

WHERE THE STEADY TRADE- WINDS BLOW

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

"In the harbor, in the island, in the Spanish seas,
Are the tiny white houses and the orange-trees,
And day long, night long, the cool and pleasant
breeze
Of the steady trade-winds blowing. .

"And o' nights there's fire-flies and the yellow
moon,
And in the ghostly palm-trees the sleepy tune
Of the quiet voice calling me, the long, low croon
Of the steady trade-winds blowing."



It was in February and March, 1916, that we took our long-desired trip to the Lesser Antilles and Demerara. Surely there can be no more beautiful islands than those of the Spanish Main. Surely not even in the Far East can there be a more lovely tropical wonderland than the coast fringing the Caribbean Sea. We anchored in the sheltered harbor of

St. Thomas ringed by high, steep hills; we lay off the open roadsteads of Santa Cruz, St. Kitts, and Antigua, of mountainous Dominica, and brilliant, multicolored Guadeloupe and Martinique, and of Barbados, whose people have the energy of the North. We moored alongside the quay in St. Lucia. On the way back we spent ten days in Trinidad, with its witchery of landscape, full of the loveliness of the mountain tropics and of the tropics of the plain. Finally we touched at Grenada.

After leaving New York in a snow-storm, we drove south through the Gulf Stream into the warmth of sapphire seas where the trade-wind blew steadily. In the hot nights the stars blazed above us: Orion was overhead, the Dipper lay behind us; it was not until we were near the turning-point of our journey that we

reached the low latitudes where, well after nightfall, the Southern Cross rose slantingly above the horizon. Beneath a waning moon we left the Antilles on our journey southward; and the next moon was nearing full when we steamed northward from Trinidad and Grenada.

Everywhere Danish, French, and British officials, American officials, and Creole, British, French, and American non-official friends were more than kind and hospitable. The glimpse into the social and industrial life of the islands was enthralling. But we were on a holiday, our stay was short, and we did not seek to see more than the picturesque outward charm of the scenery and of that human life that was patent to the passer-by.

In the harbors the negro boatmen swarmed round the ship, and black and brown boys dived like otters after small coins thrown into the water. When the ship was coaled the workers were sometimes men, sometimes strapping women as strong as the men, who chattered and sang as they toiled, while their white teeth flashed in their dark faces. Queer fishing-craft, sometimes with russet sails, danced over the foaming combers which broke the azure of the deep. Rows of tall, slender-stemmed palms stood back of the shining beaches, their fronded tops thrashing endlessly in the trade-wind. On the edge of the blue ocean, at the foot of brilliant green mountains, half-hidden in the

tropic vegetation, stood little towns, clusters of low white or red houses. After nightfall the town gallants sat at small tables on the sidewalks outside the taverns or under the trees in the open squares. Powerful, finely built black women, and lithe comely brown women strode along the paths and highroads, erect and supple,

all their burdens, great or small, poised on their heads. Sometimes these burdens were extraordinary because of their bulk or weight, at other times they were comic because it seemed incredible that such small or peculiar objects should not be carried in the hand: once, for instance, we saw a woman carrying on her head a solitary white shoe, and another time, of all things, a single egg.

In all the islands legal and political discriminations based on color have been done away. In some the social discriminations are giving way.

In others sharp social lines are drawn not only between white and colored—as all shades of cross-blood are called—but between colored and black. The whites everywhere composed most of the upper class, although it also included many of the colored; the colored folk made up most of the middle class, and just as they extended into the class above them so their class was entered by the blacks below them; and the bulk of the laborers, in the towns and especially in the country, were blacks, although many were browns. At the fringes all the



Map showing route among the West Indies taken by Mr. Roosevelt.

classes overlapped or merged into one another.

In Martinique the browns outnumbered the blacks. Elsewhere the blacks were in a majority. Together with the white officials were many colored and some black officials. Substantial race justice is done. Friction occurs, of course; yet, on the whole, there is law and order and a real desire to give each man his chance and to treat him fairly. None of these lands have prospered quite as much as Cuba, Porto Rico, and Panama during the last fifteen years, owing to the peculiar relations of these three countries to the United States. But they have prospered far more, they have infinitely better and juster governments, than most of the revolution-ridden "republics" that face on the Caribbean and the Mexican Gulf; from the standpoint of life, liberty, and property they are beyond comparison better living-places for rich men and especially for poor men. They reflect honor on the nations to which they belong; the public servants are upright, fearless, and efficient. The English colonies regard England and the French colonies France with devoted loyalty—a loyalty which in each case has been well earned by the mother country. Everywhere we found that the young white men had thronged to the support of the mother country in the war—almost every family we met had kinsmen at the front. Even more striking was the genuine loyalty of the colored men and black men to the flags under which they had found justice. Thousands had volunteered from the British colonies. Martinique and Guadeloupe were under conscription, like France; and these two islands, with less than half a million population, had sent fifteen thousand soldiers across the seas.

The houses that we visited, in the towns and on the plantations, were built for coolness, with thin partitions and wide windows—with blinds but without glass panes—opening everywhere. Usually they stood on posts above the ground. They were pleasant and comfortable; but it behooved the inmates to speak in low tones and move softly, for otherwise the dwellers therein "had about as much privacy as a goldfish." In the gardens was a wealth of bloom; there were hedges of scarlet hibiscus; the corallita turned the

lattice-work and the fences pink; the purple masses of Bougainvillea were the most conspicuous of all. The fields of sugar-cane made the plains a vast sheet of light green. Elsewhere there were banana groves, groves of cocoanut-palm, lime orchards, plantations of coffee and cocoa. The trees were of many different kinds and some of them bore brilliant blossoms, red or white or yellow. The noble cabbage-palms rose like columns loftier and more beautiful than any made by the hand of man. The mahogany-trees spread their gnarled branches like oaks. Very strange, and very graceful, were the clumps of giant bamboo, bending outward, with feathery crowns of foliage on the strong, pliant stems. The dark-green breadfruit-trees with glossy, deeply incised leaves, and the densely foliated mangoes were restful to the eyes after the bright, pitiless glare of the open spaces. Here and there, in Martinique and Dominica, we came on ravines or hillsides crowded with beautiful tree-ferns. Many parasitic plants, of various and utterly dissimilar kinds, grew on the trunks and branches of the older trees, some with delicate flowers, some with huge leaves like the ears of elephants; while yet others streamed like gray moss or sprouted like grass tufts on the branches. The orange-flowered immortelle-tree is called the "mother of the cocoa," because it is planted to shield the young cocoas from the sun.

We motored for miles on every island, always amid scenery that was a delight to the eye. Each island had a charm of its own. On Dominica the administrator, a delightful companion, a widely travelled, widely read man, took us on a new road that twisted up a steep valley into the heart of the mountains. The emerald tropic forest crowded on every hand, spangled with flowers. At the ends of deep ravines we saw the blue ocean; while torrents dashed down the mountainsides. The administrator of Antigua, another delightful companion, drove us across the island to English Harbor. In the old days, the days of the white-winged sailing-ships, when the square-rigged, bluff-bowed, wooden war-vessels carried tier upon tier of smooth-bored cannon, this was a famous haven for the fighting

fleets of England. Judged by modern standards, the ships were small and shallow, although they were crowded with men and guns; and the placid, winding lit-

Josephine was born, destined to greatness and sorrow. In those days the islands were very prosperous; planters and merchants made fortunes rapidly, and were always facing disaster in the shape of hurricane or plague or war; and life was gay and fervid and dangerous.

As far as the inhabitants were concerned, the most picturesque of all the islands were Guadeloupe and Martinique. In these French-speaking islands the negresses and the colored women of the people wore wonderful costumes. Their dresses were blue or red or orange or green or multicolored. Their gaudy turbans were starched stiff, and, on each island, tied in peculiar fashion. They carried



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A picturesque scene in Fort de France, Martinique.

tle harbor would only do for torpedo-boats nowadays. It was surrounded by quiet, wooded hills; and stone buildings, empty and desolate, were ranged near the wharfs. In the fading evening light we looked over still waters that were peaceful with the peace of death, where once the black hulls floated, and we stood alone in grassy streets that once were alive with the hard-bit, tarry fighting men of the high seas. As we drove home, after dark, through the warm, fragrant air, the golden moon rose on our right hand.

Nelson, when only a daring frigate captain, was well known among these islands. Alexander Hamilton lived his early years on them, until he left to write his name in deathless letters on history's pages. Here the after-time empress

heavy jewelry of beaten gold: bracelets, necklaces, brooches, earrings. They were Catholics, and shrines stood along the



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Women coaling a ship at St. Lucia.

roads and in groves and grottos. The governors of Guadeloupe and Martinique were both of them soldiers who had

fought in the trenches in the present war, who before the war had seen many strange adventures in other lands. One had been governor of Senegal, on the edge of the desert, where dark-skinned Moslem nomads guide their camel caravans. The other had spent three years near Lake Chad, and knew the naked black heathen of the equatorial forest.

In Guadeloupe we drove out to an estate where all kinds of tropic crops were raised, from vanilla and oranges to sugar. We halted at village after village, to receive an address from the colored *mair*e and notables, all with manners not merely courteous but polished. In the evening we were given a handsome formal public dinner at the capital, Pointe-à-Pitre. It was carnival time, and the city was in gala mood. At midnight, when we started for the ship, all the streets were lighted and all the people were in them, gay in their festival attire. A band, preceded by men bearing aloft colored lanterns on sticks, marched ahead of us, and our hosts of the dinner marched behind the band; the merry, jostling crowds thronged the sidewalks, and brightly dressed women danced on the pavement beside us, from time to time, as the music struck into some tune they liked. And so we were escorted down to the quay.

We reached Martinique before sunrise, and steamed in close to the ruins of St. Pierre, the awful monument of the devastating volcanic outburst of Mont Pelée. In the capital, Fort de France, the life that went on was at least as brilliantly picturesque and attractive as in any of those Mediterranean cities which tourists so eagerly visit, and it was astonishing to think how little our people knew of these near-by lands. We of the North dwell in a rather drab world, and on a holiday it is well to see such sights as those of Mar-

tinique: the gay dresses and good looks of the working women, the only less picturesque quality of their mates, the quaint, many-hued houses, the beauty of the landscape outside the city, and within the city the great park or savanna with



From a photograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

Statue of Empress Josephine in the Esplanade, Fort de France, Martinique.

its rows of noble trees, the taverns with their tables outside under the colonnades, the little shops, and all the queer mixture of what is French with what is utterly exotic. The market was a really bewildering place, because of the color—always the color—and the strangeness, not only of the buyers and the sellers, but of many of the wares bought and sold. Very impressive was the review of a couple of thousand new soldiers about to sail for the war zone. It took place shortly before sunset, on the savanna. The troops marched past with soldierly carriage, each platoon of recruits guided by some

French veteran who was recovering from his wounds; the bands thrilled us with the "Marseillaise"—fierce and splendid martial music; and the twenty thousand onlookers made a blaze of every known color and combination of colors.

For the last hundred years life has gone

place of the vanishing Indians, and these soon far outnumbered the whites (and do so now, the people from Hindostan being the only ones that can stand the competition with them). In the days of Queen Elizabeth the English, and second to them the French and Dutch, burst into



From a photograph, copyright by Brown O. Deason.

A lane of mahogany-trees in Barbados.

on quietly in the West Indies. Slavery has been abolished. Peace and justice have been measurably attained in all the islands where the government has been steadied by outside help of the right kind, including especially those freed by our own little war of 1808. It is now only Hayti in which the bad old conditions obtain, among a people who have hitherto failed to show fitness for self-government. But there was nothing quiet about West Indian life during the three and a quarter centuries that followed the discovery by Columbus. For nearly a century the Spaniards were not interfered with by other Europeans; and they played the chief part in the extermination of the original Indians, who have practically disappeared, save that in places a little of their blood remains in the mixed population. Very early, however, negroes were introduced as slaves to supply the

the hitherto closed seas, and waged stubborn and successful war with the Spaniards. Even when the three intruding nations were at nominal peace with Spain the reckless and lawless rovers who made up the bulk of their seafaring folk refused to be bound by the peace, banded themselves together into organizations of freebooters, and as buccaneers sacked Spanish cities and harried Spanish galleons. For over a century before the close of the Napoleonic struggles there was a continuous succession of wars waged between England and France. Huge fleets came to the West Indies and some of the memorable sea-fights of history took place in these waters. At the close our own frigates and privateers made their appearance and showed themselves formidable. Throughout the period these regular wars were supplemented by slave insurrections ashore and by piracy, often on a very large scale, afloat.



From a photograph, copyright by Brown & Dawson.

The harbor and mountains of Port of Spain, Trinidad.

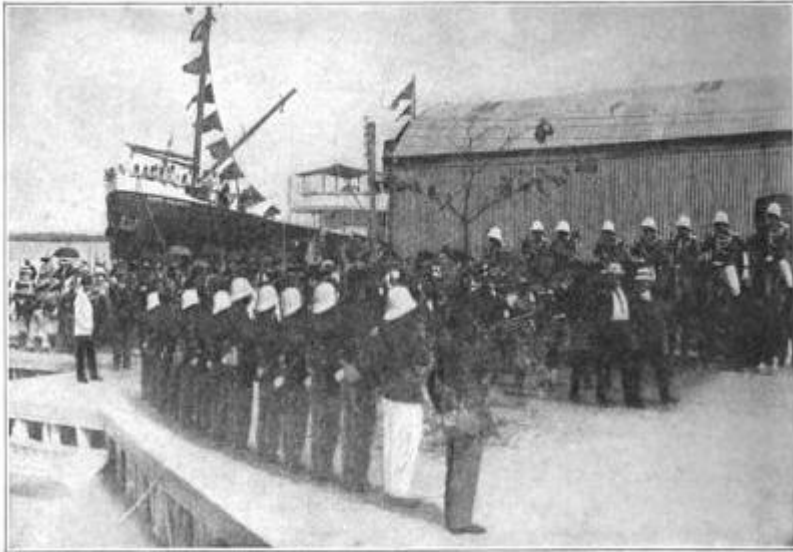
Under such conditions most of the islands changed masters, some again and again, and the population is everywhere ethnically mixed. Save in Cuba and Porto Rico the negroes almost everywhere immensely outnumber the whites, but are divided from one another linguistically just as are the whites, and in some places the flag and the tongue do not correspond. In the Danish islands the general language, except among the officials, is English. In Dominica and St. Lucia the English flag floats over people who for the most part speak French, and in Trinidad over people some of whom speak Spanish, others French, others English. I was told of one small island—I forget the name—which belongs to France but where half the people speak Dutch and the other half English. The most amusing case was that of the little mountain island of Saba. I was told about it by an American friend, a Harvard man, at whose cool and delightful house on his lime plantation in Dominica we took din-



From a photograph, copyright by Brown & Dawson.
A native woman of Foet de France, Martinique.

ner. He had employed a crew of these islanders on his yacht and had visited their home. They are white men. They are the descendants of the old buccaneers who made the island their stronghold and, when times grew perilous, offered its sovereignty to the Dutch. It is Dutch now; but the postmaster is the only man who speaks Dutch, although one of the most numerous of the very few family names, Vanderpool, is obviously derived from a Dutch buccaneer. They all speak English, and they are a very honest, hard-working race, although not particularly intelligent. Exactly how these traits were produced in the offspring of the buccaneers is worth the serious study of masters of the sciences dealing with eugenics, heredity, and environment!

When we reached Demerara—British Guiana—we were on the South American mainland. The climate is not merely tropical but sub-equatorial, for Demerara is only a few degrees north of the line. The coast is low, and the flats adjoining the ocean, covered with rich



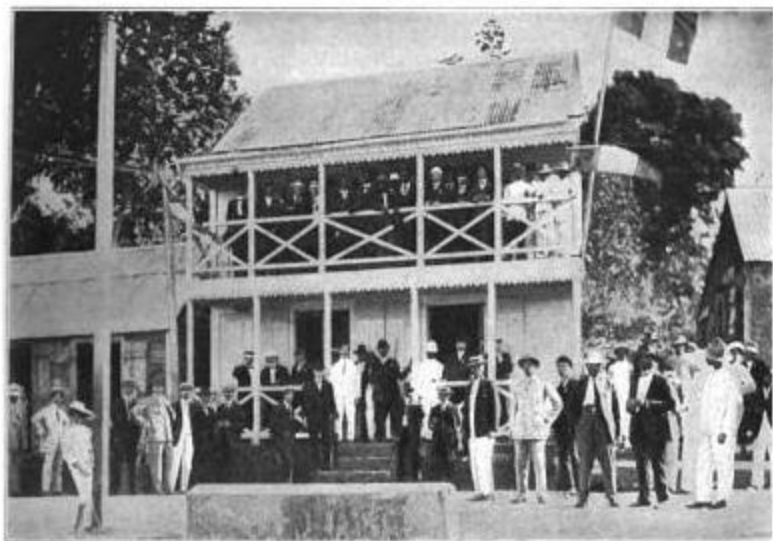
Landing at Pointe-à-Pitre, Guadeloupe.

sugar plantations, are actually below sea-level, and the waters are kept from overwhelming them by an extensive series of dikes. It is only in the back country that the landscape becomes as bold and beautiful as that of the West Indian Islands, with river scenery in addition.

Through leagues of muddy shoal water we steamed to the quay at Georgetown, the capital of the colony. As usual we were received with more than cordial hospitality; two of our kind new friends, the solicitor-general and his wife, actually turned over to us their comfortable rooms in the airy, pleasant hotel. It was a lovely city of the mid-tropics. The tree-bordered streets were broad and spacious. The attractive houses, all doors and windows and lattice-work, stood each by itself and bowered in brilliant flowers. The club was built so as to give entry to every breeze. There were few mosquitoes in the city itself, and although it was hot a pleasant breeze blew at night. We dined at the cool open house of the governor, and on another day went there to a garden-party, among the flowers and flowering bushes.

We drove through the botanical gar-

dens, which are among the two or three finest in the world. Here, I am obliged to admit, the mosquitoes were rather a torment. But they could not interfere with our enjoyment. The stately trees were of many different kinds. On the waters of the numerous canals and ditches floated the immense leaves of the *Victoria Regina* lily, each as big as a tea-tray, the resemblance being heightened by the upturned rims. The great flowers were pink or white, and among them were other water-lilies with blue flowers. The jacanas, or lily-trotters, handsomely colored birds the size of a chicken, with very long, slender toes, ran over the lily-pads as if on dry land. When they flew their legs were stretched behind, like a tail. They were old African acquaintances. Herons of different kinds, but mainly the two species of white egret and the tricolor, were tame. In one lake were some manatees, which were feeding on water-plants and on grass which had been thrown in to them. The manatee, called "fish-ox" by the Brazilians, is a bulky, purely plant-eating water-mammal, eight or ten feet long, with smooth, thick skin, blunt snout, fore flippers, and tail. It is not amphibious



Reception by the mayor of a village in Guadeloupe.

any more than a whale or porpoise, and appears above water even less often; although on very rare occasions it may raise its head and neck on the mangrove-roots, or alongside a bank to graze or browse. Ordinarily it eats below water. As we watched them we would see the water-lily leaves twitch and be drawn under, or the floating plants sucked down. Continually we saw the nostrils thrust to the surface and opened, looking like the muzzle of an old-fashioned double-barrelled shot-gun. But this was literally all, except that once, for a moment, a patch of brown hide about a foot square appeared. It is a sluggish, slow-moving creature, preferring still water, and entirely harmless; and interesting because, except for its brother, the dugong, no other beast in any way resembles it. But it does not lend itself to spectacular attraction! I somewhat sympathized with a lady who remarked, anent the manatees having been placed in a lake which was once covered with water-lilies, that even if the water-lilies were less interesting than the manatees the former could be seen and the latter could not, and that now the manatees had eaten all the water-lilies,

so that there was nothing whatever to be seen.

Demerara was once Dutch. A little Dutch blood remains among the whites; and a certain type of mixed blood, part Dutch and part Indian, persists in the back country. These half-breeds are known as "bovianders"—"up-yonders" or "above-yonders" in Dutch dialect—because they live on the rivers above the settlements and back of the beyond. Some Dutch names were retained: "stoop" is used as it is in New York, and a dock or landing-place is called a "stelling"; and many of the plantations are still called by their old Dutch names.

All men and women who when they travel wish to see something different from what they see at home, who care to visit pleasant, rather out-of-the-way places, a little off the beaten track of ordinary tourists, and who have no very long time for their holiday, should assuredly visit the West Indies, and should make the trip include Demerara. There are charming, cultivated, hospitable people; comfortable quarters; no more danger from fever or insects or snakes than in New York from automobiles or tubercu-

losis; and no place more typically tropical can be imagined. It is ablaze with light and vivid color. Of late years, perhaps by way of reaction against old-time exaggeration, there has been a tendency to depreciate tropical coloring. Such understatement is farther away from the truth than the original overstatement against

form and hue, of the bush leafage; the birds show every known tint in every combination; and multitudes of trees, bushes, vines, parasites, plants of all kinds bear flowers that challenge the eye by the delicacy or the bold splendor of their coloring.

In Demerara the black and colored people are, as elsewhere in the West Indies, at least tenfold more numerous than the whites. Among the whites the Portuguese stand rather apart from the people of other European stocks. The native Indians are not prominent. There are wild but peaceful tribes in the interior, Caribs, Arrawacks, and others; there are occasional villages or small communities of civilized Indians, either by themselves or adjoining other settlements; and there is a strain



Landing at Guadeloupe.

which it protests. In the right season the brilliancy of the wet tropics is almost overwhelming. Of course, in the very high and dense forests everything near the ground is in such perpetual shadow and half-light that all the gorgeous coloring of bird, flower, and leaf is in the sun-bathed, shower-drenched country of the tree-tops overhead, and cannot be seen by the wanderer in the dank, vine-tangled gloom below. But where there is open forest, or where the forest is broken by glades, or where patches of forest, patches of bushes, and patches of treeless land come together, the coloring is unapproachable by anything seen in the North—save for one or two trembling days when the springtime fervor is most intense, or when in fall, here and there, the trees, in bravery of crimson and saffron, greet the glory of death. In the tropics the white flame of the sunlight brings out every detail of the incredible variety, in

of Indian blood both among the blacks and among the whites. But it is not important. Far otherwise is the case with the coolies from Hindostan. These were brought over, and are still brought over, to supply the demand for labor. They have been excellently treated, they have prospered, and are far better off than in India, and in the large majority of cases they continue to live in the colony after their term of indenture is over. They are mostly Hindoos, but there is a fair percentage of Moslems. They live in villages, or sections of villages, of their own, work on the land by preference, rear plenty of children, and already nearly equal in numbers the people of negro descent. In the second generation a number of them become Christians; but as yet there has not been much mingling of blood between them and the negroes. Their presence, and the peculiar costumes of the more recently arrived—the turbans, the white

tunics, the scanty skirts, the smear of red paint as a caste-mark on the forehead—add a touch of almost fantastic interest to the shifting crowd of wayfarers, hucksters, and laborers. They are slender, rather good-looking people; the young women would be pretty if they did not disfigure themselves with nose-rings and with nose-buttons—metal buttons on the side of the nose. Northern Europeans, Portuguese, native Indians, Chinese, negroes, Hindoos—all are to be found; pure and in every stage of mixture and every social grade. A century hence what product will this melting-pot have produced?

As we landed on the Georgetown quay our friend Beebe, the naturalist, was there to greet us. Next day, in company with the attorney-general of the colony, he took us out to his natural-history station or laboratory, which I have described in the previous article. We started early in the morning. We first crossed the Demerara River, then motored for an hour to the Essequibo River, and ascended it for four or five hours in a little government steamer, which the governor, with characteristic thoughtfulness, had put at our disposal.

On the way up we stopped at a river hamlet where stood the ruins of an old Dutch fort. Rusty cannon lay among the rank weeds, and the crumbling walls and bastions were made of small bricks; in Demerara these small bricks, wherever found, in arch or wall or walk, are the sure signs that once the land was held by the Hollanders. The old wharf remained. There were a few palm-thatched cabins and frail houses with unglazed windows; between them wet, black paths wound through the green vegetation. The local schoolmaster, a courteous colored man, showed us round. In one of the cabins dwelt a Carib family, the father and son

being boatmen; the other people were blacks or mulattoes, with a Hindoo store-keeper, and a Chinese half-breed whose occupation I did not gather. It was Sunday, and in what had once been the



From a photograph, copyright by Brown & Dickson.
A bamboo jungle of Trinidad.

Dutch government-house church was being held by a Congregationalist catechist. The congregation consisted of some twenty men and women, with a few children; all were dressed decently and were serious and devout. The catechist himself was a nearly full-blood Carib Indian, an intelligent, educated, self-restrained man, who was reading the lesson well. No one could witness the services without a cordial appreciation of the good that was being done, of the fight being waged to increase the area of real civilization.

At last we reached Three Rivers, the point which, near the junction of two affluents with the main stream of the Essequibo, Beebe had chosen for his laboratory. We stayed at the house of

Mr. and Mrs. Withers, who own a large rubber-plantation and manage a large lime-plantation; and we shall not soon forget their warm-hearted hospitality; while our hearts went out to their small daughter, a dear little girl of eight. She had been brought up in the wilderness by her mother; and evidently it had been the best kind of education, for to the grace of unconscious refinement she added the charm of a quaint self-reliance in her solitary amusements and interests. The house stood on stone piles; the doors and windows were many; the wide hall went from end to end; in the veranda-living-room were easy chairs and tables with books and magazines. The little Boviander maid servant was neat and efficient. It was hot, of course, but not unpleasantly so. There were no mosquitoes or flies, although we had to sleep under mosquito-nettings, on account of the vampire bats. Tanagers and honey-creepers familiarly entered the veranda. A tame little parrot lived most of the time in the garden, but also climbed around the rooms and flew through the hall. The house was on a hilltop, and breezes blew over it. Beyond the clearing roundabout stood the high green wall of primeval woodland. Close beside ran the great river, shimmering in the sunshine, sometimes with glassy, unbroken surface, sometimes lashed into waves by tropic rain-squalls. Far to the south, across countless leagues of unbroken forest, lay the dim mountain ranges which held the sources of the river; northward it flowed to the sea.

We were at the southern limit of agricultural settlement. Seventy miles inland were gold-diggings. A couple of miles east of the house lay a road chopped through the forest and leading straight to the gold-fields. It was the gold-diggers' road. For seventy miles there was no house along it. Singly or in small parties the gold-seekers travel it on foot, going toward the mines; they are for the most part black or brown natives of the colony, with now and then an outsider. They carry their own scanty store of food, and camp wherever night overtakes them. If they fail at the diggings they struggle back along the road, the weaker and more dispirited dying by the way and being buried in shallow, nameless graves.

If they succeed they hire a canoe, with Indian paddlers, and descend the Essequibo in triumph. We met one such party on the river. The canoe was crowded with men and one or two women. They were chanting and singing; they were clad in white clothes; and the blades of the ten paddlers glistened in the sun as in rhythmic union they rose from and dipped into the rippling water.

The rubber-trees were being tapped, tin cups holding the white fluid that flowed from the V-shaped grooves. Such a clean, wholesome-smelling business! And the work on the lime-plantation, which we visited, seemed equally attractive. The forest must, of course, be cleared for these orchards of limes and of rubber-trees.

From Demerara we sailed to Trinidad. Trinidad is of totally different formation from the other, purely insular, West Indian Islands; it is really a piece of the mainland, a broken-off bit of the closely adjoining, mountainous north coast of Venezuela. It is hard not to speak of it in superlatives; for it is like a little paradise. Our steamer skirted the north coast and at sunrise went through one of the bocas or channels separating the north-east corner of the island from certain mountainous islets. As we turned southward we saw on our starboard beam the blue outlines of the lofty Venezuelan shore. Rounding the point we passed by little rocky islands, on each of which stood one or more bungalows, whither the well-to-do citizens of Trinidad retired for week-ends. An hour later we had anchored off the chief city of the island, Port of Spain. Behind it as a background stood high mountains of bold outline, covered to their peaks with the rich tropical forest. To the south stretched flats of bright-green sugar-cane. The picturesque little city lay at the water's edge.

Port of Spain is a most attractive town. From the sea the many-colored houses and the palms stamp it with the familiar tropic look of the West Indies. The streets are clean and the sanitation excellent; the Panama Canal Zone set the example of what could be done amidst dense jungle and under torrid skies in the way of cleanliness and hygiene, and now Port of Spain can itself serve as a model. The



From a photograph, copyright by Brown & Dawson.

A view in the Botanical Gardens in Georgetown.

houses in the older part of the town are deep-walled, with tall doors and windows, and entrance to the shops may be between the pillars of colonnades. Elsewhere the houses are of light and flimsy make, painted any hue from red to mauve. Sometimes they front directly on the street. Sometimes they are surrounded by open gardens, brilliant with crimson poinsettias and masses of purple Bougainvillea and other flowers, yellow, pink, or blue. Sometimes they are behind walls, and through gateways one gets a glimpse of a home life led in rooms darkened for coolness, in dim rooms lying behind jalousies, with broad verandas in front, also

darkened. There are many churches. The Roman Catholic cathedral stands surrounded by old flowering trees. Around the Anglican cathedral rise noble palms, which contrast with the many-branched, many-leaved forest kings of more normal type, much as a Greek temple contrasts with a Gothic cathedral.

The pleasant, roomy, airy hotel, where the dining-room was really a big open veranda, fronted on the park, which is always called the savanna. There were no mosquitoes or flies, and the nights were not hot. All our surroundings were lovely. The savanna is nearly three miles round; it holds a race-course; and a trol-

ley-line skirts it, just within its edge. In different corners there are open groves of large trees: the saman-trees, with wide-spreading branches, like giant pasture oaks, were among the handsomest; and many parasitic grasses and flowers grew on the rough places of the trunks, and extended in thick beds along the nearly level surfaces of the great limbs. Six handsome palms stood in a row by themselves out in the middle of the grassy plain. Apparently the savanna was a grazing common, too: herds of cattle, tame, rather friendly beasts, with much East Indian blood in them, lived there permanently, and showed no excitement except when suddenly assailed by some violent, although transient, rain-squall. We frequently walked round the savanna, after our early cup of coffee—for in Trinidad, as in Continental Europe, "breakfast" comes at about noon, and is what at home we would call lunch. Twice we visited the botanic gardens, on the opposite side of the savanna, beside the dignified and comfortable government-house. These gardens were not as handsome as those in the capital of Demerara, but they possessed one inestimable advantage—there were no mosquitoes, and so we could loiter through them, or sit at our ease on benches under strange trees of dense foliage or clusters of splendid, swaying bamboos.

Just outside the town we visited a most charming house, which seemed the ideal of what houses should be in these lands. Originally, over a hundred years ago, the place was Spanish, and the formal Spanish terrace and garden still remain. But the house was built by the father of the present owner in the first half of the last century, this present owner being an altogether charming French Creole lady of over eighty, than whom there could be no more delightful hostess. We reached the house at sunset. It stood back from the road. On one side a grass-grown avenue of noble palms showed where an old road ran—perhaps to the vanished house of the vanished Spanish grandee. The drive to the front door led under and round huge saman-trees. A wide flight of steps led gently up to the wide front door of the low house. This door was open and so was the equally wide door opposite,

on the other side of the house, so that we could see through. Within, the silent, spacious rooms, already cool, were furnished in a dark mahogany, restful to the eye. Behind the house we walked on gravelled paths between flowering bushes, to the old stone terrace, with its worn balustrade, and seats under the trees. Below and immediately in front were the gardens, filled with flowers; some of them familiar roses and jasmine; some strange and of gorgeous hue, while orchids grew on the stems of the palms. Across the garden, through the rapidly waning tropic twilight, we looked up a beautiful valley to high mountains, clad from spur to sheer summit in the wonderful green of the mighty forest.

Twice we drove to waterfalls—one in the Blue Basin and one in the Caracas Valley. In each case we had to walk or rather climb the latter part of the way. Both were lovely. The Blue Basin was a clear pool in a recess of the mountain-side, so that the steep slopes almost surrounded it. The stream came foaming down from ledge to ledge before it sprang over the last into the pool, through a dense and tangled mass of lush vegetation, which choked the spaces among the trees. The wild banana sent its huge leaves upward among small palms, and in the dense shade of the forest, with the sun just over the mountain crest, it was cool and pleasant beside the water. It was a wild little spot; I had seen pools almost like it at the foot of Mount Kenia; it looked as if it ought to be the drinking-place of mighty beasts, as it would have been in Africa.

The Caracas fall was farther away from Port of Spain. The driver of our motor was a little uncertain as to the route. But he picked up a guide while we were still five miles off, a good-looking, pleasant-faced colored man who spoke in a soft French patois. He had innately good manners, and he was a man of taste, too; he picked some pretty flowers while we were walking back from the fall, and we supposed that he meant to give them to my companion at parting; but no, to our pleasure he evidently wished them for himself, and after, with much politeness, he had parted from us, he carried them off up the hillside to his own little house.

Under his guidance we drove, first along the main road to a little hamlet, and then along a cross-road as far as we could take the motor. We left it near two or three houses, where coolies dwelt; beyond there

broken in many places by streaks and patches of orange, where the great immortal-trees lifted their flower-filled, nearly leafless branches. These immortal-trees grow wild in the forest, in ad-



From a photograph, copyright by Brown & Dawson.

One of the beautiful lanes in the residential section of Port of Spain.

was a family or two of negroes. Then we walked up a rather steep, winding path for about a mile, while thrushes, tanagers, and orioles sang in the near-by trees. The fall was far higher than the other, the stream hurling itself over a great cliff, and reaching the bottom in sheets of filmy spray. Ferns and flowers crowded around the drenched rocks, and rainbows wavered in the little gusts of rain that, as we looked, alternated with bursts of white sunshine. As we descended the hill toward the motor, the green of the forest on which we looked down was

dition to being planted as nurse trees in the cocoa-plantations. Their flowers are bright orange, and where there are many of them they lie like an orange veil over the green of the forest. They do not show so boldly as the crimson flamboyant trees in their season.

Sometimes we drove through the crowded streets of the town, where all the foot passers-by seemed to prefer the middle of the road to the pavement. All was strange and foreign. In the big stores the proprietors might be either white or colored. But almost all the attendants



From a photograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

The savanna (a place where the poor are allowed to pasture their cattle free), Trinidad.

were colored; and in addition to the strains of white and negro blood there would sometimes be obvious a mixture of Indian or the oblique eyes of the Chinese.

One morning we drove from Port of Spain north along the coast, and then across a promontory to a beautiful little bay, where the municipality has built a public bathing-beach. There were clean bath-houses, and a pleasant, dark-skinned bathing attendant who, when we had finished our bath, brought water in sections of hollow bamboo trunks to wash the sand from our feet. There was a beach of fine, white sand, with the surf beating gently in under the palms; and the swim in the clear, clean water was unalloyed delight. We had to duck our heads continually on account of the sun, but the water was so warm that we could stay in as long as we wished.

Once we drove entirely across the island to the east coast, where our host, a Scotch gentleman, the wealthiest man on the island, had a bungalow, mounted on stilts, to which he and his family and friends sometimes came for the week-

ends. On our way thither we passed through village after village, sometimes of coolies, sometimes of colored folk.

At last we came out on the coast, and followed its bold curves for miles, watching the white surf beating on the rocks and beaches. A couple of miles beyond the house, near the mouth of a little river which was crossed by an old-fashioned hand-pulley ferry, we went for a swim.

On another day we visited the famous asphalt lake, as the guests of the American company that owns it. We went down on one of the company's steamers with a gay party of our new friends, who were doing everything that hospitable kindness could suggest for our pleasure. The lake, with the pools of water on the surface and the tree islands in the midst of it, was even more curious and interesting than we had supposed it would be; and so were the oil-wells. The men doing the work were for the most part Americans. Two of them wore the Panama medal, and all were vigorous, capable young fellows, of the not-too-proud-to-fight kind—the kind that won the West in pioneer days, and

fought the Civil War to a finish, and on the preservation and development of which depends the future greatness of the republic.

One Sunday morning before church we drove to the market. This is held, as is generally the case in the larger West Indian towns, in and around a big, well-kept shed or open building provided by the municipality. Each man or woman pays a small sum to the clerk of the market for the space where his or her fish or meat or garden produce is exhibited. Coolies, negroes, mulattoes, of both sexes and all ages, in bright dresses and curious head-gear, compose the throng of buyers and sellers. The tropical fruits and vegetables are arranged by the venders in little piles, and on

the top of each pile a brightly colored tomato or mango, or something else red or purple, is if possible so placed as to catch the eye. Besides beef, pork, mutton, and especially fowls, ragged brown hunters may have brought in agouti or small deer or paca—this last being, by the way, the very best meat I have ever eaten, wild or tame. The fish are of many kinds, and at some of the stalls slabs and portions of shark's flesh are sold, both to negroes and coolies. In the midst of the crowd we observed a tall, pretty mulattress with a little green-and-blue parrot on her shoulder; the little bird was obviously a familiar pet and now and then its mistress would lean her head toward it and rub it softly with her cheek, much to the little bird's satisfaction.

When we arrived at Trinidad the car-

nival was about to begin. In old times this was the occasion for as wild street merriment among the upper classes as the lower. But at present the young men and girls of the upper classes only look on at what occurs out of doors, and confine their active participation to private

dances; where, like true Creoles, they dance with ardor all the night long. The public carnival is left chiefly to the working people of the towns, and to the peasantry, who on that occasion flock into the towns and villages and patrol the roads between. The black police, under their white commanders, are very much on the alert and during the days and nights are never suffered to go out singly, keeping in squads so as to overawe the boisterous; for during the nights the

excited gangs are apt to wage vigorous war on one another with stones and long sticks.

On the last afternoon of the carnival a friend took us in his dog-cart through the streets where the revel was at its height. Many carriages were out, with white, black, colored, or Hindoo occupants; and very pretty some of the dark Creole girls were. Few of these, however, took part in the revel. The people in costume were almost all on foot, moving slowly down and up the various streets, while the on-lookers formed a dense mass on the sidewalks, standing or sitting, and filled the balconies and windows above. To my unaccustomed eyes the holiday costumes and general aspect of not a few of the spectators were almost as out-of-the-common and attractive as those of the pro-



From a photograph, copyright by Brown & Dawson.

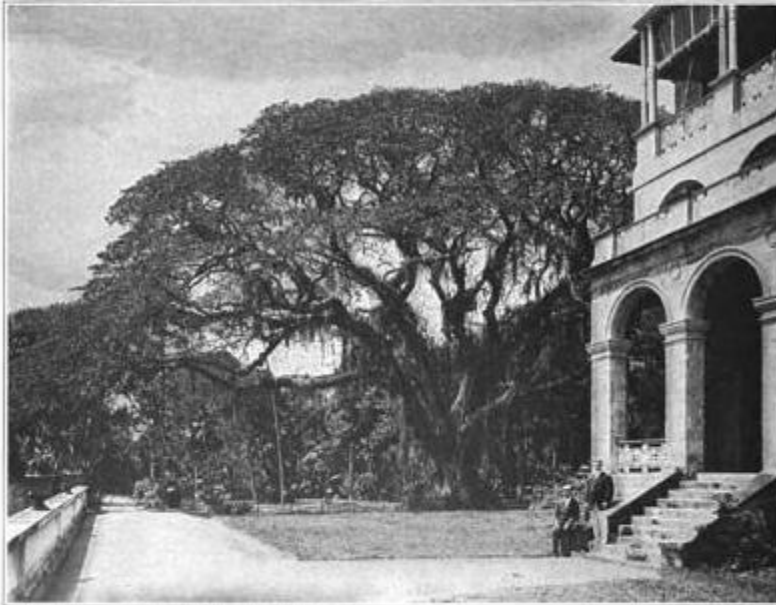
Coolie types of Trinidad.

fessed holiday-makers in the centre of the street.

The coolies from India have been an addition of great value to the population of Trinidad and Demerara, and they have themselves immensely benefited by the change. One serious trouble has been the comparatively small number of women among the immigrants; but this, of course, tends to disappear as the generation born on the island grows up. Of this younger generation, born on the soil and educated in the schools, a considerable number become Christians, and some intermarry with representatives of all the other races—I have myself seen the offspring of such marriages with negroes, whites, mulattoes, Chinese, and native Indians; and, although most of them keep to their own in marrying, their intolerance of creed and caste diminishes, their use of English increases, and their assimilation goes on.

In a sketch like this it is not possible to discuss the complex, difficult, and absorbingly interesting topics of most importance to the ultimate future of

the West Indies, such as the questions of race, of sex relations, and of industrial development. They are none of them simple; and they are well worth the most intelligent, dispassionate, and yet sympathetic study. The application of formulas and theories developed by well-meaning outsiders who dwell under radically different conditions works only harm. One thing is certain. No race ever so sacrificed the permanent welfare of the race to the profit of the individuals of two or three generations, no race ever for temporary ease and gain invited such nemesis of race destruction as the Northern white race—English, French, Dutch, and Danish—did by the introduction of black slavery in the West Indies. Whites can live and thrive in these lands; not only are the upper-class whites of Creole origin in the islands a handsome, vigorous, and fertile people, but the same thing is true of the few spots where white yeoman farmers or fishermen have permanently established themselves, as is notably true of Saba, but also in small iso-



From a photograph, copyright by Brown & Devisen.

Specimen of a grand saman-tree in the grounds of the Governor's palace, Trinidad.

lated localities which I came across elsewhere. The white did not die out because he could not live and work. He died out because for his ease and profit he wickedly introduced negro slaves whose descendants elbowed his descendants from the land—the process going on at practically the same rate of speed before and after slavery was abolished. Numerically, except in the Spanish islands, the whites are now but an unimportant fraction of the population. They still form almost everywhere the bulk of the small upper class, and a small, but important, element in the much larger middle class; but even in the upper class the colored blood is slowly gaining ground. Nowhere is there a more sincere effort made to do justice, without regard to color, on the merits of each man, in all civil and industrial relations. Such justice can never be done, in the West Indies or anywhere else, unless each man is made to understand and to act on the theory that the full performance of duties should be the prerequisite to any claim for the enjoyment of rights; and that words and combinations of words which do not and are not made to represent facts result in well-nigh unadulterated mischief. For over a half-century in the West Indies the negro has done far better in the islands where the government has been, at least at the top, under predominantly white control than he has done in Hayti, whence the whites were expelled with fire and sword a century and a quarter ago. The whites of Hayti came to complete and utter destruction because their forefathers had introduced slavery, so that for generations they ate their bread at ease in the sweat of other men's brows; and then the blacks of Hayti avenged this crime by a crime of their own as monstrous and as short-sighted, and by so doing condemned their own descendants to lag behind or go backward, while their fellows in neighboring regions struggled painfully upward and onward.

I have made no attempt to give the names of our many kind hosts and friends or tell in detail of their hospitalities and friendly acts. Everywhere we were shown all possible kindness and courtesy; and most in Trinidad, simply because in Trinidad we stayed longest. Our Trini-

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islands are travelling. Her resident white population, non-official, has almost vanished. It is an island predominantly of black or colored peasant proprietors. They are doing well, thanks to the orderly justice maintained by the representatives of the British Government; they are loyal to the British flag, and in this war have sent nearly five hundred men to join the British army. It is well to face facts. As yet most of the independent states fronting the Gulf of Mexico and the Car-

ibbean Sea have failed to make even a beginning in the path of progress trodden by such South American commonwealths as Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina, and Chile. In the lands under English, French, and American (United States) control the conditions of present life and the prospects for the future are immeasurably better, for the people as a whole, and especially for the poorer people, than in most—not all—of the neighboring so-called "independent" states.

dad friends were some of British, some of French, others of Spanish, Corsican, German, or Portuguese blood, usually with several of these strains in their veins; and manlier men or more charming women are nowhere to be found. There was in them a note of fine gallantry; for they were indomitably gay and cheerful, carrying their heads high; and yet all had sent their sons and brothers to the war, for they are deeply loyal to the empire. I was much struck by the fact that the Catholics among them, of French, Spanish, or Portuguese extraction, had usually sent their children to Catholic academies in England for their higher education. All of them did everything in their power to make our stay on the island pleasant; and they all came down to bid us farewell on the quay or to accompany us out on the tender and wave us good-by as we leaned over the ship's side.

The morning after leaving Trinidad we were anchored in the beautiful landlocked harbor of Grenada. High hills, brilliant green with wonderful tropical vegetation, and one or two of them crowned with gray old forts, surrounded it on three sides. At the bottom of the bay the little town lay, seeming as if bowered in palm fronds, for everywhere the palms sprang erect and slender above the low white and pink and blue houses. Like so many of these low-built, palm-sheltered tropic towns, it was a real little "golden city of St. Mary's"; again and again these little tropic towns made us think of John Masefield.

After a delightful motor ride along the precipitous edge of the island, through scenery both wild and lovely, we took lunch at Government House. As elsewhere so here we were deeply impressed by the gallant bearing of our hosts; we trespassed on their courtesy only because they insisted; for of their nearest and dearest some had died at the front and the others, at the front, were facing life or death with equal hearts. The pleasant, roomy house stood open to the breezes; birds of bright hue flew freely through the rooms and one pair had made their nest in a spot made ready for them.

Grenada has travelled farthest along the road on which most of the West Indian