beyond. The primitive huts of the squatters, with their breadfruit-trees, papaws, coco-nut palms, and trailing yam plants become fewer and farther between, and just over the summit of the glorious pass, unjustly called Mount Diablo, is Moneague, a picturesque hamlet which inspired Ella Wheeler Willcox to write :—

A lovely Princess throned in high estate,
And like a watchful army in command,
The stately mountains round about her stand
While the four winds of Heaven upon her wait ;
Great orchestras of birds make glad her bowers,
And nature brings her gifts of fruit and flowers.

Then comes the descent to the breezy north coast through the narrow defile appropriately called the Fern Gully, since its sides are clothed with ferns of every conceivable kind, including tiny golden, silver, and maidenhair ferns, many of which would be considered rare in a conservatory at home, and giant tree-ferns that could not be excelled for beauty even in New Zealand, the home of that variety. This wonderful ravine brings one at last to Ocho Rios on the coast. From there the road hugs the seashore except for a short distance beyond Dry Harbour all the way to Montego Bay.

The north side of Jamaica is Columbus's country. St. Ann's Bay, an exquisite little hamlet half hidden by coconut palms, was the discoverer's Santa Gloria. It was near to it that he established the town of Sevilla Nueva, of which no trace whatever now remains. Dry Harbour has been identified as Puerto Bueno, where Columbus first set foot on Jamaica in 1492, and Don Christopher's Cove is the spot where, in 1503, on his last voyage, he ran his worm-eaten caravels ashore when they were no longer able to cope with the fierce storms of the Atlantic.

Within easy reach of St. Ann's Bay are the Roaring River Falls which were 'featured' (abominable phrase) in the film called *The Daughter of the Gods*. The falls convey the impression of having overwhelmed a tropical forest, tumbling down, as they do, in foaming white cascades over irregular terraces and rocks on which trees and plants, drenched with spray, have managed to secure a precarious foothold. These falls have also been immortalized by the postage stamps of the colony, on one series of which they are very inadequately portrayed.

In the eighteenth century, the greater part of this coast was under sugar-cane, but bananas and coco-nuts are now its principal crops. Near Montego Bay, however, there is still a large group of important sugar estates which yielded prodigious wealth to the sugar lords in the eighteenth century, and still pay their way. A feature of the coast to-day is also the immensely tall coco-nut

palms that fringe some of the roads leading to the great houses of the old sugar estates.

One of the most interesting of these great houses is Rose Hall, formerly the seat of John Rose Palmer, Esq., of the callous cruelty of whose second wife many stories are told. If they are to be believed, that inhuman wretch cut off the head of a pretty negress, to whom she considered her stepson was paying too great attention, and preserved it in spirits. For the slightest offence she used to flog her slaves mercilessly on their bare backs until they were smothered in blood. When she met and fascinated Mr. Palmer she had already been married three times, and it was rumoured that not one of her former husbands had died in his bed. It was said, too, that she wore a ring ominously inscribed, 'If I survive I shall have five'. Fortunately, however, she did not survive. One day while she was flogging a boy with a whip he turned on her and seized her by the throat. Other slaves eager for revenge then fell upon her and, smothering her with a mattress, trampled upon it until there was no breath left in her body.

Rose Hall is now deserted and forlorn, its two wings have fallen down and its appearance is dilapidated; but enough of the fabric remains to enable one to realize what a handsome mansion it must have been when it was first erected in 1760 at a cost of £30,000. Its entrance was reached by a double flight of steps in the Italian style, and it was fitted throughout with mahogany and other 'costly woods'. Now its only inhabitants are bats and the ghost of the notorious Mrs. Palmer. In the Parish Church at Montego Bay there is a noble monument to Rosa Palmer by Bacon, comprising a graceful female leaning on an urn. A blue vein in her neck suggestive of strangulation once led to the belief that the figure represented the murderess; but the inscription below makes it clear that the monument was erected to the memory of Mr. Palmer's first wife, whose many virtues are touchingly recorded upon it.

The old Spanish settlers were a lazy lot. They preferred hunting the Arawaks and wild hogs to the pursuit of

agriculture, and after Jamaica had been in their possession for 150 years only one hundredth part of the island was under cultivation. The production of hog's-butter, or lard, was their principal industry, and to this circumstance Montego Bay is said to owe its name, Montego being a corruption of *manteca*, the Spanish word for 'butter'. Long, in 1774, described this commodious port as the 'emporium of the western part of the island', but he could never have dreamt of the prosperity that would be brought to it by the banana industry, of which it is one of the chief centres.

Montego Bay lies on the shores of an exquisitely beautiful bay dotted with tiny coral atolls called the Bogue Islands. In the neighbourhood of the town, many charming little villas have sprung up in recent years, but the principal attraction is the celebrated bathing-place known as Doctor's Cove, where disciples of Sir Herbert Barker, who has visited it more than once, can indulge in sun baths on the peerless white coral sands 'mit (practically) nodings on', or a plunge into the deep blue water in which it is almost impossible to sink, so impregnated is it with salt.

Crossing the island to the south side you pass through some of the finest grazing land in Jamaica, where the industry of cattle raising is called pen-keeping. These pens resemble large English parks; but their spreading trees are far larger than any seen at home. Among the most famous pens are those of Knockalva and Shettlewood, where you may see great herds of Indian cattle browsing in the lush pastures.

Marryat in *King's Own* has a story of an old lady who, when told by her grandson that he had seen in the West Indies whole mountains of sugar with rivers of rum between them, declared that she knew this to be true. If such physiographical abnormalities really existed in the West Indies they would surely be seen in the parish of Westmoreland, in Jamaica, whose rolling plains have for generations been devoted to the cultivation of sugar-cane. If the chief topic in Montego Bay is the banana, it is sugar in

Savannah-la-Mar, the chief town of the parish, from which sugar and rum are shipped. The town is little more than one long broad street running down to the sea, with a commodious Court House, a church, and at the seaward end a simple, but hospitable, social club. It was from the fertile soil of Westmoreland that the Beckford family, which gave London a famous Lord Mayor and literature the author of *Vathek*, derived its wealth, after Peter Beckford, who is referred to by Pepys in his diary, settled in Jamaica in the second half of the seventeenth century.

From Savannah-la-Mar the most pleasant route back to Kingston is by way of Black River, an old-fashioned town of wooden houses whose upper floors, supported on columns, overhang the pavement, through Lacovia, or over the Santa Cruz Mountains, across a broad valley, and Spur Tree Hill to Mandeville, and thence by the main road that follows the railway. At Lacovia you will be agreeably surprised to see what neat little houses are being built by the more self-respecting of the small settlers. The ascent of Spur Tree Hill up a road with a rich brick-red surface is a delight, since the air becomes more and more invigorating the higher you get, and you wonder why no attempt has been made to solve the water problem and establish a residential quarter on its summit. As it is, you would have difficulty in replenishing your radiator, if it were not for a syndicate of black children who lie in wait for passing motor-cars with kerosene tins of the precious liquid, thus showing enterprise that is deserving of its reward.

From the summit the road descends by gentle gradients to Mandeville, a health resort, some 2,500 feet above the sea, which is much frequented by visitors from England and America. Named after the eldest son of the Duke of Manchester, who was Governor in 1813-21, it is, next to Barbados, the most English place in the West Indies. It is built round about a typical village green, but with a lofty cabbage-palm in the centre instead of elms and oaks. On one side of this green is the Court House; on the other the old brick parish church with a square tower. The

sixth Lord Abinger once told the author of a strange experience he had had in connexion with this church. During a visit to Jamaica he happened to arrive at Mandeville one evening at sunset, and to kill time before dinner he strolled over from his hotel to the church. Entering the churchyard he saw lights in the building, and thought therefore that he would like to have a look inside. He accordingly tried to open the door. It was locked. He then walked round the churchyard to find a vantage point from which he could look through one of the windows. After stumbling about in the darkness he at last found a suitable tomb, and climbing on to it, was able to look into the church, but though the lights still fitfully appeared not a soul was to be seen. He therefore returned to his hotel. Next morning, out of curiosity, he retraced his steps on the grass in the churchyard, and was amazed to find that the tomb on which he had stood was that of his ancestor, Sir William Scarlett, Chief Justice of Jamaica from 1821 to 1832.

Besides these health-giving mountain resorts Jamaica has several medicinal springs, but enterprise has been lacking, and little has been done to develop them. The Bath of St. Thomas the Apostle in St. Thomas-in-the-east, and the Milk River Bath in Vere have received high praise from eminent doctors, and their development on the lines of a continental spa is periodically discussed, but yet they remain unexploited.

The road to the east end of Jamaica and round it to Port Antonio crosses several ‘ dry ’ rivers. Where unbridged, these become impassable when heavy rains fall in the mountains. Some of these ‘ dry ’ rivers must be a hundred yards or more wide, and their beds may be so altered in a single night by the raging torrents they occasionally carry to the sea, as to make it difficult to get into them and out again. After passing Harbour Head, where old ‘ Grog ’ Vernon and Rodney used to water their ships, and the historic Rockfort, an ancient fortress that spans the road, these watercourses are encountered. At Roselle a pretty view

of a cascade is obtained, and you will be shown the mountain where the bandit Three-Fingered Jack had his cave. Small patches under cane, coco-nuts, and bananas are succeeded by extensive plantations, and after passing through a little town of insignificant though not unpicturesque wooden houses, you reach a small open square, with a Court House on the brink of an undercliff overlooking the sea. This unpretentious little building was the principal scene of the rebellion of 1865, when the very existence of Jamaica as a civilized colony was imperilled. For some months the island had been in a state of unrest owing to the high cost of food-stuffs due to the American Civil War. To make matters worse the Governor, Mr. John Edward Eyre, was at loggerheads with Members of the Assembly, and only a spark was wanted to set the island aflame. On October 7th the conflagration burst out. On that fatal day, whilst the magistrates were trying a negro in the Court House for trespass, an unruly mob armed with bludgeons, and accompanied by a band, broke into the building and rescued the prisoner. Two days later a warrant was issued for the apprehension of twenty-eight of the rioters at the village of Stoney Gut, whence they had come; but all attempts to execute it proved fruitless owing to the hostile attitude of the people.

Baron von Ketelhodt, the Custos, or Chief Magistrate of the parish, a naturalized British subject, accordingly reported the occurrence to Governor Eyre, who at once instructed the naval and military authorities to be prepared to give assistance if it should be needed. It arrived, however, too late, for on October 11th, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, whilst the magistrates were deliberating as to what should be done, a further determined attack was made on the Court House. The Deputy Clerk of the Peace hurriedly lined up in front of the building the few volunteers whom he had summoned from Bath, and von Ketelhodt, standing on the steps, exhorted the mob not to enter the square. His appeal proved of no avail. The people pressed on, and the Riot Act having

been read, the volunteers fired a volley. Then, before they could reload, they were overwhelmed by force of numbers. The infuriated crowd thereupon raided the police barracks near by, and rushed to the Court House, which they endeavoured to storm. Failing to enter it, some of the miscreants then set fire to the building, and the occupants being now compelled to evacuate it, were killed almost to a man.

Retribution followed swiftly. Martial law was proclaimed, and many of the ringleaders in the affair, including George William Gordon, of Cherry Garden, who by his speeches had aroused the passions of the people, were put to death. The rebellion was then at an end; but for many years thereafter the deplorable episode was the subject of acrimonious discussion in Parliament, in the Law Courts, and in the Press, and to this day the action of Governor Eyre in causing Gordon to be removed from a district where there was no martial law to one where it was in force, is periodically cited in the Courts of Justice throughout the British Empire.

The Court House, rebuilt soon after these disturbances, is a two-storied building of limestone, distempered yellow, with steep sloping red roof. The court and offices are reached by a double staircase constructed of brick. Behind the building is a yard, paved with red bricks, and the embrasures of an ancient fort looking out to sea. In front of it is a flagstaff on which the Union Jack, the symbol of liberty and ordered government, still floats, and on Sundays the voices of the congregation singing psalms and hymns are wafted across the green through the open windows of the little parish church near by, making it hard for one to realize that the quiet of this peaceful little village could ever have been disturbed by such terrible events as those of 1865.

Diagonally to the north-west from Morant Bay stretches the broad Blue Mountain Valley, in which stands the modernized sugar factory of Serge Island, whose owner, an enterprising Canadian, has thrown a mighty dam across

the Johnson River to provide it with hydro-electric power for its great mills. Recently another large central sugar factory has sprung up in this district, with a distinguished board of Scottish notables headed by the Duke of Atholl.

About nine or ten miles to the east of Morant Bay is the spot where Major Luke Stokes, the aged Governor of Nevis, landed with 1,600 settlers from that island at the invitation of Cromwell. Within six weeks of their arrival the old man and his wife died, leaving three sons, of whom the eldest was only fifteen years of age. One of the boys was granted a compassionate commission by the Protector, and, according to Long, the historian, either he, or one of his brothers, 'formed a very good plantation'; but 'near two-thirds of these unfortunate planters at Morante were buried before the end of March; the rest were reduced to a sickly condition and the danger of starving, for want of strength either to gather in their crops of provisions already come to maturity, or to plant anew'. Nevertheless, the remnant of the settlers having recovered their health and reaped their harvest, 'were exempted from the calamities which oppressed the other inhabitants, and proceeded in their labours with great ardour and success'.

The settlers probably landed in the narrow gulf called Port Morant, at the head of which is Bowden, now one of the chief centres of activity of the United Fruit Company, whose Jamaica headquarters are at Port Antonio on the opposite side of the island. That town, which occupies the site of an old Spanish settlement, has two fine and secure harbours formed by a hilly promontory jutting out into a bay. It is divided into two parts, Upper and Lower Tichfield, so called after the second title of the Duke of Portland, Governor of Jamaica when it was founded in 1723. On the promontory is the Tichfield Hotel, and there is scarcely a week in the year in which one or more vessels flying the flag of the Great White Fleet of the United Fruit Company, to which it belongs, do not enter the port.

Whenever you see two or more people holding an

animated discussion in Port Antonio you may safely bet that they are talking about bananas. Gauged by values, that fruit heads the list of exports from the island, although the development of the industry is only of comparatively recent growth. Its originator was Captain L. D. Baker, the master of a sailing ship trading between Boston (Mass.) and Jamaica. On his homeward voyages he used to take with him a few bunches of bananas for his friends, and the fruit was so much appreciated that he began to ship it on a commercial scale. The hard-bitten old skipper, finding that his venture was meeting with success, decided to go one better and send a shipment of bananas to New York. He accordingly arranged with Captain Peploe Forwood to ship a consignment in one of the steamers of the Atlas line destined for that port. Proceeding to the dock on the day of sailing, Captain Baker discovered that the bananas were being treated as deck cargo. This infuriated him, and swinging himself over the rail with a carpet bag in his hand, he declared that that was the last time he would ask any one to ship bananas for him. It was. On reaching the United States he enlisted the help of some financiers, and shortly afterwards the Boston Fruit Company was formed. Steamers were built expressly for the banana trade, and thus the foundations were laid for the vast industry which saved Jamaica from bankruptcy and brought unwonted prosperity to several of the republics of Central and South America.

The Company was reorganized as the United Fruit Company, which is now a vast concern with ramifications in Cuba, Honduras, Costa Rica, and Colombia, as well as Jamaica. Its assets exceed \$203,000,000, and it controls a fleet of no fewer than eighty-six vessels with an aggregate tonnage of 339,500 tons.

Until 1900 the entire crop of Jamaica bananas was shipped to the United States, but in that year, in order to provide a fresh outlet for it, a contract was entered into by the Imperial Government with a company under the control of Sir Alfred Jones, which undertook for a

subsidy of £40,000 a year, to be paid in equal shares by the Governments of the United Kingdom and Jamaica, to carry 20,000 bunches of bananas every fortnight from Jamaica to England. It was soon conclusively proved that the *Gros Michel* banana of the West Indies, which is hardier than the *Musa Cavendishii* of the Canary Islands, could be carried across the Atlantic without being crated, and satisfactorily marketed in England, but in 1903 a severe hurricane in Jamaica reduced the output of fruit to such an extent that Sir Alfred Jones was unable to fill his ships, and was compelled to turn for supplies to the United Fruit Company, which thereupon secured the control of his line. This it continued to hold until 1911, when the contract expired. Thereafter Elders and Fyffes, which had been loading the steamers, continued to ship fruit on their own account, and they now provide Jamaica with a weekly passenger steamer service to and from ports in the United Kingdom, and a fortnightly service on the route Avonmouth-Barbados-Trinidad-Port Limón-Colon-Jamaica and back. Each homeward steamer carries fully 70,000 bunches of bananas, mostly, however, loaded at foreign ports.

Jamaica planters have felt aggrieved at the Company refusing to carry freight or fruit on consignment for individuals, but it is claimed that the ships are specially designed for the banana trade, and that it would not pay to load general cargo in England, since there would not be sufficient to compensate for the damage that would be caused to the special contrivances erected in the holds for storing bananas. Another grievance has been that the steamers do not carry fruit for individual proprietors, but the reply to this is that the Company is not satisfied with the grading unless it is carried out by its own inspectors. But, in any case, Messrs. Elders and Fyffes receive no subsidy or special facilities denied to others, and they are, therefore, fully entitled to manage their own affairs and to conduct their business as they wish. That is entirely their own affair. Meanwhile, the aim of the Jamaica planters

is to secure the establishment of an independent fruit, freight, and passenger service, and they are confident that the production of bananas, which has already reached 20,000,000 bunches a year, could be sufficiently developed to ensure regular shipments of fruit to the United Kingdom as well as to the United States. Whatever may come of these very legitimate aspirations, it should not be forgotten that the operations of the United Fruit Company have proved of great benefit to Jamaica and its inhabitants.

The Company's plantations are among the best equipped and most up to date in the island, and the attention devoted by its management to sanitation, water supply, and the social welfare of its employees was the subject of favourable comment by the Imperial Economic Committee in their Report on the Fruit Industry published in 1926.

The Jamaica tobacco industry has also passed into big hands, the two principal factories in Jamaica, those of the Golofina Company and Messrs. J. and J. B. Machado, having been acquired by the British American Tobacco Company. The tobacco industry, of which the late Hon. Evelyn Ellis of Montpelier was a pioneer, was started in earnest during the Cuban-American War, when several expert cigar makers, finding conditions too hot for them in the Spanish Colony, sought refuge in Jamaica, and taught people there how to grow tobacco and roll cigars. A visit to one of the cigar factories is entertaining. In a large room, forty or fifty men and women, each seated at a small table with a suction plate on it to keep the leaf flat, may be seen rolling the finest 'gentlemen', 'young ladies', and 'panatelas', while they listen to one of their fellows who, perched on a dais in the centre, reads to them, not, as one might expect in such surroundings, a Spanish love tale, but the local newspapers. In a neighbouring room you can see also a modern cigarette machine turning out cigarettes as fast as one can count, the tobacco falling on a strip of paper which gradually closes round it, and is then gummed together and cut to the precise length required with astonishing precision.

Though Jamaica is farther from the nearest British West Indian Colony than London is from Rome, she is not completely isolated, being only a few days' steam by Canadian Government steamer from the Bahamas to the north, and from British Honduras to the west. But are not the Bahamas in the West Indies? the reader will ask. The answer is that the Bahamians declare emphatically that they are *not*, though it was to their group that the name West Indies was first applied after Columbus had raised the banners of Ferdinand and Isabella on the beach of San Salvador on October 12, 1492. Nevertheless, like the people of British Guiana they willingly co-operate with West Indians in matters of common interest.

The Bahamas consist of an archipelago of some seven hundred coral islands, and 'cays', and two thousand rocks lying to the east of Florida and to the north of Cuba. The total area of the colony is about 4,400 square miles, or nearly the same as that of Jamaica; but only about twenty of the islands are inhabited, and of these, New Providence alone is patronized to any extent by tourists. The islands are as a rule long, narrow, and low lying, and their beauty is due mainly to their peerless white sandy beaches, their palms, and the exquisite blue of the surrounding seas, for they have few hills. Ponce de Leon, one of Columbus's companions, searched the islands in vain in 1512 for the Fountain of Perpetual Youth. If he were able to see the American visitors gaily disporting themselves in the warm sea water off Hog Island, which shelters the harbour of Nassau, the capital, or sunning themselves on its beach, he would have to admit that they have succeeded where he failed. In this salubrious climate time and age are forgotten, and a visit to Nassau is one perpetual round of amusement, bathing, golf, tennis, dancing, and bridge predominating.

Contrary to the custom prevailing in the West Indies, the capital, which was named Nassau in honour of William III, was founded on the windward side of the island. Consequently it reaps the full advantage of the prevailing



A FAVOURITE BATHING RESORT



A PALM FRINGED SHORE
TWO BEACHES NEAR NASSAU, BAHAMAS

north-easterly winds, which temper the heat of the sun and help to make the island an ideal health resort. Its name is pronounced Nassore, and not Nassow.

Some adventurers from Bermuda were the first to settle in the Bahamas, and in 1647, the Company of Eleutherian Adventurers was formed in London, for the purpose of colonizing the islands. Charles II granted the group to some of his friends, including the Duke of Albemarle, and other proprietors of Carolina, in 1671; but subsequent to that date it became a rendezvous for Teach and other pirates, who were not extirpated until 1718, when the gallant Captain Woodes Rogers of Bristol city, the rescuer of Alexander Selkirk from Juan Fernandez, executed eight, and received the surrender of two hundred more in old Fort Nassau, whose site is now occupied by a magnificent new hotel. The settlement was frequently raided by the Spaniards, and one of the most glorious pages in the islands' story was written in 1783, when they were driven out by Colonel Andrew Deveau, a South Carolina Loyalist, assisted by recruits from Harbour island. Another stirring episode was the arrival of loyalists from America who had declined to give up their nationality after the Declaration of Independence. During the Civil War, New Providence was the headquarters of many blockade runners, and fortunes were made by those engaged in this profitable business. History repeated itself to some extent when effect was given to the Eighteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States; and curiously enough the knowledge that a vast quantity of spirits was stored at Nassau never deterred Americans from visiting the Bahamas.

Jamaica's other neighbour, British Honduras, our only possession in Central America, has a sea board of over 225 miles lapped, and occasionally, when Northerners blow, lashed by the waters of the Gulf of Honduras, a great inlet of the Caribbean Sea.

The colony is rather off the main routes of travel, and so it will probably remain until one of the many schemes

put forward from time to time for driving a railway through its forests to Guatemala materializes. Nevertheless, those who do not care to entrust themselves to cargo boats, or to travel by way of New Orleans, can reach it in comparative comfort in two or three days from Jamaica.

The irreverent have said that the best view of Belize, its capital, is obtained from the stern of a departing steamer; but the implication contained in this statement is grossly unfair. As a matter of fact the appearance of the town as you approach it from the sea by a tortuous channel through a maze of coral islets or cays, many of them wooded with coco-nut palms, is singularly attractive and pleasing.

The first object to strike the eye after you have successfully negotiated the cays is a substantial building like one of those huge seaside hotels on the sea front at Atlantic City. New-comers are disappointed when they learn that Belize has no such luxury, and that this edifice of promising appearance is St. John's College, a Roman Catholic institution conducted by American Jesuits. Clustered together away to the right are many white houses whose red roofs are innocent of chimneys, with here a church tower and there a spire, in a setting of tall cabbage-palms and glistening coco-nut trees.

The town straggles along the sea front and up either side of one of the main channels of the Belize River, which divides it into two parts, when a swing bridge that otherwise unites them is open. Below the bridge lie sloops and schooners with raking masts, and on the deck of some of them are quaint 'dog-hutches' like chicken coops, which afford the sole shelter for weary passengers. Any one of these vessels might have sailed straight out of the pages of that West Indian classic *Tom Cringle's Log*. But above the bridge lie many lesser craft of a still earlier period—doreys and larger pitpans known generically as dug-outs, not on account of age or infirmity, but because of the manner in which they are skilfully fashioned by black men with fire and adze out of the stems of great forest trees.

On either bank of the river are the merchants' stores and warehouses, some with landing rafts or 'embarcaderes', and saw-mills. At least one of these is constructed of mahogany, while on the surface of the water float great barks of that valuable timber clogged together by iron clamps.

Closer inspection of the town reveals many smiling gardens gay with oleanders, poinsettias, hibiscus, and other flowering plants and shrubs, trim houses with green jalousies, and a handsome group of public buildings.

The town, it is said, owes its origin to Wallis, an adventurer, who, expelled from Hispaniola, established himself and his companions on the delta of the river. Some authorities go as far, indeed, as to suggest that Belize is a corruption of that adventurer's name which the Spaniards found difficult to pronounce, and the river is frequently referred to as the 'Wallis River' in old official documents. Others, however, consider 'balise'—the beacon which stood at the mouth of the river—a more probable derivation.

The history of the colony has been eventful. For years the settlers were beset by the Spaniards, who were finally defeated by the colonists in the memorable battle of St. George's Cay on September 10, 1798, when they

. . . jouked them and poked them and drove them like fleas,
Right into salt water right up to their knees.
Till each greasy Spaniard to his comrade did say,
'Vamonos compadre' to St. George's Cay.

Singing too re lal, oo re lal, oo re lal a,
And they drove all those Spaniards so far far away.

Singing too re lal, oo re lal, oo re lal a,
And they made them all scamper from St. George's Cay.

After this engagement, the Spaniards never again molested the settlers. The exports of logwood and mahogany steadily increased, and in 1862 the colony of British Honduras came into existence by Decree. To-day, it is enjoying a fair measure of prosperity, but capital and labour are needed for its further development.

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