

JAMAICA

THE NEW RIVIERA.

A Pictorial Description of the Island
and its attractions

BY . . .

JAS. JOHNSTON. M D . . .

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PREFACE.

WHILE on tour through Great Britain, the United States, and Canada, lecturing on Jamaica as a health resort, it was frequently suggested to me that I should publish in book form the original photographs of the Island scenery, etc., from which I had made the stereopticon slides that illustrated the lectures. On consenting to the proposal, one and another expressed the opinion that the work would not be complete without a treatise on Jamaica, past, present, and future, discussing fully its education, politics, agriculture, natural history, etc.; and had I acted on the advice of my friends this would indeed have been a pretentious volume ; but I have thought it best to adhere to my original purpose of making the illustrations the chief feature of the book, and including in the letterpress only a synopsis of such information as I think the average tourist wants to know concerning the Island, its history, climate, places of interest, medicinal springs, sports and pastimes, etc.

I have refrained from giving the approximate cost of each tour or journey throughout the book, as I think the reiteration of rates for hotels, lodgings, etc., becomes rather monotonous. It may be taken, however, as a general rule that the rates of first-class hotels are from 12s upwards per day. Railway fares are 2d. (4 cents) first class and third class 1d. (2 cents) per mile. The question of buggy hire is dealt with under Places of Interest and How to Reach Them.

The interesting story of the Island's history has been well told again and again by various literary visitors to the Colony, in the several guide books, such as Stark's " History," Bacon's " New Jamaica," " Jamaica at the Columbia Exhibition," by Hon. Col. Ward, not forgetting the excellent compendium of information, "Jamaica in 1905", for intending settlers and visitors, by Frank Cundall. In the last-named book the traveller will find everything pertaining to hotels, lodging-houses, livery stables, mail coach rates, postal and mailing arrangements, and much else of value and interest in a handy form (to be had at the Jamaica Institute, price 6d., or 12 cents). To each of the above publications I am under obligation for some of the facts and figures used in the following pages, also to the very able pamphlet by the late Dr. Phillippo on the Medicinal Waters of Jamaica. For more elaborate details of past events the reader must turn to the bulky tomes of Bryan Edwards, Bridge's Annals, or Gardner's History, and for those who are interested in politics, statistics, civil service, commerce, finance, etc., there is nothing better than the " Jamaica Handbook," published by the Government.

J. J.

*Brown's Town, P.O.,
Jamaica, West Indies.*

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"Sailing away, to a Southern sea,
Out of the bleak March weather;
Sailing away for a loaf and a play,
Just you and I together.
And it's good-bye to worry,
And it's good-bye to hurry,
And never a care have we,
With the sea below and the sky above,
And nothing to do but dream and love,
Sailing away together.

Sailing away from the bleak, cold town,
And the things the town calls duty;
Drifting away from walls of grey
To a land of bloom and beauty.
And it's good-bye to letters.
From our lessers or our betters,
To the gay world's smile and its frown ;
We are sailing away on a sunny track,
To find the summer and bring it back
From the land of bloom and beauty."

In the cities on both sides of the Atlantic there are professional and business men, worn out with working at the high pressure that modern life seems to demand, until trivialities, which under normal conditions would be accepted as matters of course in the day's programme, become a perpetual worry and irritation. Letter deliveries, cable despatches, and telegrams at all hours, besiege the office, until the wearied and jaded worker feels that his life is little better than that of one "doing time" on the treadmill, and he sighs for some place where he could go and rest serene beyond the reach of all this, if only for a few weeks. If he follows the beaten track of the "personally conducted", the social excitement and bustle with which he finds himself surrounded are too much on a par with the condition of life from which he seeks to escape to satisfy his longing for complete change.

But there is a still more numerous class among the dwellers of temperate climes. I refer to those who, either by inheritance or otherwise, have acquired a physically delicate constitution, and are thereby ill-adapted to resist the rigours of a Northern winter; to whom the cold, bleak winds and treacherous variability of temperature yield only misery and discomfort, aggravating the natural susceptibility, whether it be pulmonary trouble, bronchitis, catarrh, rheumatism, or allied affections. To both classes I would say most emphatically, "Jamaica is the place for you"; and be it clearly understood that this book is not offered to the public merely for the purpose of advertising the island, but in the confidence that I am thereby fulfilling a duty to tourists, both British and American, by bringing to their notice the existence of a country the possibilities of which, as a health resort, can never be over-estimated.

We are always pleased to welcome strangers to our shores, and we unquestionably derive benefit in many ways by their presence among us; yet the rewards are reciprocal, and although money must be spent in hotels, travelling, etc., the tourist receives a substantial quid pro quo in the pleasure of revelling amid scenes of tropic beauty, rest to body and mind, and recuperated health, of more value than much gold.

Many persons have derived their impressions of Jamaica and its climate from travellers and tourists who, during a short stay, never went beyond the suburbs of Kingston. It would not be considered quite fair to judge of England or the United States after this fashion; a stroll through a seaport town is not likely to favourably impress the traveller in any country. It is the life in the open country air that really benefits those in search of health at the summer resorts in Europe and America; so it is here. The clear, rare atmosphere of our higher elevations, I venture to affirm, will do more for the invalid than Egypt, Mentone, Nice, or the Riviera for Europeans, and California, Nassau, Bermuda, or Florida for the American. It is difficult to find in the North a mountain resort with a mild temperature, and there is danger, particularly to those suffering from phthisis, in attempting the pursuit of health and amusement combined.

Until within the past few years the name "Jamaica" awoke in the mind of the average reader practically nothing at all. Jamaica was little more than a geographical expression, and even that only as it was redolent of Rum and Ginger ; but now the mere mention of the island's name conjures up the vision of a blue sky over a blue sea,

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in which is set a beautiful island of luxurious vegetation and lovely scenery, fragrant with the odour of spices and flowers, with an atmosphere refreshed by invigorating sea breezes, and where, if you wish, you may dwell on the heights and enjoy all the beauty of the tropics with a temperature that varies little more than 10° all the year round, and seldom exceeds 80° at that ; a land of wood and water, as its Indian name implies. Here is a veritable Mecca for the invalid, for what pilgrimage could hold out a greater reward than restored health And hopeless indeed must be the case for which a sojourn in this health-giving island could do nothing. Here for a number of years many sufferers from the United States have wintered, basking in the tempered sunshine and enjoying a degree of health and life such as probably they would find nowhere else.

The regular tourist season in Jamaica is from December to May, but it is not unusual for people to visit the beautiful island at other times in the year. A traveller from the North who starts on the voyage in December is much surprised at his first view of the tropical richness of the Jamaica landscape. He left his own country perchance white with snow, the trees bereft of foliage, the morning air keen with frost, and himself wrapped closely in a winter overcoat. Long before the island is sighted the heavy coat is discarded, and the thinnest substitute he can fish out from his luggage donned hastily, while he seeks the sunlit deck to watch the seas of wondrous colour set off with the yellow gulf weed, silvery nautilus, and flying fish. Nothing one may see or learn afterwards will compare with that first thrill of novel delight and pleasure.

The West Indians are proud, and rightly so, of their islands. The inhabitants of each have a superlative name for their own bit of sea-sprayed greenery. This one, "The Pearl of the Antilles"; that one, "The Gem," and here again, "The Queen." Cuba claims—not unprotested—the latter title. But Jamaica earned it, and kept it, by Royal Warrant nearly two hundred years ago, when her king called the island "The Gem in my Crown." Indeed, Jamaica is the quintessence of Greater Cuba, and two hundred years of British colonisation have wiped out of Jamaica all those tropical epidemics which up to a short time ago made Cuba a place to avoid. Jamaica to-day, with its wild grandeur of scenery, tropic beauty and foreign charm, has just enough of comfort in travelling facilities and living to meet the wants of the visitor without spoiling the picture.

Volumes might be, and have been, written about Jamaica, for its history is one long adventure, humour, tragedy, and all that goes to the making up of a good story. Travellers whose stay at a place is necessarily short could not do better than gather up its claims to interest beforehand, so that they may at once appreciate what they see. There is no more alluring pleasure on a trip to Jamaica than the reading of "Tom Cringle's Log" (although many changes have taken place for the better since Michael Scott wrote it), while the steamer slips through the sapphire waves where once ploughed the Spanish galleon, French corsair, and English frigate. He was never a boy who cannot enjoy it, and, as for the other sex, they thrive on romance and beauty—and here are both.

On the starboard bow rises a vast pile of rounded snow-white clouds that roll aside now and then to reveal the purple peaks of the Blue Mountains. The cool, healthy trade winds blow in from the seas, and render the heat infinitely more bearable than that of a northern summer, and as the haze clears the island is disclosed in a million hues. Poised on the ridges plantation houses, with their white walls and red roofs, stand out against the bluish-green of ravines, and, like winding silver threads, waterfalls and streams sparkle in the sunshine as they tumble towards the sea. The sea rollers burst glistening and rumbling beneath the cocoa nut palms that arch over the foam, bowing in the teeth of the Trades. His Majesty's mail—a dust-covered cart—drawn by mules, tears along the coast road, and close behind it glides the modern automobile. Blue smoke curls up from sugar estates and negro clearings thousands of feet above. The eye delights in the white villages under bamboos and palms half hidden in sheltered nooks and glades, while towering over all are the forest-clad mountains capped with their cloudy turbans.

Having been for some time confined to the narrow limits of his steamer, the first desire of a tourist after he has landed and taken possession of his airy and comfortable apartments at the hotel is to be on the move. If he has conic by one of the usual routes he will have landed at Kingston, and in all probability will have secured in advance rooms at the New Myrtle Bank Hotel, now under American management.

From that location he can start out easily for any part of the island, limited only by the time at his command.

Perhaps the first thing that will appeal to him is a walk through the streets. It feels good to walk after one has been permitted only to pace the circumscribed deck for several days, and the novel sights and sounds of his present place of sojourn will keep his senses alert. He has no doubt provided himself with a camera, and his only uncertainty will be as to which of the many scenes—some of vivid interest, some grotesque and amusing—shall be "snapped" for future reference.

The natives with their soft voices and smiling faces, the shops or stores, —very much up to date—and replenished with goods of all qualities, both for use and ornament, that civilised man can require. The curios, the children, the solemn coolies from Madras or Calcutta, and much else that the "snappist" will discover for himself.

Then there will be a drive to one of the many points of interest which are within easy distance, while the tourist who is given to motoring will find Jamaica simply ideal. The roads are finely adapted for this mode of travel. The main roads encircle the entire island with several cross country connections ; their extent is about 2 ,000 miles, controlled by the Public Works Department, while 4,118 miles of good roads are kept up by the Parochial Boards. These roads connect all important points. In the mountainous regions there are numerous curves, but these make the grades easier and add the charm of unexpected views.

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One of the greatest diversions of the visitor who remains for any time in Jamaica is the sea-bathing, which, at such places as " The Doctor's Cave Montego Bay, is said to be the finest in the world. With the water comfortably tepid, clean and clear, a bottom of white sand and no under-tow the daily sea-bath in mid-winter is at once luxurious and exhilarating; Jamaica is so thoroughly English in social matters that all the English sports are engaged in by the people of leisure so that one is never at a loss for diversion.

At almost every point of interest will be found good hotel accommodation, and with the new Myrtle Bank Hotel, Constant Spring Hotel, the new South Camp Road Hotel at Kingston, the Rio Cobre Hotel at Spanish Town, the Spring Hill Hotel at Montego Bay, the Moneague Hotel, Moneague, the Richmond Hotel at Brown's Town St. Ann, the King Edward Hotel and several other good hotels at Mandeville, not to mention the famous Hotel Titchfield at Port Antonio, the tourist may depend on being well taken care of wherever he may be.

A Motor Car service runs to all parts of the island with excursion parties, and the management at Myrtle Bank Hotel at Kingston, and Hotel Titchfield at Port Antonio, will attend to the entering and clearing through the Customs of private cars.

The Myrtle Bank Hotel has accommodation for two hundred people, though a much larger number can always be comfortably entertained in the restaurant. There are many rooms with private baths. Small piazzas leading off from many of the suites not only add to the architectural beauty of the structure, but will be greatly appreciated by foreigners who have grown accustomed to this little touch of exclusiveness

which they have found in their European travels and in, countries of the Far East. The house is conducted entirely upon the European plan, and in addition to the main dining-hall there is a piazza dining-room which overlooks the sea. The furnishings of the public rooms on the main office floor, where the ladies' reception room, the billiard

room, dining-room and curio room are located, have been chosen in keeping with the climate and the tropical nature of the country. The single apartments and private suites have been fitted out daintily and attractively, and many little home comforts have been included in the general plan. The cuisine is intended to satisfy the tastes of the most exacting, the choicest products of the States and of the island being used in the preparation of the various dishes, whether they be American, English, Creole, or native Jamaican.

American and English billiards, evening orchestral concerts, and other indoor attractions are provided for the guests, while opportunities for tourists desiring out-of-door sports like golf, football, cricket, tennis, boating, fishing, are open to all. Driving, motoring and horseback-riding are favourite recreations for people sojourning upon the island, and there is always a good supply of

motors, carriages and saddle-horses at hand, for short or long tours. The trolleys pass the door, and the suburban residential sections in the rugged foothills of St. Andrew are within a short riding distance.

The climate of Kingston is equable and mild, the mean average temperature for the last eighteen years for the month of November being 79°. The nights are always cool and comfortable for sleeping.



MYRTLE BANK HOTEL.

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In the Myrtle Bank Hotel the public is now supplied with a strictly first-class downtown hotel, capable of entertaining a large number of people, giving them the service and conveniences of a modern house such as can be found in all the large cities of America and Europe.

When not travelling in the country the visitor will find Constant Spring Hotel the place to spend an enjoyable evening and comfortable night, situated as it is at the foot of the Blue Mountains, six miles from Kingston, at an elevation of 600 feet, and within easy access to the city by the rapid transit of the electric cars, an interesting run all the way.

The hotel itself is a handsome building, but it has been constructed more with a view to the comfort and convenience of its guests than for style, with its verandahs, Moorish front with latticed porticoes, from which you can look out upon a most extensive and picturesque view beyond the Liguanea Plains to Fort Clarence, Port Royal, the Harbour, Palisadoes, Long Mountain and St. Catherine's Peak, and a sea view of unrivalled beauty—the Caribbean in glorious tints of emerald and blue. The hotel is lighted throughout by electricity, and possesses its own plant. The entrance hall is 60 feet square and 50 feet high, artistically furnished, a special feature being the flooring of alternate slabs of black and white marble, giving an air of delicious coolness no matter how hot the sunshine may be outside ; the dining, drawing, billiard, smoking, and other public rooms are proportionately spacious, while there are bedrooms available for over two hundred guests. The rooms are so carefully ventilated as to admit of practically living in the open air. The temperature varies but little, and is always tempered by pleasant sea breezes by day and cool hill breezes at night. Absolute quiet can be relied upon.

A swimming-bath at home is a treat to enjoy, but what must it be in the tropics ? Here you have a fine one, 65 by 25 feet, sheltered from the sun, and giving a depth of 7 to 8 feet of pure, cool, running water from the hills. Then there are the golf links, cricket field, tennis courts, croquet, bowling-green, clay pigeon shooting, archery, etc., while indoors there are billiards, a dark room for tyros of the black art, and music, with frequent dances, concerts, and other entertainments in the evenings.

The leading doctors of Kingston and St. Andrew are always available, and can be summoned by telephone, and for the convenience of invalids two trained nurses are attached to the establishment in the season. Just as the influx of travellers to our shores increases so will the accommodation and number of hotels multiply. Methinks it requires no prophetic eye to see in the near future at least one good caravanserai in every parish. Meantime, the indulgent stranger will make all allowance, while travelling through the country, if he does not find a miniature Waldorf or Cecil, seeing we are younger in the business than the Riviervas, Spas, and other resorts of the Continent; but we console ourselves with the fact that we have something better to offer. We have done the best to provide for the entertainment of our guests, and our doors are open wide to receive them.

Permit me right here to emphasise the fact to the newcomer that staying round any hotel in the neighbourhood of Kingston, Port Antonio, or any other seaport town as not seeing Jamaica. No matter how excellent the hotel may be, get away from the coast as soon as you can and taste the delights of the mountain air. The change in the atmosphere and temperature will be an agreeable surprise to many. When they reach even 1,000 feet above sea-level a blanket will be found very acceptable at night ; the morning tub cold enough to be refreshing and invigorating, while long early walks can be taken with absolute comfort among the hills when " ilka blade o' grass keeps its ain drag o' dew," and one inhales with supreme satisfaction the balmy air laden with the perfume of flowers, pimento, orange, coffee and other sweet blossoms according to the season of the year.

Then who among the many who have gone over the Stoney Hill road to Annotta Bay, crossed Mount Diabolo, gone through the Fern Gully, taken the interior road from Ewarton or from Kendal through the ginger mountains to Brown's Town, but would gladly repeat the pleasurable experience and again visit these scenes, that live in their memories like a happy dream long after hotels and lodging houses, with all their shortcomings, are forgotten.

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TO AMERICAN TOURISTS

Thus far, the information supplied has been intended specially for Europeans. Now a word as to how best to reach Jamaica from the United States. Although, by the way, it is a good many years since the travelling public of America began to recognise the many attractions of the island, and every succeeding year adds greatly to the number of our visitors from the land of the Stars and Stripes, still there is room for many more who are not yet alive to the inducements for a genuinely delightful rest and change this island—so near home—has to offer them.

The well-known and much-travelled authoress, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in describing her visit to Jamaica, wrote :—

What are you thinking about, you Northern men and women, who rush to Florida, or Bermuda, or Europe in search of a winter resort, where comfort and pleasure can be found ? Why, do you not know of this lost Garden of Eden—this incomparable combination of American comfort, English cleanliness, and Italian climate ? And such beauty—such glory of colouring, such opulence of Nature's best gifts ! As I write, the majestic Blue Mountains are back of me—the highest peak towering head and shoulders above Mount Washington. The thermometer marks 84° in my room, but a delicious, cool breeze blows in from the mountain, and even when the mercury ran to 88° there was no humidity or oppressiveness in the air. A fog was never known here, so the captain of the U.S. steamer Sampson told me. And to think that it is mid-March, and that this is no treacherous time for us to abandon winter wraps, only to be caught in a blizzard to-morrow, but a steady, all-the-year climate, for there is scarcely a variation of ten degrees in twelve months. I have not felt one mosquito, so far, and have seen but two flies. There are no reptiles, and there is fruit and there are vegetables enough to keep one well and hearty at small cost and with small labour. America cannot be long blind to the wonderful advantages offered by this beautiful spot as a winter resort."

A " New Englander" writes :--

"It would be useless to attempt to describe the marvellous beauty of this country. The stately cocoanut .palm, hung with its generous fruit, furnishes to the eye a thing of grace unrivalled. Some of the trees are crimsoned with foliage and flowers that strike the eye as wonderful, while others, like the luxuriant fields of banana with its tropical leaves, suggestive of great fans, never breed monotony in scenery, which is diversified by the vigorous coffee tree, the curious cocoa and hop-like vain. Luscious pineapples grow in profusion, and are as cheap as plentiful ; oranges with more juice and better flavour than earth offers elsewhere hang from the trees in golden fruitage, a dozen for one poor 'quattie' – 3 cents of Uncle Sam's money.

Palms in great variety delight the eye, among them the aristocratic Royal Palm, the very essence of dignity embodied in a tree, while the cabbage palm and thatch variety are the stalwarts that defy the wind and parade their usefulness to man, for, from the

exalted top of the former, he cuts a growth that beats the best of lower-grown cabbage as a vegetable, and from the latter he sees the native take the leaves to thatch his hut, and in the rainy season sit under his own dry roof, and laugh at Nature's downpour. If exercise is needed by the semi-invalid the mountains call him to the peaks, and horses make little-to-do of speed along the winding roads, while on the lower levels, in the early morn, the cyclist can find no better highways for a spin."

I do not wish to weary the reader, otherwise such extracts might be continued ad infinitum, and all this within less than five days from Boston or Philadelphia, for from these ports ply the beautiful and yacht-like vessels of the United Fruit Co. The line is composed of a large number of steamers specially fitted for the conveyance and comfort of passengers, and furnished with . every requisite for a safe and enjoyable voyage, the four best being named after America's great admirals, the Dewey, Schley, Sampson, and Farragut. The accommodation leaves nothing to be desired, cleanliness and the absence of ship's odours are a marked feature, while the cuisine and service are excellent. The staterooms are on the main deck, forward of the engines, well ventilated and lighted by electricity. One of these steamers leaves Boston every Wednesday and Philadelphia every Thursday from October to April ; other months of the year semi-weekly railings, running direct to Port Antonio. Fare, one way, ; round trip, \$75.

But while the convenience of travellers to Jamaica from both Philadelphia and Boston have been fully and satisfactorily met for a number of years past by the steamers of the United Fruit Company, New York was at a disadvantage in this respect until lately, when the Hamburg-American Line—the standard of which is known to every old-world tourist—determined to establish and maintain a service to and from Jamaica and the Panama Canal by its splendid fleet of four new "Prinz" and other steamers of the Atlas Line. The "Prinz" steamers are of about 6,000 tons register, 402 feet in length, 40 feet in width, and 27 feet in depth, have been specially built for passenger service in the tropics, and have ample deck room, airy social halls and well ventilated state-rooms, each with its own electric fan. In every feature of their equipment and service they are fully up to the transatlantic standard of the Hamburg-American Line, a standard which has placed this great steamship company in the very front of trans-oceanic passenger lines.

The annual West Indies cruises--which have been so popular—will be made this season by the 8,000-ton twin-screw cruising steamship Oceana. This steamship will make two 28-day tours of the West Indies during the coming winter season, visiting all the, principal islands, the northern coast of South America, and make a call at Colon, where passengers will have an opportunity to view the operations carried on by the Government in digging the Panama Canal. In addition to the above-mentioned cruises by the steamship Oceana, three cruises are arranged for the Kronprinzessin Cecilie, each of sixteen days' duration, leaving New York during January, February, and

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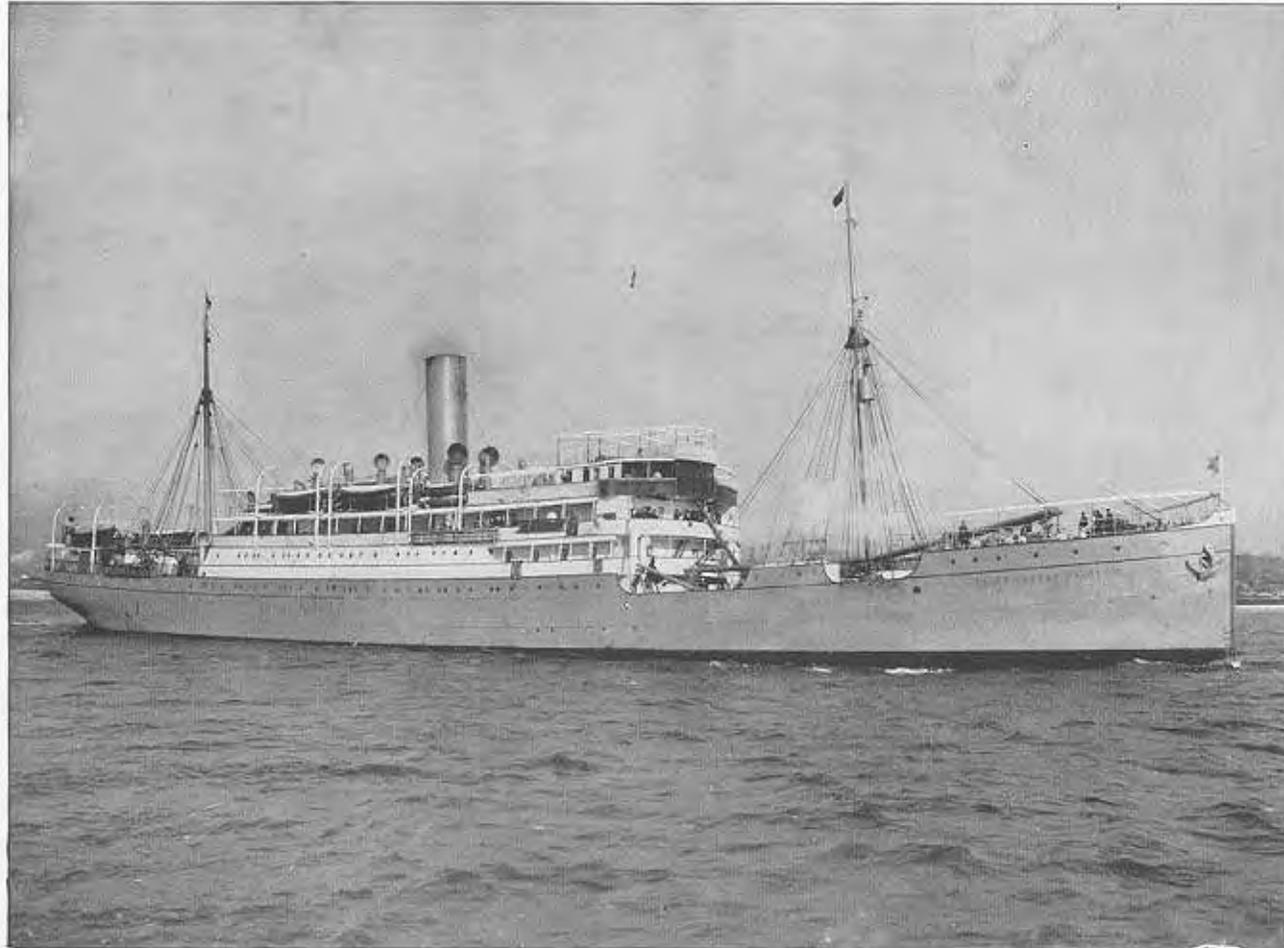
March, calling at Nassau, Havana, San Juan, Porto Rico and Bermuda. These short cruises offer particular facilities for a limited tour in southern waters, touching as they do the largest and most important West India islands, allowing from ten to thirty-six hours' stay for sightseeing at each port of call.

So complete a programme, and such splendid ships employed in it, means that the Hamburg-American Line recognises fully the rapidly growing interest of Americans in Jamaica as a winter resort, and is an evidence of the intention of the Company to supply its American patrons with every facility, every comfort and every luxury in every department of its service. Now for the first time—it may be said—it is possible to go to Jamaica under the same comfortable surroundings that transatlantic passengers on Hamburg-American ships have grown accustomed to. The delights of luxurious voyaging, coupled with the enjoyments in Jamaica and its scenic and climatic perfection, will make a winter tour to this tropic isle a delightful experience in which — from the time the traveller

leaves New York until he disembarks once more within sight of the lofty buildings of Manhattan — there has not been a single moment of overcrowding, of inconvenience, or of dissatisfaction.

For those desiring particularly to visit the Panama Canal, special trips of eighteen days

can be arranged, which include a three days' stay at the Isthmus of Panama and a call at Jamaica (where a stop-over can be made if desired). During the steamer's stay at Colon, passengers can be provided with accommodation and meals on board without additional charge.



S.S. "PRINZ AUGUST WILHELM," HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE.

The Kingston earthquake of January 14th, 1907, while it laid low the capital of Jamaica, was scarcely felt and did little damage in other parts of the island. Tourists will find Jamaica none the less charming because of this upheaval, but will rather discover an added interest in visiting the stricken city, now happily being rapidly rebuilt. In a word, it may be said in all seriousness that for the next couple of centuries at least Jamaicans may consider their little island the safest place on earth from such convulsions of nature, for, like the San Franciscans, *they have had their earthquake.*

For touring among the islands of the West Indies, affording regular connections and

comfortable accommodations between points hitherto accessible only by occasional and irregular steamers or indirect routes, the

Hamburg-American Line has placed in service the fine twin-screw passenger steamship *President*, specially built and luxuriously equipped for these inter-colonial voyages. The *President* makes a round trip monthly between the islands of Jamaica, Hayti, Santo Domingo, Porto Rico and St. Thomas.

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Nor should it be forgotten that these trips are enjoyable in summer as well as winter. The temperature of places bordering on the Caribbean Sea varies but little the year around, 80° F. being the average. The constant trade winds and the steadily flowing ocean currents maintain a wonderfully equable climate.

In addition to the service maintained to Jamaica, South and Central America by the Atlas Line, regular steamers also run between New York and the Haytian ports ; but the Jamaica route is the most interesting to the general tourist. Within two days' voyage from New York the tropical waters are reached and one feels the balmy influence of the Gulf Stream. The entire cruise covers a period of twenty-three days, including visits to Jamaica, Colombia, and Costa Rica, and the cost is only \$125 including stateroom accommodations and meals. Ample time is given at each port of call to enable the traveller to visit such points of interest as he may desire, and as the ship passes from point to point the scenes unfold an ever varying panorama. Should passengers desire to stop over at any place they may do so, awaiting one of the succeeding steamers of this line. The cost of the trip

from New York to Jamaica is \$40 one way, or \$75 for the round trip. It takes from five to six days to reach Jamaica. A list of hotels, good boarding houses, and information or advice on any subject the visitor is likely to require connected with his visit to the island may be obtained from the representative and general agent of the Hamburg-American Line at Kingston, Captain W. P. Forwood, who will extend every possible

courtesy to American tourists.

The character of the service maintained by the Hamburg-American Line is sufficient guarantee that every provision is made for the comfort and convenience of the traveller. The steamers, being specially adapted for passenger service, possess most spacious and comfortable accommodations. Saloons and staterooms are above the main deck, which insures a minimum of motion and thorough ventilation. The staterooms are large, light and well furnished. The table is well provided with delicacies in season, and particularly with -such viands as are best suited to a tropical voyage.

The cabins are all located amidship on the promenade, saloon and upper decks, in the superstructure of the vessel, thus affording the maximum degree of ventilation.

The main saloon, with a seating capacity for about 100 persons, is located on one of the upper decks, receiving light and ventilation from three sides through large portholes. A large skylight passing through the ladies' parlour, situated directly above the saloon, supplies additional



DINING SALOON, "PRINZ" STEAMERS, HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE.

light and air.

The smoking room and ladies' parlour are luxuriously appointed, and with other special features these steamers will undoubtedly become very popular with the travelling public.

Preparations for the trip need not be elaborate or extensive; clothing of all kinds can be

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obtained in Jamaica of good quality and cheaper than you can buy it at home. For both ladies and gentlemen ordinary summer clothing will be found quite suitable, reserving, of course, a warm suit and underclothing for the first forty-eight hours out and for the return journey. In two clays this will be laid aside, for you will be slipping along over a summer sea, inhaling the balmy air and the ocean's ozone, hastening to the land of sunshine ; the snow-clad hills and the icy blasts of winter all behind.

In the Caribbean Sea there is no fear of fogs and almost complete exemption from what might be called stormy weather; I have made the trip some fourteen times, but on more than half the voyages the fiddles were not requisitioned for the tables, and even when they did appear it was frequently more with the idea of forestalling possibilities than from actual necessity.

Flying fish now begin to interest the traveller as they rise in front of the vessel and skim across the blue, the fish of which, as "Turner" says, " everyone has heard, which yet none can see for the first time without a gasp of amazement, without a feeling as though beholding the miraculous; the fish which has given rise to more untruthful stories than any other fish in all the seas.

"Undoubtedly the flying-fish has wings like a bird, undoubtedly it flies — yet not as a bird. It does not flap the wing-like, pectoral fins on which it is airborne; nor, once

launched in the air, can it change its course by any movement of its wings, until it clips again to the water. Yet it will pass a ship making ten knots in the hour, and travel in the air as far as five hundred feet at a time.

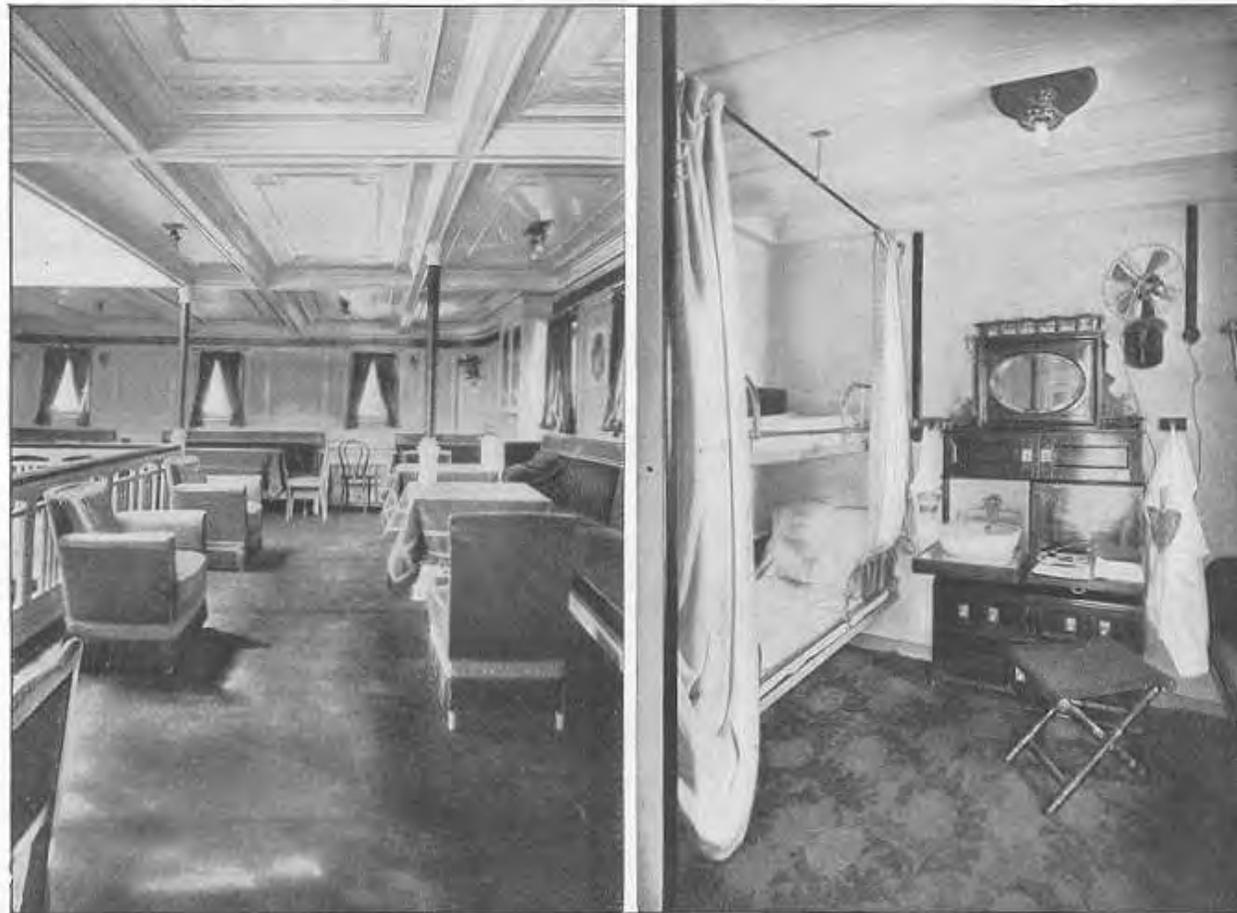
"Astounding, indeed, is the sight of a shoal of flying-fish taking to the air, skimming far over the surface when the sea is calm, leaping high over great waves when gales blow. Fish seem ludicrously out of their element in the air— but that fish should fly is not really more wonderful than that some animals and birds, like the otter or the penguin, dive and swim to perfection.

" The flying-fish's fins are really parachutes to support and steady its body rather than wings to propel it; the lobe of the tail gives propulsion to the body as it leaves the water. A flying-fish measures about a foot in length, and its long, transparent, pectoral fins reach almost to the tail; but though very large when expanded, they can be folded up very neatly. Its flight is short and intermittent, and it must needs continually dip into the sea to give itself a fresh start.

"Fear spurs the flying - fish into the air; and sometimes mere exuberance of spirits.

Often they leap so high that

they fall on the decks of ships, and are killed by the violence of their fall. Lights on shipboard sometimes bring them on deck at night. They are excellent eating, and taste something like herring.



LADIES' SALOON.

A STATE ROOM.

" PRINZ STEAMERS HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE.

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"The sight of fish flying naturally arouses one's pity, knowing the persecuted lives they lead—how the coryphenes, or dolphins, as they are commonly called, love to feed upon them, and also certain seabirds who take them on the wing."

But now the tangled masses of Gulf weed recall the story of the mutiny that threatened Columbus, when his sailors feared that the weed meant hidden shoals.

The first land sighted is Watling's Island, and it was the first bit of terra firma discovered by Columbus on his westward voyage. A monument has been erected on the island to commemorate the event, some 200 feet from the shore. Bird Rock, with its picturesque lighthouse, comes next in view, then Fortune Island, and Castle Island also with a costly lighthouse ; these islands all belong to the Bahama group. No more land is seen until Cape Maysi appears on the eastern end of Cuba, and here again there is a lighthouse built on a narrow, low-lying spit of land, behind which rise the irregular terraces, cliffs and lofty peaks of the mountains of Cuba, a sight which ought to interest every true American, not only for the grandeur of its

rugged steeps, but for the part his country played in delivering its down-trodden people from the curse of Spanish oppression and the desolation caused by a quarter of a century of unavailing resistance. For half a day the vessel hugs the land so close that you can make out villages and plantations without the aid of glasses, and then the hills of Jamaica can be made out right ahead, on a clear day the peaks of the Blue Mountains outlined sharp and distinct against the sky; a narrow channel is navigated

with consummate skill, and the harbour of Port Antonio unfolds itself like a grand panorama. "Such riotous colouring as Nature indulges in here was never seen out of a painting by an 'impressionist'—the intense emerald, the marvellous amethyst, with the vivid yellow and dark greens of the tropical verdure on the hills beyond," present a picture never to be forgotten, and might well be named the Venice of the West Indies.

In days gone by the Folly Point lighthouse was the most conspicuous object seen when approaching the entrance to Port Antonio Harbour. Now it is entirely overshadowed by the magnificent new Hotel Titchfield Long before the voyager can make out any details of the coast, this building looms up clear and picturesque, reminding one of the palatial resorts that fringe the shores of Maine and New England. A hotel of which Jamaica is justly proud. We scarcely know which to admire most : the "grit and go" of the company, who in the space of but a few months, and in the face of innumerable difficulties, made this great undertaking an .fail accompli, or the keen prescience and courage of the man—Mr. E. R. Grabow—who originated



ENTERING PORT ANTONIO HARBOUR.

the idea of establishing in Jamaica such a centre of attraction for tourists.

The new Titchfield, while less pretentious in point of size than the former hotel, will be equally attractive and adequate in every way to meet the needs of the tourists. The architecture follows somewhat the prevailing style of building seen in the tropics, and in this respect the exterior is not only extremely artistic, but the inner arrangement is interesting and picturesque. The main building is entirely surrounded by broad piazze

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with concrete floors and overhanging roof, and as in all tropical houses there will be a detached kitchen. There is but one wing, and this is located on the north end of the building, looking out upon the Blue Mountains and towards East Harbour. This is also separated from the body of the house by a wide passage way or lounge, which can also be used as a dining-piazza. The billiard-room, bamboo-room, and other public rooms are situated in this end.

The main entrance is from the porte-cochre into a large foyer with offices and public writing-rooms on the left and ladies' reception-room, curio shop, and ballroom on the right. The dining-room occupies the entire north end of the main structure, as in the former Titchfield, but the present plans make a very much more attractive room with its interior decoration and unique lighting effects.

The grounds are handsomely arranged, and in addition to the garden part there are tennis courts on the east side occupying the space of the old billiard-room. A pergola at the south end of the building makes a sort of raised court, an ideal resting place under tropical vines and a view unequalled in any part of the world—a bit of West Harbour on the left, East Harbour and Folly Point on the right, and the Caribbean Sea extending to the remotest point of the horizon.

The visitor who stays for a few days or a few weeks at the Hotel Titchfield and goes away dissatisfied, either with the accommodation, the attendance, the cuisine, or the natural surroundings, must have an unfortunate kink in his composition and something seriously wrong with him. For while there are, no doubt, in other parts of the world buildings of greater magnificence, no hotel on either side of the Atlantic has more comfortable public rooms, or is provided with more of those conveniences that minister so largely to the pleasure of travellers or holiday-makers, and it is very evident that the enterprising men who have put their money into the venture must be convinced that there is an exceedingly bright future for Jamaica as a health and winter resort for tourists.

It is no empty boast that at Port Antonio, as at many other points around the island, facilities for sea bathing are unsurpassed in any part of the world. The shores and beaches are of fine, hard, white coral sand; the lapping waves have a uniform and agreeable temperature, so mild that one may remain in the water for hours without danger or discomfort; the beaches slope easily and gradually into thy deeper water, and the surf is devoid of even a particle of under-tow. These features combine to make sea bathing in Jamaica a luxury denied to the dwellers in higher latitudes, and are the reasons for the general popularity of this pastime among the island's residents and visitors.

But the good ship is already at her moorings, and, let me remark, there will be no trouble with the Custom House officials. Your baggage need give you no concern, as a reliable agent from the hotel will take charge of your belongings, while outside of the wharf will be found your conveyance.

After a short drive through the town a steep pinch of hill is negotiated, and on the top is the Titchfield.

The voyage has been all too short, but it feels good for the landsman to be on terra Jima again, particularly amid such delightful surroundings, within and without. For while one cannot fail to be charmed with the air of refinement, luxury, and comfort that pervades one's apartments, there is a positive fascination in the view from the windows or the broad verandahs looking out upon the sea with the verdure-clad hills on the left, and the long stretch of sea-coast leading the eye away into the distance where the waves lap the palm-fringed shores.

There are many picturesque drives around Port Antonio, such as to the Blue Hole, six miles along the coast, a remarkable inlet of the sea, very deep and surrounded by a dense growth of cocoanut and other tropical trees ; the waters swarm with fish, and are an intense sapphire blue. Moore Town, an old Maroon village, nine miles distant, romantically situated in a vale at the foot of the Blue Mountains ; this trip is full of interest, passing on the way within view of the vast banana fields of Golden Vale. An Englishman, in describing the scenery along the coast, wrote: "Though the road runs coastwise, the sea is not constantly in view, but at intervals I passed close enough to the electric green waters, shallow and transparent, over broad and rocky reefs, and brilliant under Old Sol's warm smile, with an, excusable impulse to dive in and join the fishes of many colours. Monotony here cannot overtake the traveller,

but a short and refreshing shower often does, and adds to the freshness of his experience. Here is a picture of a little house, prettily painted, but mostly hidden by vines and wandering creepers. The garden has an atmosphere of life and happiness touched up by variegated crotons, with palms and banana trees on the rear slope as a background, and roses, honeysuckle, jessamine, hybiscus, and wild maidenhair ferns with sprays two or three feet long. In Jamaica the picture is perpetual, from January to December, in a rhapsody of sweet aromas and brilliant and ever-varying pictures. Then the sunset effects ! These are beyond the power of mortal pen or brush to venture upon a description or delineation of."

Let lovers of art, history, and health, come and see, when sight of the first pickaninnv basking in the sun, conscious of nothing but physical comfort, will call to their minds the words in the "Alabama Coon "

" Mammy, don't yer cry,
Wipe yer shiny eye,
Better days are coming soon."

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HISTORICAL SKETCH.

JAMAICA is an island in the Caribbean Sea, and lies in lat. —but this really does not concern us very much. It is enough that the captain of the ship knows all about the latitude and longitude. Its area is about 4,207 square miles; extreme length, 144 miles ; and extreme width, 49 miles, with a coast-line of 550 miles. Those who ought to know say that "It is one of the fairest countries for beauty in the habitable earth, the brightest jewel in the British crown, and the gem of the Antilles."

Columbus found it for Spain on the 3rd of May, 1494, and the Spaniards held the island until the 20th day of the same month, 1655, when an expedition under the command of Admirals Penn and Venables took it from them, and none too soon, for the Spanish occupation was simply 160 years of cruel persecution of a peaceful race of Indians, the aboriginal Arawaks. During that period some 60,000 of them were done to death, under some pretext, or none, but so complete was the annihilation that there remains not a single living trace of that unoffending and interesting people. Five months later Cromwell sent out General Sedgewick to conduct the Civil Government, who was succeeded the following year by Colonel Brayne, and he in turn gave place in 1657 to Colonel D'Oyley, during whose administration the island was invaded by Don Arnoldi Sasi, an old Spanish Governor, who with 1,000 men landed at Rio Nuevo in 1658 and fortified himself on a cliff near the river. In a few days D'Oyley advanced against him by sea with 700 men. Led by their general, a landing was effected, and by means of scaling ladders the fort was taken ; 450 of the Spaniards were killed, and over a hundred made prisoners. Of the hapless band that escaped some made for Cuba, while others, with Don Sasi and many of their old slaves, took to the mountains and kept up a harassing guerilla warfare for a whole year, until early in 1660, when D'Oyley heard that a band of them, some I go strong, were encamped in Ocho Rios, on what is now the Shaw Park property. They had planted their several guns on an eminence—they are still there—prepared for a determined resistance, but D'Oyley attacked them by land, an unexpected quarter, with about 50 men, and in less than an hour the Blue-jackets had turned Don Sasi's artillery on himself, killing 50 of his men, and poor Sasi fled to Runaway Bay (p. 90), whence he escaped to Cuba in a canoe. Exit the last of the Spaniards. Enter British rule permanently established.

The advent of the English was not marked by depredations against the Arawaks—for they were dead—but the role of Ishmael was more in line with their idea of good government. At that time, Sir Thomas Modyford, who succeeded Colonel Edward Morgan, gave commissions and letters of marque in the name of the King to pirates and buccaneers, whose hands truly " were against every man," to despoil the Spanish main or wherever booty worth bringing to Port Royal could be found, and it is written in the chronicles that the rule of Modyford brought the island to its greatest perfection. The most notorious of these free-booters was Henry Morgan. The story of his life on the high seas is a catalogue of colossal barbarities and unexampled cruelties, but he never sailed without a commission from the authorities, so that he might be styled a "

very gentlemanly buccaneer." His expeditions of pillage and rapine were courteously styled by the powers that were as " Naval encounters and invasions." In 1670 he attacked Panama, then possessing great wealth ; his army of 1,200 men and strong fleet made short shrift of the little town, and the sacking of it was but the work of a few hours. One hundred and seventy-five mule loads of gold and silver was the "swag," £25,000 of which Morgan secured for himself. The men got the balance, but they recognised the lack of proportion somewhere and mutinied, whereupon the intrepid Morgan rolled up his tent like an Arab and silently stole away.

Among the many anomalies recorded in history none appears more grotesque than the fact that while Sir Thomas Modyford was ordered back to England, practically under arrest, to answer for the offence of having exceeded his authority in commissioning Morgan, this same Henry Morgan was knighted as a mark of the King's appreciation of the exploit of Panama. Six years later Sir Henry, the " wealthy planter, the foe of pirates and the friend of law and order," was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Jamaica !

But the curtain fell on the pirate business when Lord Vaughan succeeded Morgan as Governor. Vaughan's remedy was a drastic but salutary process of frequent hangings of these marauders at Gallows Point. The sight of their comrades dangling on the Palisades so got upon the nerves of the remaining buccaneers that the business became unpopular, and was finally crushed out.

From this time there was no very remarkable epoch in the history of Jamaica, with the exception of the destruction of Port Royal by an earthquake in 1692, until 1782, when Rodney achieved his famous victory over the French fleet commanded by Comte de Grasse. The historian tells us that before the sun went down on that 12th day of April the greatest naval battle in English history had been fought and won ; all day long the cannon roared ; one by one the French ships struck their flags, or fought until they foundered and sank, while others crept away like crippled birds, to be picked up afterwards. Rodney brought his Formidable yard-arm to yard-arm with the magnificent Me de Paris, commanded in person by De Grasse, the finest and best ship in the then known world. She was the last to surrender, fighting till there was not enough mast left to carry a sail, her decks above and below littered with mangled bodies. Fourteen thousand Frenchmen were reckoned to have been killed, for the ships were crowded down with troops for the assault on Jamaica. De Grasse gave up his sword to Rodney on the quarterdeck of the Formidable, and so, on that memorable day, was the English Empire saved. Peace followed, but it was peace with honour. The American Colonies were lost, but England still kept her West Indies. Her flag still floated over Gibraltar ; " the hostile strength of Europe all combined had failed to wrest Britannia's sceptre from her. She sat down maimed and bleeding, but the wreath had not been torn from her brow. She was still Sovereign of the Seas."

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Rodney became Jamaica's best-loved hero, received the thanks of his Sovereign, was elevated to the peerage, and a statue by Bacon was erected to his memory in a prominent position in the square at Spanish Town.

Jamaican history, like its physical configuration, is broken, uneven, and full of sharp contrasts. The first age began when Columbus discovered the island ; the second when Cromwell took it from the Spaniards ; the third with the commencement of the

Victorian era, when our late Queen of beloved memory gave her consent to the Act of Parliament which provided that on and after the 1st of August, 1838, all the slaves in the Colonial possessions of Great Britain should be absolutely and forever free. The immediate effect of this act on Jamaica was unquestionably—there, I was just about to touch on the Sugar question, on which the subsequent history of the Colony has so largely hinged ; but Prudence whispers " Don't ! "

CLIMATE.

THE average climate of Kingston, for a period extending over ten years, has been figured out as follows: Maximum 87.8°, minimum 70.7° giving a range of 17.1 degrees. The rate of decrease follows the same rate as that obtained in other countries, viz. about 1° Fahr. for every 300 feet of elevation; therefore, any temperature desired may be found between that given for the plains and Blue Mountain Peak at an altitude of 7,360 feet, where the thermometer registers maximum 71.1°, minimum 46.3°, and mean 55.7°.

The best months in which to visit the island are from November to April, as this is supposed to be the coolest season ; but there is no reason why Jamaica should not be visited with perfect comfort and safety at any time during the year, not only to avoid the cold of Northern winters, but it would be a genuine relief to escape from the intense heat that frequently visits New York and London in the summer time, producing a condition of discomfort, and even suffering, unknown to us here. Who ever heard of sunstroke in Jamaica ? And even if the thermometer were to reach the upper nineties with us, which it seldom does, the atmosphere of latitudes where such temperature might be reached is sufficiently charged with moisture to effectively minimise the effect of the sun's rays.

It is true we have periods of heavy rainfall, say in May and October, but frequently this means copious tropical downpours for a couple of hours, with bright sunshine in between ; and so regular are the intervals that one gets to know about what hour the rain is likely to come, and times one's business or outdoor exercise accordingly. It is well, however, for the traveller to take his waterproof in going for a long ride, as he may be detained, and thus be exposed to a drenching which it is wiser to avoid. Wet

clothes and wet feet, when one is fatigued, are not without danger anywhere.

In writing of the climate of Jamaica, I would address myself not only to the pleasure-seeker and sightseer, but particularly to the invalid,

although it would be very difficult to enumerate the many ailments that have been remedied or, at least, relieved by a sojourn in the island. I might mention the benefit derived by gouty or rheumatic patients treated at the Hot Sulphur Springs in St. Thomas ; the inigorating effects of the Chalybeate Spring at Silver Head, St. Andrew, not to sneak of the valuable Baths at Milk River—of the mineral springs of Jamaica more anon—of dyspepsia cured by the free use of our fruits ; of malaria, for in the hill regions it has no place ; chronic nasal catarrh, bronchial catarrh, etc. etc.

According to Dr. Clark, of Santa Cruz, the climate is very similar to that of Algiers, plus the altitude. Rarely do Europeans suffer from disease of any kind in our mountains ; they are a perfect paradise for children, and frequently do those who live in the lowlands regain in the hills the strength, elasticity, and vim of which a long residence in the invariable rather than the excessive heat of the plains has deprived them. Dr. Robb, of Kingston, in an article on the climate of Jamaica, in the Handbook for 1883, gives, as an instance of European longevity, the fact that on one day, in the mountains of St. Ann, eight men met, most of whom were English and Scotch and none of whom had been in the island a shorter time than forty-three years, the majority fifty, and whose united ages amounted to 79 years. Dr. Clarke, of St. Elizabeth, in an article on the same subject, in the Handbook for 1884, says that during a residence of fourteen years in the Santa Cruz Mountains, no death from fever had occurred in his practice, and that on one occasion he had on his visiting list seven Europeans and two natives, whose ages added together amounted to 751 years. To this I might add, for the information of those who are under the impression that Jamaica is the home of yellow fever, that in a large and varied practice among all classes of the community, extending over a period of twenty years, I have yet to see my first case of this dread scourge of a century ago. If the traveller will but obey the rules of hygiene and health that he would follow in other lands, he is no more liable to fever here than he would be at home.

But there is an ailment, above all others, for which this climate is especially adapted, and for the relief of which a congenial atmosphere is hard to find. I refer to incipient phthisis, or pulmonary trouble of any kind ; and to this may be added the testimony of



THE AUTHOR IN 1875.

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sufferers from Bright's disease. The observations of medical men in the Dry Harbour Mountains prove that Bright's is by no means the dangerous malady it is supposed to be, if the proper climate can be found for the patient.

Lest the reader may be tempted to criticise too severely the apparently extravagant language I use in describing either the scenery or climate of Jamaica, I would ask him to pardon a personal allusion while I give, briefly, a bit of my own experience. In 1874, while yet a young man attending college in London, England, I contracted a severe attack of pneumonia, followed by pulmonary symptoms of a very grave character. In a few months I had reached a point where my physician could hold out very little hope of recovery. Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson, one of England's most famous specialists, limited my prospect of life to six months unless I sought at once a milder climate. Where ? was the question. Eventually South America was decided on, but on reaching Jamaica news was received of an insurrection in progress in the neighbourhood of Buenos Ayres, and the advisability of stopping for a time, at least, in Jamaica became apparent. The sea voyage had done much to build up my strength, but there yet remained persistent fever and an exhausting cough. After not more than ten days in Kingston, I sought the country, living much in the open air, and that in the saddle. Within a month I found myself in Brown's Town, St. Ann, which has been my home ever since. Before six months had elapsed my temperature was normal, and the cough had entirely left me. My weight when I left England was less than 140 lbs. ; what it is now I am too modest to tell, but I present my photograph again at the end of this book, lest anyone should be inclined to commiserate or condole with me in being compelled to reside so long in the tropics. In all these years there has not been the slightest return of any of the symptoms of ill-health that made it necessary for me to leave the Mother Country, and what Jamaica has done for me I feel certain it will do for others similarly affected, if only they will give it the opportunity. There are scores of men and women in this country who could relate a like experience.

In a very able paper read before the American Congress on Tuberculosis, New York, in June, 1902, by that veteran authority on the lungs, Dr. Benjamin F. Lee, Secretary of the State Board of Health, Pennsylvania, he said : "The alternations of sea- and land-breeze are remarkably regular, and can always be anticipated. At about 10 o'clock in the morning the delightful breeze sets in towards the mountain heights from the ocean. This continues to blow until late in the afternoon, when there is a period of comparative calm, followed, as the sun goes down, by delightful currents of cool air from the forest-clad heights. Hence it is possible by a simple change of elevation to obtain any desired climate within the range required by the consumptive. The difference between the daily maximum and minimum at any point or altitude is rarely more than ten degrees. Even at the level of the sea one usually requires a light blanket at night. The sudden alternations of heat and cold of from 25° to 40°, which are so destructive to health and life, and especially so trying to the consumptive, to which we are so constantly liable all over the eastern part of this continent, even as far south as Florida. are entirely unknown in that happy clime. Hence it may be fairly said that

while Jamaica is tropical in situation, so far as its climate goes, it is tropical only in the characteristics of wonderful equability, and sub-tropical or even temperate as to temperature. The Parish of St. Ann, on the northern aspect of the mountain and towards the western end of the island, offers by far the greatest proportion of altitudes such as are usually considered desirable for consumptives, possessing a total area of 476 square miles, 337 situated at elevations of from 1,000 to 3,000 feet. This parish has been called The Garden of Jamaica ' ; and when it is considered that the whole island of Jamaica is one vast garden of surpassing beauty, this is indeed high praise. Brown's Town is one of its principal towns, and is beautifully situated 1,000 feet above the sea. The Parish of Manchester exceeds all others, however, in average altitude, having out of 302 square miles 134 between 1,000 and 2,000 feet, and 126 between 2,000 and 3,000 feet. Its principal town is Mandeville, one of the most charming towns of the island, placed on the summit of a mountain 2,200 feet above sea-level, and noted at once for its picturesqueness and its cleanliness. Suffice it to say that there are numerous localities, at altitudes of 2,000 feet and over, where sites suitable for the erection of sanatoria could be obtained and at no unreasonable delay ; comparatively easy of access ; 11n daily communication with the important coast towns by railway and by mail coaches, and where a delicious bracing climate prevails perennially, within twenty miles of the coast ; situated on the one main mountain range of the island, the pure sea-breeze reaches them without interference or obstruction, only cooled by its passing over the dense inland forests. The Santa Cruz Mountains are well known for the coolness and dryness of their climate, and of the Dry Harbour Mountains also the same is true. Enough has been said to indicate the claims of the climate of this exquisite island, as favourable to those suffering from pulmonary affections, rheumatism, Bright's disease, and a host of other ills that flesh is heir to."

There is one subject I should like to refer to here for the sake of a large number of young men of delicate constitution who are desirous of finding a country where they could earn a living, and at the same time enjoy the benefit of a genial climate. Frequently when travelling abroad I am interviewed on this question, and when at home almost every mail brings me letters making the one inquiry, after relating the 11r circumstances, physical condition, etc., "Would you advise me to go to Jamaica ? " It is impossible not to sympathise with such cases, but it is better to tell the bald truth, even if it is discouraging, rather than to inspire anyone with hopes and expectations that are not likely to be realised.

The list comprises professional men, clerks, mechanics, gardeners, agriculturists, etc. To the first-named I would say that the supply is already greater than the demand ; besides, the people are poor, while every year numbers of young Jamaicans, legal and medical, return to the island from Europe, there having qualified to practise. A stranger would find the competition growing keener every year, although there " is always room at the top." Clerkships are all too few to provide situations for more than a small percentage of the many well-educated young men of respectable parentage already in the island. Mechanics from abroad could not live upon the wage offered here. There is

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a dearth of first-class workmen in every department of trade in the island, probably because there is no apprenticeship law to strengthen the hands of the competent masters who are in a position to turn out journeymen with a thorough knowledge of their trade ; but, worse than all, there exists a rooted objection in the minds of most native lads to being indentured for a term of years to learn a trade. Be the cause what it may, the fact remains that three-quarters of the mechanics in Jamaica receive less than 3s. per day. Gardeners and agriculturists mined in temperate climes would require to spend some time familiarising themselves with the many different phases of plant life and cultivation in the tropics before they would be worth much of a salary to anyone. But enough said. It may sound somewhat blunt, but I would not advise anyone to come to this island with such an aim in view unless he had in hard cash £500 to 12,000 at the very least ; and even then, before investing his capital, let him come out and cautiously

and carefully study the situation on the spot. If it is fruit farming or pen-keeping he is going in for, his dreams, and the realisation of what the work is like, may be as far apart as the poles ; neither the mode of life, the climate, nor surroundings may suit him. Let him first take a subordinate position on a property under some experienced planter for a year or two—by applying to Elder, Dempster & Co. he will be aided in obtaining such a situation—and by that time he will either have discovered or been told whether he is fitted for the life or not. If he fails, he will still have his money, and be able to blame nothing but his own lack of adaptability ; but if he had imprudently invested his money, and by mismanagement and lack of experience failed, he would of course blame the country. On the other hand, if a planter's life suits him, he will now be in a position to manage his own plantation ; but here, as elsewhere, there is no royal road to fortune, except by steady habits and hard work.

MINERAL SPRINGS.

AMONG the many resources that await development in Jamaica may be mentioned our Mineral Springs, only waiting for the man of enterprise to cast his money upon the waters, and before many days he will not only reap a golden harvest, but prove a veritable benefactor to suffering humanity.

The first in importance of our Medicinal Springs is the bath of St. Thomas the Apostle, situated near the pretty little village of Bath, easily accessible by a good driving road from Kingston to Morant Bay, a distance of thirty-one miles ; and twelve miles more inland lies the village of Bath. This journey, however, is rather tedious, there being very little of interest to be seen on the road ; but a route much to be preferred is that by the weekly coastal steamer to Bowden, where lodgings may be obtained at the commodious and comfortable Peak View Cottages of the United Fruit Co., and where the tourist will probably be inclined to prolong his stay for a few days, to enjoy the scenery and fresh air that blows over the lofty eminence on which this resort is built. A rare treat is in store here for those who have a day or two to spare, when advantage may be taken of the courtesy extended so frequently to tourists by the United Fruit Co., of making a trip among the plantations on a waggon provided with seats, coupled to the front of the engine of the narrow gauge banana railway (p. 62). This is an experience second only to the Rio Cobre Canal jaunt ; the exhilarating effect is indescribable as you rush upwards among the glens and valleys of the Company's best banana properties. Try it ! A drive of nine miles over a good road in one of the United Fruit Co.'s conveyances brings you to Bath, where, although the hotel is not yet built, fairly good lodgings will be found.

There is no space here in which to tell the interesting story of Bath in anything like detail ; its history is full of romance. Tradition says that some two hundred years ago a runaway slave afflicted with ulcers discovered the hot springs, in which he bathed his sores, was healed, and returned to his master, who gave him his freedom. This master was probably Colonel Stanton, who owned the property on which the springs were

found, and subsequently sold them, with i, too acres of adjoining land, to the Government for £400. So run the records of the Old House of Assembly. The Legislature made grants of money for the building of houses, the botanic gardens were established, while people contributed freely towards the support of the sick and poor who resorted to the baths ; a good road was laid out between Port Morant and the springs, and "many persons of fortune," says Long, who wrote the history of the island in 1774, "took up lots and erected houses ; the square was soon adorned with a hospital, public lodging-house, and a billiard-room, and became the fashionable resort of the well-to-do from all parts of the island. In short, from a dreary desert it grew into a scene of polite and social amusement."

This was not of long continuance, however political squabbles upset all, and by 1768 the place was practically abandoned. All this is ancient history, of which more might be added, but we are concerned with the present.

A few months ago I visited Bath, and, early on the morning after my arrival, walked the short one-and-a-half miles from the village to the spring. The road, which is good enough for wheeled traffic, is an easy gradient, and winds up a narrow gorge clad with the richest vegetation, a perfect Arcadia for the botanist and fern hunter. The air is fragrant, but heavy—a sort of natural hot-house. Every half mile shelters are provided against sudden showers in the shape of zinc-covered sheds built over the road. A sulphurous brook ripples down the ravine. The bath building is in good condition, and quite a party might be accommodated upstairs with sleeping apartments by giving previous notice to the manager, while downstairs are the baths, two built of marble for ladies, and three of cement for gentlemen. All the conveniences and accessories of a well-appointed establishment were at hand—changing-room, towels, etc. I drank the regulation two glasses of hot water fresh from the " Kettle," as the spring is called, because it is covered in by stonework with an iron lid on the top, allowing the escape of quite a volume of steam when removed. The temperature of the water in the

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"Kettle" is 132° Fahr.

I was already pretty warm from my walk, and now a copious perspiration broke out from every pore ; but you don't mind that when you are prepared for a bath. A few minutes later I stepped into a clean and inviting bath-room, and made a plunge, but I paid for my temerity. Nothing short of parboiling, I felt sure, would be my fate before I could scramble out. The bath had just been filled, and was about 120° temperature ; but shouting brought cold water in abundance, and quickly the temperature was down to a little below 100°, when i enjoyed it immensely. Dr. Sibley, for some years. physician to the baths, in one of his reports says: "These waters. are decidedly sulphurous, and evolve abundance of sulphuretted hydrogen : they also contain chlorate of calcium, a valuable medicinal agent, and are greatly superior to the sulphurous waters so highly prized in England, for whereas the English waters of this kind are cold, these have a temperature of from 128° to 130°, and are by the highest medical authorities esteemed to be stimulant and highly beneficial in many chronic complaints and a great variety of skin diseases and chronic rheumatism, gout, and disorders of the spleen and liver, caused by malaria." Long described the water as "sending a thrilling glow through the whole body," and states that its continued use enlivens the spirits and sometimes produces the same joyous effects as inebriation. It must be a singular felicity to get drunk on water !

The springs may be classed among the hot sulphurous-sodic-calcic-waters, similar in their mineral constituents to the Salt Lake Spring in Utah, and those of Bath in England, but still closer allied to the famous waters in the Pyrenees, Eaux-bonnes and Eaux-chaudes. Writing of these, an eminent physician, Piddoux, states that " by the rare combination in them of the sulphites of lime and soda they furnish the most beautiful problem in therapeutics, a most powerful remedy in phthisis." The action of the Eaux-bonnes on those who drink its waters, who suffer from bronchial catarrh, pulmonary phthisis, and are cured even in the third stage of the latter disease, is simply marvellous ; but precautions are needed, and patients must be placed under medical surveillance. The waters of our Bath possess the same mineral properties as, but in larger quantities than, the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle Baresges, and Bagneres de Luchon, and are superior to those at Harrogate, which are cold, while these are hot. A great future may safely be predicted for the Bath of St. Thomas the Apostle, when the people of Europe and the United States learn that we have not only balmy breezes and azure skies, but healing waters of the highest potency to offer them.

THE MILK RIVER BATHS.—These baths are situated on the banks of the Milk River in Vere, Parish of Clarendon, and, like the baths in St. Thomas, may be reached

either by coasting steamer in a few hours, or, if preferred, by rail to Clarendon Park and a drive of seven miles by road. So far little attempt has been made in the way of elaborate preparation to receive visitors, and the accommodation is simple and antiquated, but, like the old almanacks, " If they're no very guid they're no very dear." There are several houses in the neighbourhood of the springs in good order, fairly well furnished, and provided with bed and table linen, while a cook and butler are available at a small charge, or arrangements may be made with the matron for board at about 6s. per day.

The best months in the year to visit Milk River are from the end of September to the beginning of May. The mineral spring is a thermal saline-calcic, the temperature being 92° Fahr., and its constituents being almost identical with, although hotter than, the Lebanon Spring of New York and the healing springs of Bath County, Virginia, each of which is held in high esteem in the United States, Not only from all parts of the island, but from the Spanish Main, United States, Canada and Europe, hundreds of sufferers from gout and rheumatism are on the list of patients who have come for treatment and have gone away, not only greatly relieved, but frequently cured, many of them having already tested the thermal waters of Homburg, Weisbaden, and Kissingen, and confessing their preference for Milk River, especially in the case of gout. Scrofulous and granular diseases have also been successfully treated ; but although the Government has generously aided the institution, even up to the present day, much remains still to be done in the way of alterations for the convenience of invalids, and in the construction of the baths, before it could be honestly recommended to the fastidious patient who looks for comfort as well as cure.

There is no need to enlarge on the efficacy of the numerous other mineral springs throughout the island, but in passing I might mention the invigorating properties of the chalybeate springs at Silver Hill, St. Andrew, called the " Jamaica Spa," at one time of great and deserved repute, but, like much else in Jamaica, allowed to fall into disuse by sheer neglect. This is all the more surprising when one considers its magnificent situation on the side of the Blue Mountains, at an elevation of 3,500 feet, surrounded by scenery of surpassing loveliness, and that the waters contain more iron than the chalybeate waters of Harrogate, seven times more than Montpelier, and three times as much as Twit Well ; but the day is not far distant when the true value of this natural solution of chloride of iron will be recognised, and we may yet hear of the promoters of the European chalybeate springs shaking in their shoes at the very mention of the name " Jamaica Spa."

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SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

AND when we come to Jamaica, what are you going to give us to do ? " A very proper question, and I should like to be in a position to draw up a programme for the traveller of how to kill time. The problem never having worried me, I fear my knowledge of the subject is an unknown quantity, for although in my youth I was wont to cast my fly on the black waters of the Cabrach, and the still waters that run deep of the Fiddoch and the Deveron, at nightfall bringing home a well-filled basket of bonnie speckled trout, it is many years ago ; and while in 1891 and 1892 I shot elephants in Central Africa for the pot-roasts their hearts, feet, and trunks supplied ; hippos on the Zambesi for the sake of their tallow; koodoos, hartebeests, elands, gemsbok, and other antelopes of a dozen varieties—for I had a hundred men to feed day by day, often for weeks together, with nothing but the meat that fell to my rifle—but that was not for sport. However, I have a friend who struck it rich on his wedding clay, and has ever since been a great sport, owns his yacht, and tells me that for:

YACHTSMEN looking for fresh cruising grounds during the winter there is no better port for headquarters than Kingston in the whole of the Greater Antilles. Good anchorage, well sheltered against every wind that blows, supplies of all kinds on the spot, and the doors of the Royal Jamaica Yacht Club always open to welcome strangers, with its billiard-room, whist tables, cool and airy reading-room, and many like-minded brethren ready to offer such assistance and courtesies as tend to make a temporary sojourn pleasant. Interesting trips may be made round the island with any craft over ten tons, while Cuba, Hayti, San Domingo, and the Leeward and Windward Islands may be visited, where good harbours for yachts of any draught will be found.

CRICKET has many votaries in Jamaica. There are several clubs in the island, notably the Kingston and Melbourne Cricket Clubs, the former having a membership of three hundred, including some of the best players in the island ; and here visitors introduced by a member are always welcome. There are also good clubs in St. Elizabeth, Portland, and other parishes.

GOLF.—What better exercise would one desire than a couple of hours in the afternoon at this grand old game? There are splendid links in Kingston ; new links have been laid out on the grounds of Constant Spring Hotel, and a professional engaged for the season ; there are also good links at Mandeville. The Kingston and St. Andrew Club has issued a card with the following information : "The Committee of the above Club will be pleased to receive as temporary members any visitors to the island on the following terms :-

" A week's play free, after which there is a charge of 2s. 6d. per week, 5s. per month, and 10s. for three months.

" There is also a charge of 6d a round for all players.

"Visitors intending to play over the links are requested to inform the Secretary, who will be glad to give any further information."

So bring along your bag of sticks—putter, driver, deck, and mashie ; we can find the caddie !

BICYCLING.—In no country are the roads better adapted for this mode of travel than Jamaica. Hundreds have already made the trip around the island on their wheels, adding greatly to their health and enjoyment. The roads are macadamised, hard, but porous, so that even when it rains there is little mud, and but little danger of slipping.

SHOOTING.—We have no big game, but lots of wild fowl, white-wings, baldpates, peadoves, blue pigeons, ring-tail pigeons, partridge and quail ; and in addition to these we are visited every winter by large flocks of ducks of several varieties—whistling duck, shovel-bill duck, and white-belly duck ; also teal and snipe in large numbers.

The close season is from the end of March to the end of July for most of the birds named. The best shooting grounds in the island are to be found within a short distance of Kingston, round Port Henderson and the Rio Cobre: the genial and hospitable owners are always pleased to offer opportunities for a good day's sport in the season to their friends and acquaintances, three hundred birds to twelve guns being no unusual bag in a morning. Crocodile (otherwise called alligator) hunting is a treat for any keen sportsman, for nothing gives more excitement to the square inch than the chance of drawing a bead on the vulnerable spot of a ten-foot croc as he emerges from his slimy habitat, or basks in the sun on the banks of the lagoon; but I would advise anyone to give this sport a wide berth unless he is constitutionally strong, and inured to exposure, not only to the mid-day sun, but the noxious exhalations of the malarial swamps, for only in such pestilential neighbourhoods are these saurian reptiles found.

FISHING.—In the lower reaches of nearly all our rivers a variety of delicious fish is to be found in abundance, chief among them being the West Indian salmon, or callipeva, snook, June fish, and snapper, while higher up in the hills, beneath the waterfalls and rapids, are to be found the famous mountain mullet, a near relation to the brook trout. All of these are caught with the rod, and give excellent sport, but for the enthusiastic sportsman we have something better to offer him—namely, tarpon fishing. The fashionable tarpon ground of to-day is, of course, the Boco Grand Pass, off Florida. Thither the devotees of tarpon repair at the beginning of April, and stay until they are driven away by the mosquitoes ; talking, thinking, dreaming of nothing and fishing for nothing but tarpon, the glorious, high-leaping tarpon. The author of an article on this subject that appeared lately in an American magazine said : "Tarpon devotees will not allow that there is any other kind of fishing. They wave you aside with a tired air when you talk of the skill needed for salmon or trout fishing. Skill is

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the least part of the endowments needed for tarpon fishing—which calls for sheer strength and vast powers of physical endurance. To all appearances it is a gigantic herring, with scales four inches across, except for its long dorsal fin ray. When the news spreads that the fish are on the move, a score of boats hastily put out, clustering quickly together around the likely spots where great fish continually leap into the air." All this and more you will find here, minus the hordes of mosquitoes. There are mosquitoes in Jamaica, but very few as compared to an ordinary fishing resort at home ; and as to the flies, the pest of northern climes in the summer time, except in some parts near the coast or in the neighbourhood of sugar estates, they are not numerous enough to remind you of their existence.

In the waters around the Bogue Islands, Montego Bay, plenty of tarpon are to be found, four having been caught by a party of gentlemen not long ago in one day, the combined weight of which was 346 lb. One of the finest fishermen in the world—Mr. Eugene Von Hofe, of New York—says in his book on tarpon : "This mighty game fish, in weight running to hundreds of pounds, was comparatively unknown to anglers not many years ago, at which time the taking of a tarpon with a rod and reel was an unheard-of exploit, the difficulty experienced in handling him on the rod exceeding that of any other fish. Of recent years the interest in fishing for the tarpon has increased to a marked degree, but even now his capture with the rod and line is not of frequent occurrence, and that angler who proves himself so skilful or fortunate enough to take one of these silver kings in that manner can well consider that he has achieved no ordinary task. As a vaulting fish they are not exceeded by anything that swims the seas, instances being known where they have cleared the waters with their tails to a height equalling six feet ; they are rapid in their movements, and their strength is something enormous. Generally, after taking the bait, they instantly jump in the air close to the boat, at other times dashing away for a great distance before commencing their antics ; while in the air they shake their heads, thus ejecting the bait which they have been holding in their mouths."

The Hon. Louis Bertram, Auditor-General of Jamaica, writes : " I understand you want to know something about tarpon. This magnificent fish is found all over the West Indies under the following names: — Kuffum ' in Demerara, ' Grand Ecaille' in Grenada and the French Islands, and ' Tarpon' elsewhere. We in Jamaica have landed them with the rod up to eighty-five pounds, but much bigger ones have been caught in nets. They are found in the sea, in creeks, in rivers, and in salt ponds. Their bony scales make it extremely difficult to gaff them, the safest place being in the gill. I landed one for Captain Montgomerie that way the other day, also the eighty-five-pounder already mentioned. We have caught them with whitebait, grey mullet, fly, and prawn."

From the foregoing facts and actual experiences the English and American angler will naturally conclude that he need not quit these shores for Florida in the tourist season in order to indulge in his favourite sport.

LAWN TENNIS is played not only in Kingston, but all over the island. It would be difficult to find a district where it is not ; there are clubs everywhere, and tournaments are of constant occurrence.

AUTOMOBILING.—Of the roads in Jamaica much has been written and more has been told by the great army of delighted visitors who every winter traverse the Island of Sunshine in motor car or native carriage. Mingled with the pleasure of viewing the charms of a tropical landscape is surprise that travel should be so comfortable. For it is not usual in a tropical country to find the matter of getting about from place to place as easy as in our own well-equipped suburbs—and that is just what the tourist does find as he continues day after day to enjoy the splendid roads in this wonderful land of delight, which until a few short years ago was quite unknown to the American travelling public.

Every road in Jamaica, beside being thoroughly good as far as construction is concerned, is in addition a series of enchanting views. It is the usual thing to halt one's car every here and there to get the full benefit of the beauty of colouring, to view the distant mountain tops just come into the picture as the car rounds one of the winding stretches of the hillside road, or to study the " moving pictures " in some little native settlement.

The whole surface of Jamaica is well traversed by finely built highways, credit for which is due to the British Government, under whose sway the island has been for two and a half centuries.

From the hilly condition of the Jamaica landscape the roads cannot proceed in straight lines from village to village, but must wind up and down the steep places, with the result of constantly presenting to view unexpected scenic beauties that inspire the admiration of every beholder. If one is compelled to undergo the hardships and fatigue of ill-constructed roads to do his sight-seeing he feels sometimes that the price he pays is too great for the pleasure. But in one's own favourite touring car, and running over the smooth and hard-surfaced roads of this fortune-favoured island of the southern seas, there are no drawbacks to perfect enjoyment. Not only are the main roads admirably adapted to this twentieth century pastime, but they are so distinct in their character and so carefully marked that the veriest stranger could not lose his way. Signboards are maintained at all cross roads and intersections, masonry or cement columns are established at convenient spots showing distances to adjacent villages and even total mileage to far distant points, and every mile is marked by a whitewashed and numbered wooden post. Visiting automobilists are cautioned against speeding, however, for, though the roads invite it, the natives are not yet accustomed to the motor car, their animals are apt to be frightened, the roads are seldom straight for any great distance, and in the mountains there are sharp curves that it would be dangerous to attempt to speed. It is best to go slow and see the country. Here, amid the restful environment of the waving palms and thick shade of tropic groves, the wearied man of affairs and the tired society leader may roll smoothly along, breathing in the calm

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serenity of their surroundings and gaining strength of mind and body. Not that it is impossible, with all the novel claims on one's attention, to make very good time on certain of the comparatively long trips between important localities, and a number of prominent American visitors have scored very good runs from their headquarters at Hotel Titchfield, Port Antonio, to Kingston, Castleton Gardens and Montego Bay.

The largest cars will find ample room on all the coast and many of the interior roads.

But among the mountains, owing to the numerous abrupt corners and curves, an auto with a wheel base of more than about 100 inches will meet with difficulties. The ideal car, in my opinion, for the Colonies in general and Jamaica in particular, is a Stanley Steamer—either the fine passenger touring car or the Runabout, carrying four—and this conclusion is arrived at after an experience of several years with one of the latter, and comparing it with others using gasoline cars.

It is often objected that it takes fifteen or twenty minutes to get up steam before starting on a journey. This is but a trifling drawback. When steam is up it will go, and there is not a gasoline expert living who can be certain when he turns the crank of a gasoline motor that it will even start, to say nothing of what power it will develop or

how long it will run after it is started. A gasoline engine at its best is a most complicated affair. The essentials include batteries, coils, spark plugs, carburetters, water-cooling devices, besides a complication of valves. Then come the shifting gears, clutches, advance and retard of sparks, and the constant attention necessary to lubrication. All these objectionable features are overcome in the new steamer.

Then there is the high cost of gasoline to be considered. Although it is now reduced to 60 cents per gallon, there are very few places in the island where it can be obtained at

any price ; while the steamer runs best on kerosene oil as a fuel, provided it is fitted with a Judson L. Thomson National burner. The kerosene costs little more than half gasoline, gives nearly double the mileage, and can be had from any and every wayside store along the road ; and, I may add, a steam car is so constructed that repairs are very much more easily effected—a consideration, surely, in countries where skilled mechanics are seldom available.



THE AUTHOR AND HIS STANLEY STEAM CAR.

Tires will do more than double the same work on a steamer than on a gasoline car on the rear wheels, and there is no shaking of the machine while standing on its tires. A steamer when standing is perfectly quiet, while in a gasoline car the vibration of the engine is continually shaking the mechanism

to pieces, and when one part gives out a pretty general smash-up ensues. With a steamer the absence of vibration allows the parts to remain securely in their respective places, and only legitimate wear results.

Transportation by automobile should be like gliding on wings rather than riding on a threshing machine. An engine that depends upon explosions to produce power can never be as still and free from vibration as one which receives a constant, evenly distributed power.

The vexatious tire question is ever with us, and, as everyone

knows who runs a motor car, sharp stones whets wet cut into the rubber of a shoe pretty severely. But in a great measure this can be obviated if the motorist will but provide all four wheels with a set of Woodworth Leather Tire Treads. The set costs less than the price of a single tire of good quality, and from the day they are put on, there need be no further anxiety about punctures or blow outs, and with rational care are good for from 2,500 to 4,000 miles or more, according to weight of car, while with them skidding is impossible.

PLACES OF INTEREST AND HOW TO REACH THEM.

IT is not my purpose to enter into an exhaustive and detailed description of the attractions of the island, since this chapter is intended only for those who are already in Jamaica and intend travelling to see the country for themselves. No one wishes to be told the details of a story they are about to read, and the long array of photographs this book contains, selected from a collection of many hundreds taken during my peregrinations over all parts of the island, will speak for the scenery far more eloquently than volumes of written description. I will therefore confine myself to a few suggestions as to trips and tours to different places of interest, leaving the visitor to decide which of them the time and means at his command will permit of his accomplishing.

Frequently it happens that the round trip only is taken, mainly for the benefit the sea voyage affords, returning by the same steamer, and thus allowing five clear days ashore. This, of course, refers to English travellers; but the same itinerary will apply equally well to visitors from the United States, though on different days.

I would gladly omit any reference to the catastrophe that laid low our beloved city, for to those of us who were there when the blow was struck, and barely escaped with our lives, there are memories so bitter that we shrink from recalling them.

Life in the second largest city in the West Indies hummed along as usual. The new year, 1907, was but fourteen days old, and the outlook was rosy—the golden sun of prosperity had risen above the horizon—and the people looked ahead with bright and cheerful hearts, when at 3.30 in the afternoon, inside of a minute, the scene had changed—the black hand of disaster had overshadowed the sun of prosperity, and ruin and horrible disaster had overwhelmed Kingston.

San Francisco, Valparaiso, Kingston—inside of a year each of these three great cities (for Kingston was a great city from a West Indian standpoint) shared the same fate : destruction by earthquake and fire.

And, by comparison, the disaster that overwhelmed the capital city of Jamaica was the most terrible of the three. In the Californian city it was the fire following hard on the earthquake that did the greatest amount of damage, but still fully a quarter of the residences were left in a habitable condition. At Valparaiso, as at Kingston, the earthquake was the principal agent of destruction, but here again, although the damage was more widespread than in the American city, at least ten per cent. of the buildings were left fit to live in.

In Kingston not more than two per cent. of the dwelling houses—for the business section was utterly destroyed--(and the vast majority of these were small wooden buildings) have been spared. In just thirty seconds—in the twinkling of an eye, as it were—Nature had used her most terrible weapon to smash the city and parish of Kingston to pieces. Several of the commercial houses stood the terrible shock, but in an hour or two these were reduced to bare, broken walls by the earthquake's chief aid—fire.

Such in brief is the story of the cataclysm that smote Kingston. The photographs on pp. 47 and 48, taken within a few days of the catastrophe—soldiers and police being still on guard over the ruins — represent the centre of the city in all its sadness. But while it is true that many of the men who helped to make Kingston the great West Indian city it had become were lost in the great disaster, many of them still live, and yet possess the grit, energy and enterprise that such an occasion could only accentuate. The ashes of the shattered and burnt buildings were scarcely cold before they were having the foundations cleared and a start made to build a bigger, better and still greater Kingston than of yore. The illustrations in the following pages, representing new streets and magnificent buildings, all constructed within less than four years, testify that life in the tropics has not taken the vim out of our city business men, and still the work of rebuilding progresses with a rapidity beyond our fondest dreams, for we will not be satisfied until the new Kingston ranks second to none among the cities of the Caribbea.

The electric cars will take you along the main streets, and the belt line around most of the city. We are proud of our Electric Street Car system. There is no finer plant of its kind in the world. When you go to Bog Walk, see the dam on the Rio Cobre and the power house, whence the energy is generated for the tramways and electric lighting. A dam of concrete is built across the river near the Bog Walk station, 9 feet high above low water level, with a base of 18 feet. The difference in levels from water above the dam to water above the power house is 57 feet, and the distance from the dam to the power house is 6,200 feet, the water being conveyed thither by means of a steel-riveted pipe 8 feet in diameter. The electric current is transmitted at the immense pressure of 14,000 volts, a distance of twenty-two miles to the transforming station at Kingston; the transmission line is carried on steel poles planted in concrete. The system, though subject to most variable loading, is governed within 5 per cent., and the whole electrical system works most perfectly.

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The Museum connected with the Jamaica Institute will well repay a visit, for the antiquary will find not only relics recalling the days of Spanish barbaric rule, but also subjects connected with the aboriginal Indian inhabitants, the Arawaks, stone and shell implements, skulls, bones, and pottery. For the botanist the Herbarium contains

orchids, grasses, sedges, ferns, and a large collection of polished specimens of economic wood; while anyone can verify our great fish story by looking upon the identical papers the notable shark swallowed, and subsequently delivered up to the authorities, to the consternation, conviction, and execution of the crew of the Nancy brig on the 25th of November, 1799.

The library will afford many a pleasant hour to those who have the time to spare and are sufficiently interested in the historical records of the Colony to delve among the musty tomes—many books are to be found here — and scarce anywhere else — dating back to the days when the British under Penn and Venables added the island to the Empire.

Then there is the new Roman Catholic Cathedral, the finest ecclesiastical building in the West Indies, its glistening copper dome reflecting the rays of the tropic sun and visible from the steamer's deck while yet far out at sea. Other places of interest that will well repay a visit of inspection are the new Parish Church, the Nova Scotia Bank, the Colonial Bank, the Royal Mail Steam Packet Building, the Law Courts, the Penitentiary, the Victoria Market, the new Public Buildings, etc.

A very enjoyable run might be taken on the street cars to the Hope Gardens, King's House Gardens, or to Rock Fort, all of which are short journeys in different directions from the city that take you out to the country for a breath of fresh air.

ONE DAY ASHORE.

Arrange at the office of your hotel to have a carriage or motor car by daybreak on Saturday morning, and start by sunrise for an excursion to Castleton Gardens (pp. 50 and 51), nineteen miles from Kingston. Driving along the Half-way Tree Road, within an hour the Constant Spring Hotel and Mona Estate are passed, the fields and foliage assume a deeper green, the glare is less, and the air freshens as you ascend the hill; crowds of women and children are met, walking briskly along with their baskets on their heads, carrying yam, plantains, potatoes, breadfruit, bananas, cassava, ochra, peas, ginger, arrowroot, tobacco, maize, oranges, limes, lemons, pineapples, cocoanuts, mangoes, shaddock, grapefruit, papaws, melons, custard-apple—(In what other country will you find custards, milk, and oysters growing on

trees?)—sweetsop, soursop, roseapples, sapodilla, cherrymoya, granadilla, cashew, chocho, tamarind, avocada pear, poultry and eggs, &c., destined for the market in Kingston. The road is good all the way, and in many parts completely shaded by the overhanging trees. The outlook from the top of the hill is hard to beat; a splendid panorama opens up to the view—the Liguanea Plains at your feet, and beyond them the magnificent harbour, the Palisadoes, Port Royal, and the long vista of receding mountain ranges which line the coast towards the west, including the Healthshire Hills.

One hour more and Castleton is reached, situated in a valley through which flows the Wag Water, noisily making its way among the huge boulders that occupy the river bed. Almost every imaginable species of tropical plant life will be found in these gardens. The Government has spent an immense amount of money, while labour, taste, and skill have all combined to bring them to their present state of perfection. When you are tired walking around, you can go either to the cottage-hotel of the United Fruit Co. within the grounds, where a good luncheon may be had, or you can cross the road to the bank of the river, and there you will discover a natural arbour, formed by the interlacing of the groups of bamboos, delightfully cool, and just the place to picnic and rest until it is time for the return journey.

One of the most magnificent drives in the island is from here to Annotta Bay, but there is no time for that trip on this occasion.

THREE DAYS ASHORE, SAY

MONDAY the journey to Newcastle should be made. The remarks with reference to arrangements and an early start for the trip to Castleton apply with equal force to this. The early morning in every case is the best time to travel, and all the more when a long journey is undertaken. The air is cool, it is easier for the horses, the dust is laid by the dew of the night, and the atmosphere is fragrant with the odour of blossoms on flower and tree.

Newcastle is the camp of the English soldiers, although I understand a Scotch regiment—the Greys—was once sent there in disgrace to atone for misdeeds. I suppose the idea was to give them a sort of solitary confinement en masse. The existence of the daisy, Burns's "wee crimson-tippet flower," heather and whins growing around the camp, lend colour to the story; nevertheless, living there year in and year out, and a scamper there and back in a day, are two different considerations. One thing is certain : were the distance from Kingston to Newcastle many times greater than it is, it would be well worth the time and trouble required to get there, if only to enjoy the view from the Parade Ground, at an elevation of 4,000 feet above sea-level. Until lately only

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half the way was made by buggy, the rest of the journey on horseback; but now there is a driving road up to the centre of the camp—a great convenience, certainly, for invalids and aged and infirm folk; but for those who can take to the saddle the old riding road from Gordon Town is much to be preferred, equally safe, much shorter, and far more picturesque and interesting.

After leaving Kingston the road leads along the valley of the Hope River, a deep and narrow ravine hemmed in by towering mountains on both sides. Before reaching Gordon Town, those who drive take the road to the left, and by comparatively easy gradients continue the ascent to Newcastle. The riding party will obtain ponies at either of the two livery-stables in Gordon Town—sure-footed animals accustomed to climb the hills daily—and a well-made track, some four feet wide, is followed, zig-zagging by the side of the torrent through some of the richest bits of tropical scenery the eye ever feasted on (p. 53). Beside the varied assortment of acacias, roses, jessamine, hibiscus, and convolvulus, you will find the purple bougainvilleas, great banks of ferns, feathery bamboos, and graceful palms overhanging the pathway. An hour of this at an easy pace, and you reach the first of the buildings, that look from Kingston like a flock of sheep grazing on the mountain side. Keep climbing, and a few moments will bring you to the Parade Ground, where you can rest and gaze upon a scene that can be more easily imagined than described. If inclined for a walk, follow the path along by the old Post-Office to Clifton Gap, and you will find a view from that point that, to say the least, has no equal in the West Indies—and that is saying a great deal. Do not stay late, as it generally rains in the evening at Newcastle.

TUESDAY should be devoted to the exploration of Spanish Town, an interesting drive by road, passing en route the great Ceiba, or Silk Cotton Tree, immortalised in "Tom Cringle's Log," and still known as Tom Cringle's Tree (p. 66). Its branches, covered with tillandsias and other parasites, reach right across the road. These giants are of solitary habit, and are never seen in groups. Specimens are frequently to be found measuring eighteen to twenty feet in diameter. Then there is Ye Olde Ferry Inn (p. 67), said to be the rendezvous in bygone days of the roystering sports of Kingston and Spanish Town, who met here on Sundays for their weekly gamble and spree. The old house is now almost deserted and crumbling to decay. If the railroad journey is preferred, you take the train at 7.30 A.M., and a short run of fourteen miles will land you at this ancient capital, founded by the Spaniards in 1523, and called by them St. Jago de la Vega.

Around the Plaza, or square, you will see about everything of interest there is in the place. On one side stands the old King's House, or official residence of

the Governors when Spanish Town was the capital, with its massive portico supported by Doric columns; and inside you will find the entrance-hall, banqueting-hall, ball-room and reception-rooms—all on a scale so grand and lofty that one feels like being turned loose into an empty cathedral of huge dimensions. On the east are the Registrar's and Record Offices, where are deposited the official records, land titles, etc. Get someone to take you through this building, for in it our law-makers used to hold their sessions in the stormy days of the old House of Assembly. On the north stands Rodney's Temple, an elegant and artistic bit of masonry, under the dome of which stands the statue of the noble hero, flanked by two splendid brass 18-pounders captured from De Grasse's flagship, the *Ville de Paris*. There are also two bronze mortars, taken from some ship on that memorable day when Rodney saved Jamaica from the French, and maintained the prestige of England's greatness as "Mistress of the Seas." The Cathedral must not be forgotten. It stands on the foundations of the Spanish Church of the Red Cross, which was destroyed by the Puritan soldiers of Cromwell in 1655. The present building was erected in the place of the one built in the reign of Queen Anne, but afterwards destroyed by a hurricane many of the monuments, tablets, and slabs are older than the church, and are full of interest. Some specimens of Bacon's best work are to be found here, such as the monuments to Lady Elgin, the Earl and Countess of Effingham, and others.

It will now be in order to repair to the Rio Cobre Hotel for lunch previously arranged for. An hour only can be allowed for this repast, as there is something very special in store for the afternoon. "Oh, I know," says someone; "a drive through the Bog Walk." No; something even better than that, although I may say here that a drive through the Bog Walk is one of the pleasure trips few visitors miss who have the time to spare. This pass was named by the Spaniards *Bocca di Aguas* (Mouth of the Waters), now corrupted with execrable taste to "Bog Walk," a vale of rare beauty, six miles in length, and would be hard to match in any country, its extraordinary wealth of vegetation covering the hills on either side from base to summit. The swiftly running river follows the road all the way, its banks adorned with the beautiful star-apple, graceful palms and masses of bamboo-like ostrich feathers. On nearing Linstead the valley narrows, and nearly perpendicular rocks of immense height and picturesque grandeur take the place of sloping hills, but even here the rocks are festooned with convolvulus and other climbing plants. A light, graceful bridge spans the river where we emerge from the valley. But this trip must be reserved for another visit. We hire a buggy for six shillings at the Rio Cobre Hotel and drive to the head of the

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Irrigation Works, enter the gate by the cottage, and descend the narrow track to the dam there you will find a punt with two men in attendance on the canal, who, for a small fee of five shillings, will take a party of any number up to eight on one of the most delightful cruises it has ever been their good fortune to enjoy (pp. 68, 69 and 70 show three of the scenes from this fairyland). For an hour and a half to two hours—if you have any sympathy with Nature in your being—it will simply mean enchantment. Imagine the great Palm House at Kew placed here by some kind genii alongside the water, and you may have an approximate conception of what the vegetation is like that lines the banks on either side, yet without monotony, but with the ever-changing combinations of a kaleidoscope. The buggy can go round and meet the party at the bridge, and you will get back to Spanish Town in time for the 5.32 train to Kingston.

WEDNESDAY you must visit Port Royal. Take the early market boat and cross the Bay before the sun is too high to be comfortable, and you will find a programme for the day to satisfy the most exacting sightseer. Port Royal is situated at the entrance to Kingston Harbour, at the end of the Palisadoes, a harbour large enough to accommodate the fleets of the world. Here, in days gone by, lay the craft of the early Spanish navigators; here was anchored the squadron of Penn and Venables three and a half centuries ago; the rendezvous of the most noted pirates and buccaneers the world has ever known; here they brought the plunder of the Spanish galleons and South American cities, squandering their gain in gambling and riot. But the grimmest story with which this historic place must ever be associated was that of June 17th, 1692, when in the twinkling of an eye three-quarters of the city was swallowed up by an earthquake and tidal wave, and many thousands of its inhabitants, together with the ill-gotten gain and pillage of the high seas, the spoils of Panama, the ransom of Maricaoibo, the gold, jewels, and silks wrested from the merchantmen of Hispaniola, all found a common grave in the depths below, except Louis Galdy, who was swallowed up by the earthquake and by a second shock thrown into the sea, and was miraculously saved by swimming until picked up by a boat. He lived for twenty years, respected and beloved by all who knew him, and at last died in his bed, surrounded by his friends, and was buried at Green Bay, where his tombstone may be seen to this day.

The chief point of interest in the old town is the church. The key may be obtained from the caretaker, who lives on the opposite side of the street. The first object that attracts the attention on entering the building is the tablet to the memory of Louis Galdy, then the handsome antique mahogany gallery, traced and carved in the intricate and graceful designs of the Spaniards. The

numerous mural tablets deserve more than a passing notice—some sacred to the memory of an entire crew, this erected by the affection of a sister, that by a comrade, the costliness of many indicating the love and devotion in which were held those who were thus buried far from home in a foreign land.

Yellow fever seems to have been the gate of exit from this vale of sorrow for the large majority, but that fact only reflects credit on the British Government, and adds one more proof of the humanitarian principles that actuate its representatives at home and abroad in dealing with those in distress, of whatever nationality; for although there were many cases of yellow fever then in Jamaica, owing not only to the ignorance of sanitary laws that was then so prevalent, vessels that had never even seen Jamaica sent their stricken crews by other vessels from all parts of the Spanish Main, knowing that the doors of the great Port Royal Marine Hospital were never closed against a sick soldier or sailor, no matter what his flag.

Now take a walk across to Fort Charles, where Lord Nelson was in command during 1779. Tread for yourself the veritable wooden quarter-deck on which the famous Admiral watched for the approach of the French fleet under D'Estaing, and read the marble tablet, "In THIS PLACE DWELT HORATIO NELSON. YOU WHO TREAD IN HIS FOOTSTEPS REMEMBER HIS GLORY."

The sun is getting low, and it is time to return to the ferry and get back to Kingston. To-morrow you sail for home again, tired and weary; but once on board that will be forgotten, and I trust pleasant reminiscences will recur to you of the three days you spent ashore on the island of Jamaica. Bon voyage !

EXTENDED TOURS.

For visitors who can spend several weeks in the island we are able to provide a more extensive programme of travel into the interior, but there is yet a big two days to be put in by the young and vigorous while still in the neighbourhood of Kingston in climbing our " Matterhorn," Blue Mountain Peak, the highest point in Jamaica, 7,360 feet. (The best route is by way of Gordon Town.) A good supply of provisions should be taken, and as the thermometer may be found even below 40° Fahrenheit rugs and blankets must not be omitted in the outfit; rubber coats and umbrellas will come in useful when you reach the clouds. Necessary crockery and cooking utensils will be found in the hut on the peak, the key of which can be got at Farm Hill Estate, six miles from the top. There is a fairly good bridle track all the way, and although narrow and rugged in some places, it presents no danger to an ordinarily cautious rider. Ponies accustomed to the road may be engaged at

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Gordon Town, and from there the ascent proper commences; upward and onward your sturdy, sure-footed beast will carry you, through scenery of incomparable beauty, increasing to the grand and sublime, as you approach Whitfield Hall and Abbey Green at an altitude of 4,000 feet. The wind blows deliciously cool and fresh, as if across a Scottish moor, bringing the blood tingling to the cheeks; you feel good and exhilarated, and only regret that the friends you left behind are not with you to share your pleasure.

At 6,000 feet you enter the forest primeval, wild and awe-inspiring in its sylvan solitude; another hour and you have reached the summit. Look westward and behold the never-to-be-forgotten panorama of the whole fair island of Jamaica spread out at your feet, the purple hills melting in the shadows of the distance, the sun setting in gorgeous tints of crimson and gold. Half-an-hour later the lights of Kingston begin to appear like fireflies sparkling in the distance, until the gathering mists and darkness shut out the view, and you are left to contemplate Nature's vastness in an hour of pensive silence, far from the madding crowd; but—the spell is rudely broken by the prosaic announcement of your "handy man" that "Supper is ready!" You have had your tonic; eat, but sparingly, if possible, as there is neither billiards nor bridge to while away the hours of digestion, and in a few minutes you will be wrapped in a well-earned slumber. In the morning, bestir betimes, and see a sunrise that will amply repay you for all the hardships and fatigues of the journey; leave firewood for the next visitor, take time coming down the mountain, keep your pony well in hand—the rest you know !

CANE RIVER GORGE.—There is a short but very pleasant trip of nine miles from Kingston that should be taken, being a visit to Cane River Gorge (p. 54), along the windward or shore road that leads to Morant Bay; following the car line, past the Lunatic Asylum, four miles brings us to Rock Fort, an interesting old ruin, and one of the twenty-eight forts constructed around the coast during the administration of Lord Vaughan, about 1674, when threatened and attempted invasions by hostile powers were the order of the day. This only remains of the number in fair preservation. The view of the harbour and Palisades from this point is very fine, and there is a huge quarry close by where the prisoners from the Penitentiary are brought every working day to put in their time of "hard labour" (p. 55), their Osnaburg garbs abundantly testifying by sundry brands to the number of years they are "doing."

After passing Rock Fort and skirting the base of Long Mountain we cross the Hope River, and a little further arrive at Cane River, where we turn off the

main road a few hundred yards. The shady trees provide the horses with shelter from the sun, and here we must leave them and foot it the balance of the way, about a mile and a half. Carriers for the hampers and luncheon outfit can be had before leaving the main road, and we proceed towards the mountains, crossing and recrossing the river bed, which is almost dry, except in the rainy season, when excursions of the kind are out of the question. Now it shows a very small stream, over which one can easily pass dry shod on the stepping stones, but see the well-worn water marks on the rocks ahead, some ten and fifteen feet high, clearly indicating the enormous torrents that must flood the valley when the season is on. Gradually the bed of the river narrows and we are entering a huge ravine, flanked by frowning precipices of limestone rock, rising hundreds of feet above us, the impregnable home of thousands of birds, as well as orchids, ferns, and numberless creepers.

How delightful the breeze that blows softly down the canyon ! No one would believe the change possible in so short a distance from the radiated heat of the sands and rocks of the valley we have just come through, but much of the water must be evaporated in its course over the open plain, as now it is quite a river, more rapid and many times larger than it was below.

After innumerable windings and crossings, where you must now pull off your shoes or be carried pick-a-back by your native henchman, the ascent to the finest cascade is made by a solidly built stone pathway, through the cave and under an overhanging rock, the huge basin underneath the cascade making an ideal place for a dip, and in taking which you pass through to the shelf of rock immediately behind the fall and look through the stream coming down like a curtain of green fringed with silver. "What a glorious place ! Never heard of it before !" There is nothing strange in that, for there are few people even in Kingston who know that here they have within two hours at most of the city a spot for a picnic that runs a close second to the Catskills of New York, or the rugged and romantic glens of the Scottish Highlands.

In returning let us take a good look at the cave—for thereby hangs a tale. Here was domiciled several years ago a gentleman by the name of "Three-Fingered Jack," a noted brigand, whose delight it was to waylay unwary travellers to Kingston and hold them up for such valuables as they might carry on their persons. This and much else that he did are written in the island's chronicles at Spanish Town. A reward was offered by the Government for his body, dead or alive, and a Maroon named Readu took on the contract, and standing where we see the figures in the photograph, brought Jack from his lair by offering a challenge, couched in language expressive enough, but far from proper. The robber was angry, and they closed in mortal combat, but the Maroon was the

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better man, and brought the three-fingered hand to headquarters in proof that he had killed the highwayman. Readu was granted a pension of 120 per annum for life !

MANDEVILLE.—The train starts at 11 a.m., passing through Spanish Town, Old Harbour, May Pen with its fine old bridge; rising then to higher levels, the scenery becomes more broken, the glens narrower, and the vegetation richer. By 2 p.m. you arrive at Williams- field railway station; buggies are waiting (fare, 2s. 6d.) for the drive to Mandeville, over a fine and undulating plateau. Do not forget that here, as in most parts of Jamaica, nearly every tree you pass is either an economic wood, flowering, fruit or spice tree, almonds, cedars, mangoes, oranges, oysters, custards, fresh milk, &c. As you approach the town you are reminded of Froude's remark, about its being an exact reproduction of a Warwickshire hamlet, before the days of railways and brick chimneys. On the left is "The Mandeville Hotel," now greatly enlarged and improved, and here you had better put up if there is room, for although there are many good lodging houses in the town of more or less attractiveness, this is the only hotel, and you will find it comfortable, clean, and airy, with good attendance and an excellent table. The fact that a good many Kingston folk make this their retreat in the summer months is commendation enough of the home comforts it provides. The climate will be found delightful, seeing that its elevation is 2,131 feet.

This district is famous for the cattle raised on the several fine pens in the neighbourhood, and there are, too, large coffee properties and orange groves, where this fruit is grown at its very best. There are several pleasant drives around Mandeville, although the scenery is of a less romantic type than that found on the north side; the roads are first-class, and tempt the visitor to prolong his drives. This is the best point, too, from which to visit Malvern, in the Santa Cruz Mountains probably the driest region in the island, possessing a charming climate, and exceptionally beneficial in lung trouble. The route lies by way of Spur Tree Hill, from which there is a very fine landscape view looking down on the great expanse of hills and dales, plantations and pens of St. Elizabeth. The distance to Malvern is about thirty miles. Good accommodation will be found at the Astor House Hotel; Mrs. Lawrence's lodgings are also well recommended.

There are several places of interest to visit, and among them the quaint old village of Santa Cruz, the beautiful Bamboo Avenue or Lovers' Walk near Shaws (p. 75), the Y.S. Falls, Maggoty Falls, and the largest known Logwood Tree (p. too), standing on Goshen Common, arc well worth seeing;

while the celebrated Potsdam School, the town of Black River, Lacovia, Fuller's Wood, the Lover's Leap on the Pedro Plains—which is a sloping precipice of 1,660 feet high, the base washed by the sea—are all within easy access. There are few places on earth where Nature's beauties so combine with man's creation to please and interest.

For the next journey it will not be necessary to return to Mandeville, as the railway can be reached at Balaclava Station, after leaving which the line skirts the Black River, where beautiful glades of tropical vegetation delight the eye. This river is navigable for thirty miles by flat-bottomed lighters, that bring down from the interior large quantities of produce, logwood, fustic, etc. Some of the cascades, both on the Black River and its tributaries—such as the Y.S.—are among the most beautiful in the island; and on the lower reaches the sportsman will find lots of opportunity of drawing a bead on the eye of a crocodile, if he so desires. A full head of steam is now required by the iron horse, for there are some stiff ascents to be made before the next level is reached, overlooking the Cockpit country to the right, the old haunts of the Maroons, and the wildest region in Jamaica—of interesting formation—cliffs, sink-holes, and rocks of limestone deposited by the sea when the island was upheaved from the depths below, the great basin seen on every side formed by the gradual disintegration during successive centuries, leaving the surface a rough and almost impassable structure, and making it one of the waste places of the earth. The railway now follows the valley of the great river, west of which is the Parish of Westmoreland; and near the coast-line a section of country known as the Surinam Quarters, so called because in 1672 over a thousand Dutchmen from Surinam and South America came and settled here. Industrious and frugal, they added greatly to the prosperity of the Colony; but after a lapse of nearly two hundred years only a trace can be found of their descendants in the mixed blood of some of the inhabitants.

Montpelier Station is the next halting-place, and, as there has been enough of travel and sight-seeing for one day, the traveller had better stop over here and rest at the Montpelier Hotel, than which there is no better this side of Constant Spring, built by the Hon. Evelyn Ellis for the entertainment of English guests and travellers generally. The house is lavishly furnished, excellently managed, and no epicure has ever been known to find fault with the cuisine. For those interested in fanning, a day will be profitably spent in visiting Shuttlewood, Montpelier, and Knockalva—model pens all of them. Herefords are specialities with the latter, while at the former may be seen the silver-grey Zebu and Mysore, imported from India by Mr. Ellis for the improvement particularly of the native working stock.

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MORTEGO BAY (p. 99) is but a short run by rail of ten miles from Montpelier, the view from the car as you emerge from the last tunnel being the finest of the whole route—the Horseshoe Bay, so graphically described by Captain Mayne Reid in the opening chapters of "The Maroon," the Bogue Islands, the town, and the great fields of sugarcane on the plain, make a magnificent picture. Plenty of accommodation at moderate rates will be found at Mrs. Jervis's or Mrs. Wallingham's lodgings; while for invalids Dr. MacCatty's Sanatorium is the best institution of its kind in the Colony. But besides these, of course, we have the new Spring Hill Hotel, standing in its own eight acres of land, finely situated, at an elevation sufficiently high to give an extensive view of the town, surrounding country, and the beautiful bay, yet within easy walking distance of all points of interest. Twenty-five bedrooms is its capacity. Well furnished and equipped; broad verandahs, fine baths, billiard room, tennis court, etc.; and the fact that the hotel is under the management of Miss Payne is in itself a guarantee that the entering, convenience and comfort of the guest will receive the very best of attention. The most interesting building in the town is the old church, on account of the fine monumental marbles and tablets, many of them testifying to the wealth of the planters who resided in St. James in the days of slavery. A notable monument is the one executed by the elder Bacon, and erected to the memory of a lady named Rose Palmer, whom tradition makes out to be a fiend incarnate, having managed, by the complicity of her slaves, to surreptitiously dispose of three husbands by means of poison, and, in turn, flogging her guilty allies to death to seal their lips. She wore a ring, with the inscription, "If I survive I will have five"; but her dissolute career was brought to an abrupt termination by death at the hands of her slaves, who were alternately the companions of her orgies and the victims of her morning's remorse. But it is too long a story to record in detail here; besides, tradition is somewhat mixed up on the subject, as there were two ladies successive wives of the Hon. John Palmer, one good and the other bad; and some say to the memory of the former was the monument placed in the church. Be that as it may, every visitor to Montego Bay ought to visit Rose Hall, the famous mansion where the Palmers lived (p. 98), standing near the main road to Kingston, about ten miles along the sea-coast, which was built by Mr. Palmer in 1760 at a cost of 130,000 sterling. It must have been superbly furnished, for although it is now fast tumbling to ruin, there still remain many evidences of its ancient grandeur—the flight of imposing stone steps, portions of the railings of curiously wrought brass, massive folding-doors of solid mahogany, three or

four inches thick, upheld by brass hinges, representing sea-monsters biting into the wood, and panels, hand-carved, in many a scroll of strange device. The hall is forty feet long, thirty feet wide, and eighteen feet high, of costly woods, ornamented with a deep cornice of arabesque pattern. This room is still in a good state of preservation, and on the walls hang three portraits, the work of masters, the colouring to this day fresh and fair. One represents a hard, stern-featured man, clad in the scarlet and ermine robes of a judge; another, a mild-looking, gentlemanly individual, dressed in the fashion of the seventeenth century; while the third is a lady of five- or six-and-twenty, of exquisite beauty, attired in bridal array. Could this have been the wicked Rosa? In the next room, on the same floor, is a magnificent staircase, which gives a good idea of what the rest of the mansion must have been—with rails, balustrades, and moulding all finely carved out of sandal wood; one of our late Governors in vain offered £500 for this piece of wood-work. Through the whole house you may roam and meditate on the departed glory of other days, when sugar allowed the planter to erect palatial residences like Rose Hall.

The tour may now be continued along the coast to Falmouth—twelve miles—then on to Brown's Town, twenty-five miles by the interior road, proceeding through Moneague; thirty-four miles more you strike the railway at Ewarton, but in this route you will have passed through the Parish of St. Ann, and without seeing all you ought to see of the "garden of Jamaica." It will, therefore, be wiser to return to Kingston by rail, and enjoy the luxuries of Myrtle Bank and Constant Spring for a few days; then encourage some of your friends to accompany you on the most interesting tour the island has to offer. Take your railway ticket for Ewarton, having previously wired to Miss Hutchinson, Moneague, to have conveyances meet you at the station. There are two trains every day, one leaving Kingston at 7.30 A.M., and the other at 2 P.M.

The route lies across the Liguanea Plains, past Cumberland Pen and Spanish Town, on through the Bog Walk. I have already referred to the scenery of this valley, but its aspect from the railway is materially different, as the line maintains a high level; and we look down on the extraordinary, luxuriant vegetation, with glimpses of the road and river, tangled thickets—Nature, wild but grand. I heard a Swiss traveller remark here one day that it reminded him of crossing the Pyrenees. There are several deep cuttings and many tunnels on this road. The one called "Gibraltar" is the longest on the whole Jamaica Railway, namely, 719 yards. At the exit of this tunnel the Rio Cobre is dammed back to provide volume of water sufficient to fill the great iron tube that carries the water to the power house of the Electric Car Company.

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Bog Walk Station is the junction of the Ewarton and Port Antonio lines. The distance to Port Antonio from here is fifty-four miles, and probably in no other part of the world, except perhaps in the Apennines, are there so many tunnels to be seen in so short a distance, some twenty-four occurring, and varying in length from fifty to three hundred and thirty-seven yards. Twelve of them are met with between Troja and Richmond, a distance of four miles.

But, had I the pen of a ready writer, what a story could be told of the scenery that lies between Bog Walk and Annotta Bay, probably the finest stretch of purely tropical scenery to be found in the West. Every turn presents a bit of landscape that one would love to record with his camera as the train winds its serpentine course among the hills; native cultivations or " grounds " everywhere, their cottages perched up in all sorts of queer places. From Annotta Bay to Port Antonio there are a succession of sights that charm the eye as you skirt the coast-line and look out upon the blue ocean, its waters rippled by a soft breeze, and here and there small sailing craft gliding on its surface, while you pass frequently the depots of the United Fruit Company, where, if a steamer is loading, you see bananas being hurried along in waggons, in cattle trucks, mule carts, and by the peasantry on mule and donkey back, while everyone in charge of an animal carries a bunch or two on his or her head. Bananas ! bananas ! everywhere. The all-important, all-absorbing subject, claiming the attention of everyone, and well it might be—bananas have been the redemption of this part of the country. The demand for this fruit seems insatiable, and no danger of the market being overstocked. It is most popular among the working-classes of the United States, the miners of Pennsylvania, and the iron workers of Pittsburg, who find it more convenient, nutritious, and sustaining than any farinaceous food they can obtain for the money. It is extremely wholesome and easily digested, and when the upper classes have learned to prepare it as a dessert, a la creole, it will be still more popular.

But our destination is not Port Antonio at present; this is a digression from our main purpose. Nine miles from Bog Walk on the main line and we reach Ewarton. The buggies are ready, and we set out for Moneague, a distance of ten miles, the first four being a steady climb of 1,500 feet over Mount Diablo, the " Simplon " of Jamaica. Higher and yet higher the horses diligently toil over a finely engineered and well-kept road, protected by parapet walls. But what a scene is given us here ! Away to the right stretches the vast plain of St. Thomas-in-the-Vale, dotted with estates and pens, here a miniature hill, there a valley, but all adorned with exuberant vegetation, and the Blue Mountain range rising as a background in the distance.

In running down the other side of Mount Diablo the freshness or the atmosphere is at once noticeable, for you have entered the coolest parish in the island, St. Ann. It is also the largest parish, having an area of 476 square miles, and possessing thirty miles more of main roads than any other parish—in all, 228 miles.

Moneague is reached within an hour and a half from the time we started, and we make for the hotel, nicely situated on the top of the hill just beyond the town, and here we remain for the night, sure of a well-cooked and well-served dinner and a comfortable room. For small parties of modest means who might wish to prolong their stay, the lodgings kept by Miss Hutchinson offer suitable quarters, with plain but wholesome fare, if one is prepared to dispense with frills.

The next stage must be taken bright and early, so as to reach the Fern Gully, nine miles from Moneague, in the cool of the morning. The scenery through this ravine is unique, affording only room enough for a road on which two buggies can pass; the hillsides rise so straight and high that only the noon-day sun can penetrate to the road, the rocks in some places so abrupt, and form such acute angles, that one imagines there can be no way out. These same rocks are literally matted with the loveliest banks of ferns, tree ferns of magnificent proportions, as well as the tiniest and most delicate specimens of the " maidenhair " growing side by side in great profusion.

Less than a mile beyond this romantic spot is the pretty village of Ocho Rios, or Eight Rivers, where the Spaniards met their "Waterloo," and, after a short rest here, we can follow the coast towards St. Ann's Bay; but, if there is time to spare, I would strongly recommend a very interesting side trip to a region hitherto but little known even to Jamaicans—I refer to the Clifton Falls (p. 81), Cascade and Rapids on the White River (pp. 78 and 80). Were some of the scenes in this vicinity but truthfully transferred to canvas, they would be the sensation pictures of the Art Exhibition season. This trip will probably mean the staving for the night at Clifton Lodge, where Miss Fletcher is prepared to provide for a limited number of visitors of, say, not more than eight or ten at a time; but the attractions of the river are quite worth a little inconvenience, should it so happen that the party somewhat exceeds in numbers the limits of accommodation. Before another season I trust some enterprising company will be wise enough to recognise the charms of this beautiful spot, with its ideal climate, bracing atmosphere, and health-giving breezes among the fragrant spice-groves of the hills. It is easy of access, being about eight miles from Ocho Rios; following the road that turns up at the White River Bridge will land you at the door of Clifton Lodge; but when the

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party is large, it would be advisable, if a visit is contemplated, to give notice to Miss Fletcher a day or so previous to the time you hope to arrive.

Returning by way of Ocho Rios, the journey is continued on a road built hard by the sea, and a lovely drive of four miles brings you to the famous Roaring River Falls (p. 89). There is a carriage road right up to the Cataract, but it will be more humane, while the exercise will do us good, to walk the short distance, about a mile, and allow the horses to rest under the shade of the spreading palm trees that shelter the road by the bridge, and slake their thirst at the running stream of sparkling water that laps the roadside on its way to the sea close by. The Roaring River appears from beneath a hill about two miles from the sea, hence the volume of water is but little affected by either flood or drought; the falls proper do not consist of one continuous sheet of water, but a number of small cascades leaping from rock to rock, terrace to ridge, breaking into a thousand' foam-jets in their descent of nearly 150 feet. Here the river has created for itself a veritable Elysium, and is one of the loveliest scenes in this-land of Nature's picture-book.

On returning to the buggies we take a look in at the Elfin Grotto, and if not too fatigued enjoy the luxury of a bath in its cool and placid waters. Three miles more bring us to St. Ann's Bay, where a good luncheon can be obtained at any of the several lodgings in the town, or for the matter of that a comfortable night's rest, if it is desirable to make the journey in easy stages. No one need hesitate to spend a day or two in lodgings such as these, for no trouble is spared in providing rooms of scrupulous cleanliness, and the best table that the limited supplies of a town far from the railway will permit.

Proceeding still westward, the road continues by the seaside, passing through Richmond and Llandoverly Sugar Estates (p. 85), and on the latter property by the mill house, a short distance from the road, may be seen the waterfall represented on the Jamaica penny postage stamp (p. 88). Ten miles more brings us to Eaton Hall and Runaway Bay, and here the road turns sharp to the left; we leave the ocean and seek again the interior, over Mount Pleasant, and we can breathe freely once more, for the temperature has gone down several degrees; past Orange Valley, Huntly, and seven miles from Runaway Bay our Mecca, Brown's Town, is reached. Here there are no "lodgings," only hotels, of which there are two, at either of which quite a large party will find ample accommodation, and where, according to the opinions expressed by many of the most fastidious of travellers, will be found every comfort that could reasonably be expected outside a city hotel. In the neighbourhood are to be found several private lodging houses where invalids and others making a prolonged stay may find quarters.

Among the inducements to visit Brown's Town (pp. 94 and 95) are its picturesque situation, attractive surrounding scenery, clean and tidy appearance, justifying its claim to being a model inland town, or village if you will, the entire absence of fogs, the healthful virtues of a cool, clear, and refreshing atmosphere and low temperature, as compared to the plains, rarely at any time of the year exceeding 80° Fahr., and in the night frequently below 60°. Were I required, as a medical man, to give an unbiased opinion as to what parts of Jamaica would be most favourable, from a climatic standpoint, for persons from either the United Kingdom or the United States suffering from pulmonary trouble, bronchial catarrh, or kindred affections of the respiratory organs, also Bright's disease, I would unhesitatingly advise Brown's Town, in the Dry Harbour Mountains, and Malvern, in the Santa Cruz Mountains. There may be other places just as good, but both these districts have been put to the test again and again with most satisfactory results. Before another season we hope that here, too, the Jamaica Hotels Company, Limited, in their own interests as well as those of the travelling public, will establish a hotel commodious enough for at least fifty guests.

On taking our departure from Brown's Town there are three routes -open to us; one by way of Stewart Town, passing on the right the Westwood High School for girls, then down Biddyford Hill. at the foot of which the road turns into Mahogany Hall (p. 96), which, by the way, has an interesting story attached to it as to how it -derived its name. A Spanish nobleman, who had accompanied Don Sasi on his last and fatal expedition, and had fought gallantly at Ocho Rios, where he had been severely wounded, unable to reach the coast at Runaway Bay, where Sasi and others had made good their escape, sought the habitation of an Indian cacique whom he had formerly known, accompanied by three beautiful daughters, whose importunities to be allowed to accompany him from Cuba he had yielded to, for though aged, he was brave and sanguine of success. A party of Cromwell's soldiers, scouring the country for refugee Spaniards, heard pitiful cries and lamentations proceeding from the woods, and learned that it was the wailing of the girls whose father had just died. Like -true cavaliers, the officers forgot hostilities, and at once agreed to go and bring the ladies of Colonel D'Oyley's family from Sportsman Hall to take charge of the sorrowing senioritas, whose gratitude to their soldier friends developed into—but that is another story. The Indian shelter was found to be the hollow base of an enormous mahogany tree some fourteen feet in diameter, rough, round sticks being stretched across the upper part to form a garret, and over all a thatched roof of grass. The Spanish gentleman was buried on the hillside, a house was afterwards built enclosing the mahogany

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tree, and subsequently the present Mahogany Hall was erected. Not many years ago a crumbling slab was found in the vicinity, on which the following words were deciphered : " Aqu Tace—Don Sebastien, Marques—d—San—Lo—Mu—Ann-1660." But to resume our journey.

The road now stretches down through the valley of Trelawney in an almost straight line for about ten miles, sugar estates on either side, until Falmouth is reached. The next stage is Montego Bay.

Another route from Brown's Town is the pretty drive over the interior road, passing Bamboo, Green Park, through Clarendon, and on to Moneague and Ewarton again; but the third and, I think, the most interesting route is the interior road leading to Kendal, no more -costly than either of the other roads, and much less than the Montego Bay route. The livery stable keepers of Brown's Town have agreed to supply tourists with buggy, good horses, and reliable drivers for this journey at the same rate as for Ewarton, viz. 28s. for one person, and 2d. per mile extra for each additional passenger. The distance is the same as to Ewarton, thirty-four miles, but the road leads through a form of scenery to be found nowhere else in the Island; it is somewhat out of the trodden path of visitors, for the very good reason that it is only a few years since a road was made over which a vehicle could pass. Fifteen or twenty years ago, in wet weather, I have frequently had to apply for assistance in riding through to get my horse dug out of the mud holes. Now all is changed, thanks chiefly to our late Governor, Sir Henry A. Blake, who left us a legacy of many bridges and roads, even if their construction did deplete the Colony's exchequer pretty badly; roads and bridges are good assets in any country. We have now 2,014 miles of main road in Jamaica, and where is there another island of the same size better supplied with such highways of communication? The first sixteen miles of the drive traverse the Dry Harbour Mountains road, passing St. Jean d'Acre, Bethany, Aboukir, and Cave Valley to Burrough Bridge, through thickly populated and well-cultivated country; and let me say that from Runaway Bay to this point you Neill have met on the public highways and elsewhere a class of black people who for industry, frugality, cleanliness, civility, and politeness to strangers, you will not have found their equal in any other part of the island. To this I bear witness, not only because I have lived among them since 1874, but having travelled through the greater part of the island several times over, I am in a position to know. The contrast between the peasantry of most inland districts and many of the people met with in sea coast towns is very striking.

From Burrough Bridge we enter the parish of Clarendon, crossing the Cave River by excellent bridges some six or seven times, and gradually rising

among the hills, the landscape ever changing, ever pleasing, rugged and broken, but grand, as you look off into the distance, chaste and pretty as the eye lights on some sequestered nook on the river, where little children at play are racing their boats of half husks of cocoanuts with dumb cane masts and wild fig leaves for sails; but the scene par excellence awaits us at Baillieston, in the parish of Manchester. Here, from a high ridge, we have a panorama on the right and left of mountains and valleys, grand enough to thrill the soul of the most indifferent, and portions of no less than five parishes are within sight—Manchester, Clarendon, St. Ann, Trelawney, and St. Elizabeth.

We are right in the heart of the ginger country. Who has not heard of "Jamaica ginger " ? Its reputation is world-wide, and in no part of the island is it more extensively cultivated or of finer quality than in this district. Through Spauldings we wend our way past Mount Olivet, with its fine old Presbyterian church, then a rapid drive down the hill to Kendal railway station, where we entrain for Kingston at 11.59—call it noon.

Now is the time to wake up the unfortunate visitors who, all the time that we have been revelling in the magnificent scenery of the island, have remained in Kingston, and therefore have seen nothing of the gorgeous verdure of the interior. They do not know what they have missed.

Some say I have a "bee in my bonnet," and that my mental aberration takes the form of extravagant adulation of Jamaica, and Brown's Town in particular.

Well, everyone is said to be a " button short "

somewhere; but let a cold-blooded Englishman, by name of Gervaise Mason, close this chapter—those who know him best will own to his having about as much sanity as erratic humans are likely to possess on this mundane sphere. Describing a drive along the North Coast of St. Mary and St. Ann, after a year's sojourn in the island, he says :-

" Whatever may be said or thought, either for love or business, concerning the island, it is only they who have witnessed her manifold glories, become entranced by the thousand and one perfect pictures by Nature's most delicate brush, and felt the refreshing influences of her climate, that can hold up its justness and credit the enticing tales that must forever be crossing from the little Colony to the Motherland. Drive through the finest picture gallery in the world, where no catalogue is necessary, the quaint bridges crossing the innumerable streams, the half-hidden telegraph poles being the only articles numbered. I selected a quiet trot over twenty miles in the northern rooms,' between Port Maria and St. Ann's Bay, and at the finish soliloquised Well (lone!' because if anyone could wish for anything more majestic in adornment, sweetly accidental in design, refreshing in every momentary and undulating

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change, and interesting in historical association, then indeed he must be hard to please.

"See where the Spaniards made their last brave stand against an indomitable foe. It is hard to realise that a site so grand, so peaceful and romantic as this, overlooking the calm ocean, was ever a veritable hell upon earth, because to-day a luxuriant vegetation and quietness, preserved by law and order, veils what was. This road twists and turns through the largest cocoanut plantation in the island, and, most probably, in the world. It is a large picture framed by the sea, and hills hugging the former in an area of twelve hundred acres, and such is not to be seen elsewhere. It is named Look Out,' and here there lives to-day, in her 99th year, an English lady, who for sixty-one successive years has been in the island of Jamaica, and still enjoys good health and sight, which goes far to support what we already know of the climate and general longevity in the Colony. Who, in the face of such facts, can hint that the long-bow is required to boom the Colony ?"