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**Our Little
West Indian Cousin**



“JUDITH LOVED TO SIT AT THE WINDOWS WHILE
NURSE BRUSHED OUT HER HAIR.”

(See page 2)

Our Little
West Indian Cousin

By
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201

TO MY FATHER,
WHOSE BOYHOOD HOME
WAS IN THIS ENGLISH ISLAND
OF
BARBADOS

PREFACE

AWAY down in the Caribbean Sea, where the water is more blue than the bluest of sapphires, there lies a little island of coral. It is not Spanish, as Cuba and Porto Rico were, and indeed are still in their language and customs. It is not foreign at all, though it is so many hundreds of miles away, for there you will hear only the English tongue which you know so well. The land is covered with green fields of sugar cane, and there, too, grow oranges and grapefruit, bananas and pineapples, cocoanuts and limes, with many other tropical fruits and flowers and trees. It is of this ever English Island of Barbados that I am going to tell you, but first we must come "down the Islands" as people say, and have at least a peep at the others of this Caribbean chain.

We sail from our own city of New York, through the North River, out into the great Atlantic Ocean, and then far-away to the South, to see with our very own eyes the islands that Columbus discovered more than four hundred years ago.

Down the coast we sail, past the Bermuda Islands which lie off South Carolina, past the Bahamas, which are south of Florida, beyond the Greater Antilles, and then, if you will look at your map, you will see a little chain of islands like tiny dots upon the ocean. The chain begins to the East of Porto Rico and extends almost to the coast of South America, and these are the Islands of the Caribbean Sea.

On the second day out, we cross the Gulf Stream, and as we lean on the taffrail we notice that the water is a deep and wonderful blue with great masses of golden seaweed floating upon its surface, while hundreds of flying-fish skim the waters about the ship and sometimes even fall upon the decks. When attacked by larger fish these little flying-fish have no other means of protection than their wing-like fins which carry them in safety above the water. When we see them we know that we are nearing tropic lands.

At night, too, we sit upon deck in the soft warm air, watching the stars sailing by, and watching also for the light of a little rocky island called the Sombrero, for the sailors tell us that when we see this we have reached the West Indies.

After we have been sailing for five days and nights, we come to the first of these fairy isles, as they seem to us, so different are they from anything that we have ever seen before.

The Island of St. Thomas rises a beautiful green mountain from the blue sea, its harbor a great sheltered bay, where many ships ride at anchor. The little town is very quaint, with streets turning into steps and going up hill, and red-roofed villas with gardens more beautiful than any you have ever seen in the North, for they are filled with wonderful tropical flowers—orchids and roses, coralita and jessamine, frangipani, stephanotis, gardenias and many rare and lovely ferns, with all of which you are going to become familiar in your visit to this little West Indian Cousin.

Santa Cruz, or St. Croix, is but a few hours sail from St. Thomas, and when we enter its harbor, we find it a land of sugar, for up the very sides of its mountains the cane fields climb.

These two islands belonged for many years to that far away country, Denmark, but since 1917 they have become the property of the United States, and are called the "Virgin Islands of America."

The Island of St. Kitts was named by

Columbus himself after his patron saint, St. Christopher, for when he first saw it, the shape of the mountain reminded him of the beautiful story of St. Christopher carrying the Christ Child.

Alexander Hamilton, one of our great American statesmen, was born upon the little Island of Nevis, which lies close to St. Kitts. Here he lived until he was eleven years old, working, it is said, in his uncle's store on the water front, and ever looking across the blue waters and longing for the day when he would sail to the great new country of America.

When we have come to the Island of Montserrat, we find lime orchards in place of the sugar plantations of other islands. Have you ever seen this little green or yellow fruit in the market places at home? It is really first cousin to the lemon, but smaller, and with a finer skin, and the juice made into limeade is far sweeter and more refreshing than lemonade.

I find baskets of them sometimes in the Northern markets, and forgetting where I am, I pretend to be living again in these beautiful tropical islands where they grow, and see before me the lime trees with glossy leaves,

and branches laden with fruit, or fragrant blossoms.

And now we come to the beautiful French Islands of Guadeloupe and Martinique. They are very mountainous and very lovely to look upon, and very interesting too, if we had but time to stop upon them. Here, instead of the white dress and turban of the negro women of other islands, we see gay turbans and short-waisted flowing dresses of brilliant colors. And in place of the English tongue which is spoken by most people, even of St. Thomas and St. Croix, we hear the fascinating French *patois*.

And what gay scenes in the market places, where the country people come from far and near to sell their produce! They sit cross-legged upon the ground with wooden trays before them—trays piled high with yams and sweet potatoes, with fresh greens and luscious fruits—pineapples, grapefruit, bananas, limes, tangerines, oranges, and many other wonderful fruits of which I am going to tell you, green cocoanuts, yellow water-melons, golden apples with their big thorny seeds, and great shaddocks heavy with juice. Trays too of *gateaux sucré* little sugared cakes, and homemade sweets.

Preface

Martinique, you remember, was the birth-place of the French Empress Josephine, the wife of Napoleon Bonaparte. She was born upon a sugar estate called La Pagerie, at the little town of Trois Islets, and a beautiful statue of her stands in the savannah here at Fort de France.

Here she lived, a happy little girl in her father's house, not dreaming that she would become a French queen. It is true that a Gypsy foretold her future, but I do not believe the little island maid thought very much then of the fortune-teller's words.

Dominica and St. Lucia are two beautiful mountainous islands also; very verdant, with lovely fertile valleys and rivers swarming with fish. Both Islands belong to England now, though at one time they were French possessions.

Dominica was the scene of the great naval battle between the French and the English, when the English Admiral, Lord Rodney, won back the islands lost to England and won others too for his country.

In Dominica and St. Vincent, which lies further South, live the last of the Caribs, the native Indians of the Caribbean Islands, who are skillful fisherman and basket makers. They

were so ill-treated by the cruel Spaniards that they came to look upon all white men as their enemies. Among the early settlers they were either killed or driven from their island homes, until, like our Red Indians of North America, they have become almost extinct.

And now we have come "down the Islands" and are at our journey's end for the present, for we have come to the Island of Barbados. Our ship has dropped anchor in the blue waters of the Bay, and all about us are little boats rowed by black boatmen beseeching us to come ashore. There are plenty of great ships too in the harbor, and we see our own "Stars and Stripes" among the multitude of foreign colors.

Before us stretches the Island, emerald green, with tall palms shading white villas; and soon we have climbed down the gangway and dropped into one of the little boats and are rowing to land, across the dancing shimmering waters. Presently we come to the wharf, and mounting the wide landing steps, set out to visit a little girl who has lived here all her life.

Publisher's Note

THE LITTLE COUSIN SERIES already includes volumes on Cuba and Porto Rico, so that Barbados has been chosen as the scene of the present volume, which includes also mention of the other British Islands — Bermuda, Sombrero, St. Christopher, Nevis, Montserrat, Tobago, Dominica, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Grenadines, Grenada, Trinidad; the French Islands — Guadeloupe and Martinique; and the former Danish Islands — St. Thomas and St. Croix — now, since 1917, the Virgin Islands belonging to America.

Contents

CHAPTER	PAGE
PREFACE	v
I. JUDITH	i
II. THE HOLIDAYS	21
III. THE HOLIDAYS AT NICHOLAS ABBEY	40
IV. SCHOOL DAYS	63
V. CHRISTMAS	84

List of Illustrations

	PAGE
“JUDITH LOVED TO SIT AT THE WINDOWS WHILE NURSE BRUSHED OUT HER HAIR.” (See page 2) <i>Frontispiece</i>	
“THEY WERE BLACK WOMEN WITH TRAYS OF FRUIT UPON THEIR HEADS”	10
“WASHER-WOMEN WITH TURNED-UP SKIRTS STOOD ANKLE-DEEP IN THE WATER” . . .	16
“WATCHING A SMALL BLACK BOY SHINNY UP A COCOANUT TREE”	51
“JUDITH FED THEM WITH BANANAS” . . .	67
“THE WHOLE STREET LOOKED LIKE ONE LONG BAZAAR”	81

Our Little West Indian Cousin

CHAPTER I

JUDITH

IT was Saturday morning, and Judith's half-opened eyes gazed sleepily at the familiar objects of her own pretty room, and out through the wide windows to the blue tropic sky and the royal poinciana tree, its scarlet blossoms brilliant in the morning sunshine.

She wondered lazily why Nurse was not there calling her to get up and dress for school, and then suddenly remembered it was Saturday, a glorious holiday, and diving through the net curtains of her little bed, she slipped into her dressing-gown and ran down the half flight of steps that led to the bath.

The cool shower sent her fresh and rosy back to her dressing-room, where old Nurse was waiting to help her little mistress. Nurse's faithful black hands had cared for "Miss Judith" since she was a tiny baby, and that meant

2 Our Little West Indian Cousin

that she would be with her always, even when she was no longer able to work.

The dressing-room jutted over the back gardens, and here Judith loved to sit at the windows while Nurse brushed out her hair. Outside, this morning, the royal palms rustled musically in the cool breeze, white geese waddled among lime green trees, roses and lilies scented the air, and the soft stir of the awakening household could be heard.

Of all the trees in the garden, Judith loved best the royal palms. Looking from her windows she could see the gray pillars of the stems, rising straight and tall and majestic, towering above everything else in the garden, branching at the very top into great tufts of green feathery fronds.

From the dressing-room windows too, she loved to watch for Damaris Deane, the little girl who lived in the next house, for the two children were great friends. Looking across the lime trees, she could sometimes see Damaris in her dressing-room, and they would have much fun making signs to each other, for the gardens of both houses were too large to talk across.

From the front windows, the tall masts of ships at anchor in the harbor could be seen,

for only the white road and the villas opposite, separated Galba Lodge from the blue sea.

She was soon dressed and in the garden, with Julia, carrying out her early "tea"—chocolate and little twisted loaves of bread, hot from the bake shop,—to her favorite seat under the tamarind tree.

Galba Lodge was a beautiful old tropical home. It had been built by Judith's grandfather, and was large and spacious and cool. The house was of two stories with big rooms and many windows, each with its green hood for keeping out the rays of the tropic sun. All around the first floor, excepting the kitchen wing, was a wide, brick floored gallery, shaded by green slatted shutters, called *Jalousies*.

The kitchen Judith always loved. It was stone-floored, with a huge fireplace for cooking, and here black Charlotte had many cranes on which to hang her pots to boil. The delicious fresh fish was broiled over the flames, and the sweet potatoes, plantains and yams, roasted in the embers. Plantains are like bananas, but a larger and harder fruit, never eaten raw, but roasted, or sliced and fried. The yam is a tropical vegetable which grows like the white potato of the North, but is much larger when dug, longer in shape, and weigh-

4 Our Little West Indian Cousin

ing often three and four pounds apiece. When the thick skin is peeled and the inside, which is white like the potato, is roasted, then crushed and buttered, it is more delicious than any potato you have ever tasted.

Outside of the kitchen were gay parrots of every shade of green and scarlet, blue and gold; a pink flamingo picked its way daintily over the walks, various pussies of all sizes and ages basked in the sun, and among the dark green leaves and white blossoms of the tall galba trees bordering the kitchen drive, half a dozen monkeys were chained.

The garden was as spacious and cool as the house, with an orchard of limes, shaddocks and guavas, and wonderful beds of flowers.

You remember when we were journeying down among the Islands that we found the lime trees growing in Montserrat, in place of the sugar cane of other Islands? These same lime trees grow in Judith's garden, not very tall, but with beautiful, glossy leaves, and branches laden with the small thin-skinned green or yellow fruit.

The shaddock is a rind fruit belonging to the same family as the lime, the lemon and citron, the orange and grapefruit. The tree grows larger than any of these trees, and the

shaddock, though very like the grapefruit with which you so often begin your breakfast in the North, is much larger, less round, and has a very thick skin and pith; the juicy fruit inside, is much the same, however, as the grapefruit.

From the small green guava tree comes an oval fruit about the size of an apricot, with thin yellowish skin, and pinkish meat in which are many tiny seeds. This fruit is made into preserves, and a thick jam, called guava cheese, but most often into the delicate guava jelly which you perhaps, have eaten.

Roses, white and cream and yellow, pink and deep velvety red, sweet-scented ginger lilies and masses of maidenhair fern bordered the entrance drive. Under the gallery windows were tall shrubs of cape jessamine, with flowers like the gardenias we see in the North—but smaller than the gardenias—and low trees of the beautiful frangipani, with fragrant waxy blossoms of yellow, rose-pink and white. A coralita vine, with clusters of little coral-red blossoms and small, green leaves, crept up the gallery windows, and a royal purple bougainvillea vine, with dark, purple-red flowers, clambered over the garden walls, and tried to reach the graceful fern-like leaves and

6 Our Little West Indian Cousin

scarlet blossoms of the royal poincianas, growing by the garden gate.

In the middle of the drive stood the old tamarind tree, its great branches giving a comforting shade, and its broad body surrounded by a wooden seat, familiarly called the "circle." The tamarind is not only a very beautiful tree with its feathery leaves and yellow flowers, but a useful one too, for hanging from its branches are short pods, from which is made a delightfully refreshing drink, called tamarind syrup.

Judith dearly loved the circle. When a tiny girl she had carried here whole families of dollies, playing happily with them until the tropic sun rose high and Nurse brought her in out of the heat. Nowadays, in place of dollies, she brought her story books to read, and always her early "tea" if there was time before school.

As she drank her chocolate this morning, she watched old Parris watering the garden with the help of Edward, the little black boy. Parris was black too, all but his hair which was quite white. He had been Grandfather's faithful servant for sixty years, and he was ninety now. He could not do very much, but pottered about or sat in the kitchen doorway,

watching over the fruit and flower gardens and over the younger folk too.

"Hi boy!" he called, "Yo' wants to kill dat rose tree? Fill up de pail,"—making a lunge at him with his stick. Then seeing the little girl, he touched his white head, "Mornin' Missy," he said, and offered her the prettiest rose he could find, for "little Missy" was a favorite.

"Judy, Judy," a voice called, the big garden gate swung open and Damaris Deane came dancing up the walk.

"I've brought a note to your mother from Cousin Bessie," she said, perching on the circle by Judith and holding up a white envelope. "It came last night and I could hardly sleep for I know what's in it. Shall I tell you? An invitation to Nicholas Abbey for a whole week of the holidays. Cousin Bessie wrote to invite us both, and that's how I know."

Nicholas Abbey! The most beautiful place in the world to visit! A real sugar estate, with boys and girls galore, the kindest of parents, and such fun from morning until night.

"Oh," cried Judith, "let's find mother," and together they ran to the house and upstairs to Mrs. Craig's room.

8 Our Little West Indian Cousin

"May we come, mother? Damaris and I?" she called. "Come in," a sweet voice answered.

Mrs. Craig sat sewing by the shaded window. She was a very pretty lady of English parentage, and had bestowed upon her little daughter her sunny brown hair and eyes as blue as the tropic sea.

She kissed both little girls, laughing, as they tried to tell her in one breath the contents of the letter.

"Gently, gently," she said, "let me read it and see if you are really invited for a whole week." Then smiling at the two bright faces before her, "I think you may go, if Daddy is willing."

"We'll ask him at breakfast," cried Judith, dancing around the room.

"And I must give out breakfast, or Charlotte will have nothing to cook," said Mrs. Craig. "The garden is too warm for you now, children," she called, as she went down stairs, "go and play in the school-room."

Curled up on one of the broad window seats, they discussed the joyful visit and watched for Mr. Craig to come.

The school-room connected the two wings of the second story. It was a great square

room, with deep seated windows overlooking the front and back gardens. Lesson and story books lined the walls and a long table filled the room—a great mahogany table of native wood, at which two generations of boys and girls had studied their lessons. Here, Judith, too, had learned her a b c's her multiplication table, her "first speller" and scripture history, until she was old enough to go to Queen's College.

What struggles she had to keep her mind on the sums on her little slate, while the feathery fronds of the palm branches outside waved to and fro, beckoning her to come out and play, while the blue sky and the sunshine and the brilliant flowers in the old garden were all so much lovelier to study than anything in books.

"Judy, perhaps crop-time will have begun when we get to Nicholas Abbey," Damaris said, "and that means heaps of fun. We can have all the fresh cane we want. Wish I had a piece right now, a yard long."

"If you had there wouldn't be room for us both in this seat," said Judith, laughing. "Give me pan sugar, and sling! Hot sling with brown biscuits! I could eat a quart of it this minute."

10 Our Little West Indian Cousin

"Oh look there, Dame, at the monkeys!"

Both little girls leaned out to watch some sellers coming up the kitchen drive. They were black women with trays of fruit upon their heads, who had, probably, walked many miles in from the country to sell their wares. They traipsed along, not seeing the monkeys above them, and the little girls were in gales of laughter, when now and then one of these funny animals reached down, and with its long arm silently removed an orange or a banana, deftly peeled and ate it. When one dropped a piece of skin, carefully, the seller lifted the tray from her head and looked up, "t'ief, t'ief," she shouted, shaking her fist at him; but he only climbed up higher in the tree, while all the others set up a great chattering.

"They have an orange and three bananas between them," Damaris said, giggling still at the monkeys' antics.

"They often steal from orange sellers, but mother will pay them at the buttery," Judith answered.

"Here comes the tram, and daddy is in it." Both little girls raced down stairs and out through the garden to meet Mr. Craig at the gate.

The trams are street cars drawn by strong



"THEY WERE BLACK WOMEN WITH TRAYS OF FRUIT
UPON THEIR HEADS."

mules, and make regular trips from the town to the suburbs.

In this Island, and indeed in most of the tropics, business begins very early in the day. Mr. Craig was always in his office by seven. The eleven o'clock tram brought him home to breakfast with his family, after which he returned until four in the afternoon, when all business closed for the day.

He was a big sunburned Scotch gentleman, with the kindest merriest face. With a little girl clinging to each arm, he entered the big dining-room, where the rest of the family were already assembled for breakfast.

The dear old grandmother sat at the head, her snowy hair piled high under her widow's cap, and Mr. Craig took grandfather's place at the foot. Aunt Flo and Aunt Blanche were there, and Damaris, of course, for in the hospitable South there is always a place for guests.

"Daddy, I have something to tell you," Judith began, when Mr. Craig's consent to the visit had been given, and Julia was bringing in the breakfast. Such a delicious West Indian breakfast! First came freshly broiled fish with lime dressing; then cold fowl, with roast yam, golden sweet potatoes, creamy rice, fried plantains, and tea with muffins and marmalade.

12 Our Little West Indian Cousin

"Daddy, Miss James told me yesterday that next term I begin to study for my junior Cambridge exams. I know it's going to be awfully hard, but I mean to do nothing but study, for I simply could not bear to fail."

Mr. Craig looked at his small daughter with approval. "Good," he said, "if you feel that way I am quite sure you will not fail."

"But," said Mrs. Drayton, "the child must not study too hard."

Every one laughed, for Granny was always watching over her one little grandchild, and there had never been any danger of letting Judith overwork.

"I think," said Aunt Flo, "that she must have a good holiday and plenty of sea bathing, to build her up for all of this study."

"A good idea," said Mr. Craig, "I thought of it to-day and wrote to Cousin Emmie to know if she can take us for three weeks."

Cousin Emmie was a dearly loved cousin, who had a small hotel on the beautiful eastern coast of the Island. Beachmount was not a hotel really, but a home to all within its walls.

"Three whole weeks at Bathsheba, and then a week at Nicholas Abbey! Daddy!" And Judith looked as she felt, a delightfully happy little girl.

"We are going to St. Lawrence for the holidays," Damaris said, when breakfast was over and the two little girls went to swing in the hammocks in the cool gallery, "but mother says we will meet and go to Cousin Bessie's together. I almost wish we were going there first."

"I don't," said Judith, "I like to have a good time at Bathsheba with mother and Daddy, and think of the fun at Nicholas Abbey still coming. Besides, I have not been in the Beachmount pool for a whole year, and I just feel as if I could not wait another minute."

"You'll have to wait a whole week Judy," and we'll have to grind, too, for our last good marks this term."

"Children, would you like to come for a drive with Daddy and me at four o'clock?" Mrs. Craig asked, when several hours later she found them still in the hammocks—deep in two story books,—Judith with "Eight Cousins," for she dearly loved Miss Alcott's books, and Damaris with Mrs. Ewing's "Six to Sixteen."

"Yes, yes," they both cried, and Damaris sped up the road to her home to get ready.

Old Nurse was waiting in Judith's room to pour the cool water from the big ewer into

14 Our Little West Indian Cousin

the basin, then to help her into one of her afternoon frocks of white India mull, and tie up her curls with a rose pink bow. Catching up her broad hat, Judith ran down stairs and out to the car, where Mrs. Craig was already at the wheel.

Just stopping to pick up Damaris, and Mr. Craig at the door of his office, they drove through the quaint old town, past the English Cathedral of St. Michael, past the statue of Lord Nelson, which stands in the little square called "Trafalgar"—after the great naval victory he won for England—past the Public Buildings and the Carnegie Library, to the Chamberlain Bridge.

"Oh goody," cried Judith, "the drawbridge is out and we'll see the ships go through." It was out, and they had quite a wait while several good-sized vessels went through to anchor in the careenage.

The careenage, called "car-naj," is always a place of wonder and delight to children. An arm of the great salt ocean, it really is, winding like a river into the town. From almost her first lessons, Judith had looked up from her books at the school-room window, to gaze across to the old square tower of the cathedral with the palm branches waving

around it, and to wonder that the masts of great ships seemed to rise close by the tower among the palms. Later, on Sundays she went to church at the old cathedral, and sat in the family pew, watching the song birds fly in and out of the open chancel windows, and over the heads of the choristers. Daddy had then explained to her how the bridge opened to let these great ships through, so that their masts really did rise in the town as they lay at anchor in the carenage, to unload provisions from great northern countries, and to load again with hogsheads of sugar to take back to England, Canada, and the United States.

Finally the bridge swung to again, and they started merrily on their way, through Bishop's Court, with the bearded fig-trees from which Barbados is supposed to have received its name, for the Portuguese sailors, who first discovered it, found the Island covered with these great trees, with long, beard-like roots hanging from the branches, and so called the Island *Barbados* or *Barbudus*, meaning bearded. Past Government House with its beautiful grounds they went, around the Savannah, where they stopped to watch a game of Polo, then out into the open country.

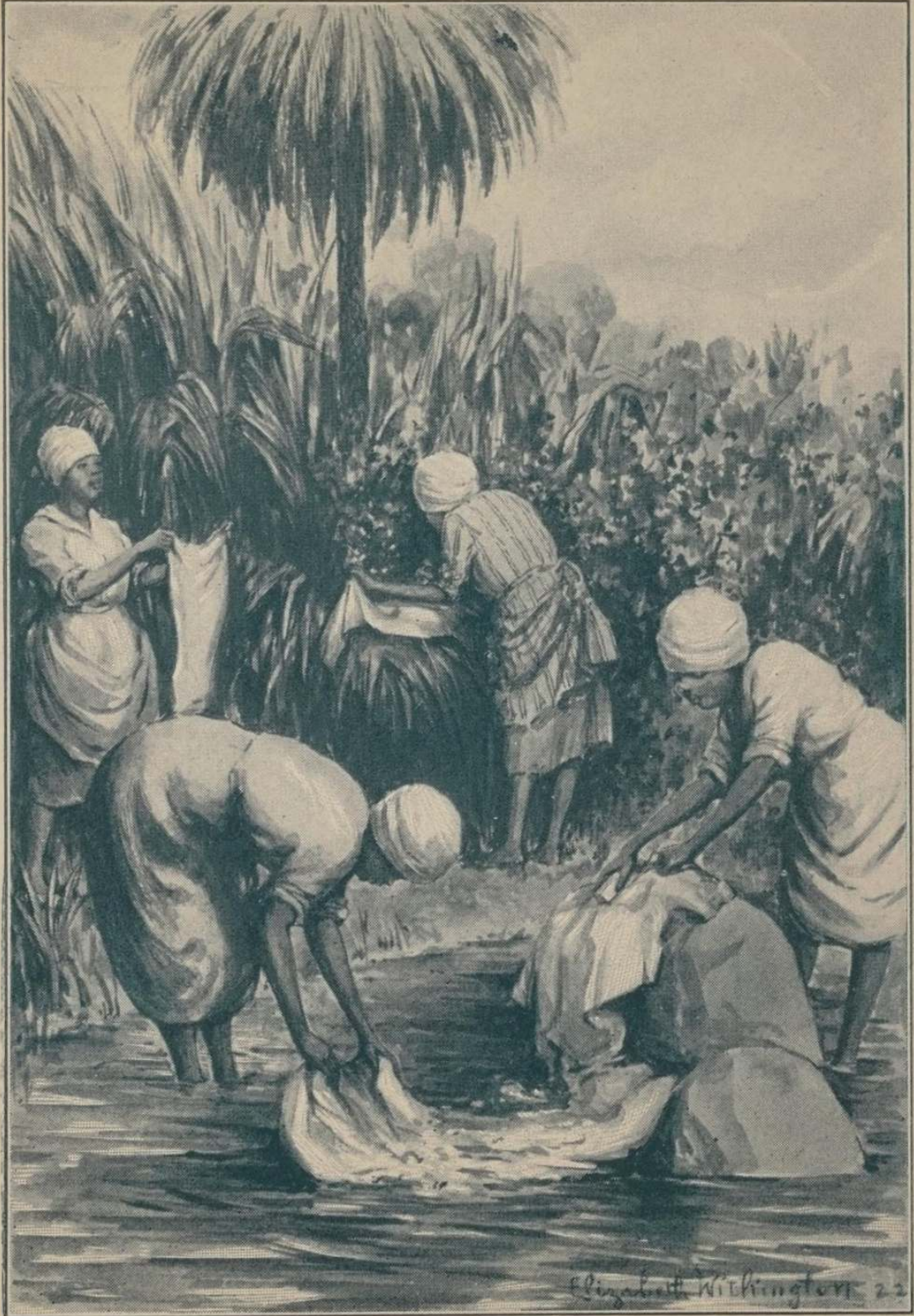
Green fields of sugar cane, looking very

16 Our Little West Indian Cousin

much like our northern cornfields, stretched upon each side of the white road, which was bordered often with hedges of many-colored hibiscus flowers,—big blossoms of crimson, rose pink and yellow. Stately avenues of royal palms led to comfortable estate houses and picturesque windmills, their wonderful sails turning lazily in the breeze. Great trees shaded the way,—giant ceibas, or silk cotton trees, so called from the cotton-like material of the seed pods, a cotton which can be used to fill beds or pillows, but can never be spun into thread, known to us as *kapok*; mango trees bearing delicious oval fruit, very juicy, with thin greenish yellow or reddish skin, and large, flat seeds; tamarinds, and almond trees, which bear an oily eatable seed, in an almond-like husk, but are not at all like the almonds we know.

Sometimes they drove through tiny villages of negro cabins, and once they crossed a little stream, where washer-women with turned up skirts stood ankle deep in the water, soaping and beating the clothes upon rocks, then sunning and drying them on nearby bushes.

Judith and Damaris chattered away on the back seat like two little magpies, until the car turned out toward the coast.



“WASHER-WOMEN WITH TURNED-UP SKIRTS STOOD ANKLE-DEEP IN THE WATER.”

"Are we going to Lord's Castle, Daddy?" Judith asked.

"Yes," said Mr. Craig. "Mother thinks the Dalkeiths are there for a holiday, and if so, we will surprise them."

"Oh, I hope they are," cried both little girls, for Lord's Castle was an enchanting place to visit.

It is not a castle really, but a fine old mansion set in a grove of cocoanut trees. Its great rooms are rich in carving and ornamentation, and on its polished floors many a stately minuet has been danced by ladies and gentlemen in powdered wigs and queues.

The first owner, it is said, hung lanterns in these self-same cocoanut trees, in order to wreck passing vessels upon the rocky coast. No one knows if the story be true or not, but every one does know there is no wicked old pirate living there now, and that it is a most delightful place to spend a holiday.

The house was open, and half a dozen children followed by several ladies and gentlemen came out to welcome the visitors.

"You are just in time for tea," said Mrs. Dalkeith, leading the way into the drawing-room. The little girls were famished after their drive, and as a special treat, were

18 Our Little West Indian Cousin

allowed cups of very weak tea, with the delicious hot scones, jam and plum cake.

"Let's go down on the beach and hunt for puppy eyes," said Muriel Dalkeith, when they had finished the good things.

"Show us the dungeon first, do," Damaris begged.

Muriel led the way into a dark back passage and down a flight of stairs, where they looked through a tiny grated window into a stuffy little cellar. The old pirate, it is said, kept as prisoners here, the crew and captains of the wrecked vessels, but between you and me, I do not believe that anything but big hogsheads of crystal sugar or golden molasses were ever imprisoned here.

The little girls really thought so too, but they pretended to shiver and be frightened, and ran pell mell upstairs and out through the cocoanut grove to the wide lovely beach, where they began searching for the little pink shells called "puppy eyes."

"I've found two exactly alike," Damaris cried, "I wish I could find a third to give mother in a three-leaved clover pin."

"You may have mine," Muriel said, "see, it really does match yours, and I can find lots more while we're here."

"Come on and have a game of cricket down on the hard sand," called Don and Jamie Dalkeith, wearied by such tame diversions. "We'll play you lefthanded."

Nothing loath, the girls raced after them; but all too soon they heard Mr. Craig calling and knew it was time to start for home, and after many good-bys and promises of a longer visit, they were soon running smoothly along the country roads again toward town.

"I see Christ Church lighthouse," Damaris said, as a turn in the road brought them in sight of its far-reaching light, and very shortly they were traveling under the brilliant stars, for night comes suddenly in the tropics.

"Mother, I do think the little cabins with the lighted coal-pots beside the doors, and the little children all standing round watching their Mammies cooking the supper, is the prettiest sight," Judith said.

"So do I dear," her mother answered, and Mr. Craig ran the car slowly so that they might watch this little scene.

It was a pretty sight. All day these black women had been working beside their husbands in the fields, or standing midway in some tiny stream washing clothes. Now they had come home, set going the coal-pots outside the cabin

20 Our Little West Indian Cousin

doors—quaint, upright little iron stands with a grate for the coals—and were busily frying fish, with perhaps a yam or sweet potatoes for the evening meal, while the children hovered around, their little black faces shining with expectation in the flickering light of the fire.

CHAPTER II

THE HOLIDAYS

“HURRAH!” cried Judith, coming into the school-room the following Thursday, hot and dusty and tired, and flinging her strap of school books in the far corner of the lounge, where, fortunately they fell against a plump cushion. “Hurrah!” School is over for five glorious weeks, and I don’t want even to see the outside of a book for days and days and days!” and her hat followed the books.

“Mother, aren’t we going in the morning train?”

“No dear,” Mrs. Craig said, picking up the discarded books and hat, as mothers have a way of doing, “Daddy cannot go with us until afternoon, and you would not wish to start off without him, would you?”

“Of course not,” Judith said, “and it will not be so long to wait after all, with no lessons to study.”

It did not seem long, for there were many things to do before going away for a whole

22 Our Little West Indian Cousin

month, and the next afternoon found Judith and her parents in the first-class coach, with other families of happy children, off to spend the holidays in pleasant places.

Out from the town, hot in the afternoon sunshine, through the green cane fields to the coast, the train went; then for miles skirted the water's edge, sometimes passing long stretches of white sandy beach, palm fringed, at others, huge rocks and boulders, against which the waves broke, sending the white spray high in the air.

The first stars were peeping from a turquoise sky, when they rounded the last curve. "There is Beachmont, dear old place!" Judith cried, her head far out of the window, and her hands waving ecstatically.

On the bluff, fanned by the soft trade winds, the house stood, the white road winding past it leading one way up to the hills, the other, down to the beach. A tennis court and a sheltered rose garden were in front, an arrow-root patch with a miniature windmill, and fields of cane were on the land side, and beyond rose the green hills of Hackleton's Cliff.

Lights twinkled cheerily in the windows as if bidding every one welcome, and when black Clement and the stout little gray donkey had

driven them up the hill, there was Cousin Emmie in the doorway with opened arms to receive them. Such a bonnie lady with pink cheeks and silvery hair, and a heart big enough for all the boys and girls who came to stay with her!

"It is good to have you here with me again," she said, hugging Judith and her mother and beaming on Daddy, "and there is such a nice little girl here from Trinidad, who has been longing for you to come, Judith."

She led the way to their rooms and saw that they were quite comfortable, then bustled off to oversee dinner, for the house was filled with guests.

French and Spanish people from South America, come to spend the hot months by this cool seaside, and also Scotch and English people from the other islands, with families of little children, and black mammies galore.

At dinner, a little girl of Judith's age, with pretty hazel eyes and rosy cheeks, came in with a lady and gentleman, and sat opposite to Judith, smiling shyly at her across the fruit and flowers.

"She must be the little girl from Trinidad," Judith thought, and felt quite sure that she would like her.

24 Our Little West Indian Cousin

After dinner was over, they soon made friends, and chattered away as if they had known each other always. Kitty Gordon lived in the neighboring Island of Trinidad, which lies further South than Barbados, very near to the coast of South America. It is a much larger island than Barbados, very mountainous and has great tropical forests. It is the last of the Caribbean Chain, about which I told you when first we began our journey Southward.

"We live on a cocoa estate," Kitty said, "high up in the hills, where it is lovely and cool, and not at all like the town, Port of Spain, which is always so hot. Sometimes mother brings us to town, and we drive a long way over the mountains and cross ever so many bridges, then come the rest of way by train. It's fun to see the shops and the people all about, but we are always so glad to go home again, up into the cool hills. There are high mountains and forests where we live, and Daddy takes us riding in the early morning, and there are so many of us that we are never lonely. We used to have a governess, but she was married last year, and now mother gives us our lessons every day. She makes things awfully interesting, and tells us stories about

history, which makes it easier to remember. In two more years though, I am to go to live with Grandmama in England, and go to school there."

Judith discovered, as the days went by, that Kitty could talk with the French and Spanish children in their own languages, which was natural after all, for many foreigners live in Trinidad. Sometimes she sent them all into gales of laughter, by speaking like the coolies, for these *East* Indians do the work upon the sugar, coffee, and cocoa estates of Trinidad, and Kitty heard them daily in her own home.

The next morning, Judith awakened to the sound of the breakers down on the beach, and jumping out of bed, ran to the window. It was all just as she remembered it a year ago. It was only five o'clock, but the early morning is the most beautiful part of the whole day in the tropics. The sun was rising, round and golden, out of the sea. The green cane fields rippled like the waves of the ocean in the morning breeze, while the tops of the cocoanut trees looked as if they were all blowing out to sea.

Great horned oxen were being led into the mill yard of a neighboring estate, to be yoked to cane-carts for the day's work. From the cabin doors everywhere little black children

26 Our Little West Indian Cousin

tumbled out to sprawl happily on the soft turf, while down on the beach the flying-fish fleet were putting off for the day's haul. The fishermen looked like bronze giants, so finely built and so powerful were they, from their daily life on the sea.

Judith watched the boats cresting the waves, knowing that in the early afternoon, if she looked, she would see them returning, with white sails dotting the horizon. Cook would go down upon the beach to buy the red snapper for dinner, the dolphin and flying-fish for tomorrow's breakfast.

"Are you ready for the first dip, dear?" Mrs. Craig said, coming into the room with the bathing suits on her arm.

"Oh, yes Mother, I have been watching the boats put off, and hoping you would waken so we could go in soon," Judith answered. "I hope Kitty will come too," she added.

But Kitty was there before them, and with her, Boy and Dorothy, Janet and the twins—Geoffrey and Gerrold, all in the care of Nurse.

How cunning the babies were, and what fun they all had, splashing about in the pool,—a safe spot among the rocks,—Judith and Kitty

trying valiantly to swim with water-wings, while Boy, who was two years younger, and a perfect fish in the water, watched them with pitying looks.

After the late breakfast, Kitty drove off with her parents to visit some friends up in the country, and as it was too hot now to be out of doors, Judith wandered along the flagged passage leading to the kitchen and buttery, in search of Cousin Emmie, stopping for a moment at the back door, to watch the arms of the arrowroot mill, turning steadily in the breeze.

The root of the arrowroot plant, ground very fine and carefully dried in the sun, yields a starchy food, very much like cornstarch, but when made into blanc mange or puddings it is even more delicate. It is said that the Indians of South America used a plant similar to this as an antidote for poisoned arrows, and for this reason it came to be called "arrowroot."

On the buttery table were heaps of fresh guavas, and Judith guessed what they were for.

"Oh, are you boiling jelly?" she asked. "May I stay and help?"

"Indeed you may, darling," Cousin Emmie said. "You may sit right here at the table and

28 Our Little West Indian Cousin

help me peel the guavas. Most of them are for jelly, but we will quarter a few, for preserves."

Judith worked away like a little Trojan, while Cousin Emmie bustled back and forth, from the table to the open door, where Clement had lighted a coal-pot. In the big stone kitchen was an American cooking stove, but no stove that was ever built can boil guava jelly, or orange and shaddock marmalade, or preserve limes, as a coal-pot can.

As they worked, they were often interrupted by the small "sellers" who came to the buttery window, amusing Judith very much.

A little black head would appear above the sill, and a calabash, with a few okras, or two or three eggs, or some figs (little bananas) would be offered with, "Ma begs yu buy dese, Miss Emmie," and Miss Emmie would leave her boiling jelly for a moment, and buy, for she was a good friend to the black people about her.

A calabash is the hard shell of the gourd-like fruit of the calabash tree. This hard outer shell is made by the natives into all kinds of cups and bowls, which can hold water or solids. Sometimes, also, they are beautifully carved and polished,

After the jelly had boiled and been skimmed again and again, until it was of just the right clearness to pour into the little glass pots, and Judith was eating some of the hot preserved guavas, with freshly baked cookies, Cousin Emmie unlocked the door of one of the larders, and lifted out a great covered bowl, which emitted a delicious spicy odor when it was uncovered. It was filled with chopped fruit,—raisins, prunes, citron, orange peel, almonds, black current jam, prune wine, liqueurs and cordials, which had been prepared and put to soak in more wine, several weeks before.

“A wedding cake!” Judith cried, forgetting her hot guava and cookies. “Are you going to mix it now?”

“This very day,” said Cousin Emmie, “for Aunt Blanche’s wedding.”

“But she isn’t to be married so soon, and it will not be fresh, will it?” Judith asked in surprise.

“Yes indeed,” Cousin Emmie assured her. “Fruit cake is always better after it has been made for a time. It grows richer and more moist every day, but we will not ice it until a few days before the wedding.”

The making of the wedding cake was much

30 Our Little West Indian Cousin

more fascinating to watch than boiling jelly, and Judith was overjoyed when she was allowed to beat the eggs in a big yellow bowl,—not with a fancy egg-beater, nor even with a fork, but with little sprays of a dried sea-plant, called “sea-rods,” tied into a bunch; and how they beat and whip the eggs for the lightest sponge cake ever baked!

There were pounds and pounds of the fruit cake, and it took many hands to mix it; then cook carried it away to the kitchen, and all further responsibility rested with her, for the baking of these great cakes is truly an art. In this island, the mistress of the house makes all the cakes and tarts and puddings, the muffins and scones, but only cook knows how to bake them.

What happy days followed, filled with the companionship of Kitty and the other children and the joys of the seaside! The early morning always found them splashing about in the pool, or frolicking among the breakers. Then came walks before breakfast, across the pasture-lands, where they met droves of the gentle great horned oxen, being driven to the mill yards, or driven over the hills and into the sea, for their weekly bath. The children loved to watch these patient beasts flounder

about, then return to sun themselves and browse upon the hills.

During the heat of the day, they read and played in the cool galleries; then after four o'clock tea, there were long walks upon the beach where they found wonderful shells—great conchs, rose-lined, bits of coral, giant star-fish, Turks' caps, sea-urchins, the beautiful pearly nautilus; bleeding tooth, and many others—and as the "bay houses," as the sea-side cottages are called, were all occupied for the holidays, they found many playmates too, upon the sands.

Sometimes they were allowed to join riding-parties of the older people, and on ponies borrowed from neighboring estates, Kitty and Boy and Judith had glorious canters on the firm sand at the water's edge, or on the country roads winding up to the level stretch above Hackleton's Cliff.

One afternoon Mr. Craig took the two little girls across country to the western coast, to a place called "The Hole," or "Hole Town,"—not a very pretty name, but you will hear why it was called so.

"Daddy," Judith said, as they climbed out of the car to look at a tall monument nearby, "Kitty thinks 'The Hole' such a funny name

32 Our Little West Indian Cousin

for a town. Please tell her the story about it, for you can explain it so much better than I can."

"Well," said Mr. Craig, "it is odd, but it was given this name more than three hundred years ago, by the first English people who ever landed here.

"The Island was known to Portuguese mariners sailing to and from Brazil in the sixteenth century, and by them given the name 'Las Barbadas,' but none ever remained here. In the year 1605, an English ship, the *Olive Blossom*, bound for South America, touched at Barbados at this very spot, and finding the island unoccupied by any European people, took possession of it in the name of James I of England.

"They erected a cross on the shore, and cut into the bark of a tree the words 'James, K. of E. and this Island.'

"'The Hole,' means a deep basin, and it is thought the locality reminded the English sailors of a similar place called 'The Hole,' on the river Thames, in England.

"It was not until 1627, however, that the first settlers arrived in a vessel fitted out by Sir William Courteen, having on board forty white men and eight negroes. After landing

his people, the captain sailed away to Guiana, where he obtained seeds and roots and plants of yams, Indian corn, sweet potatoes, plantains, tamarinds, oranges, limes, pineapples, tobacco, cotton, and, best of all, the sugar cane, which has supported the island for many years. This monument was erected in 1905, to commemorate the three hundredth anniversary of the arrival of the *Olive Blossom*."

"And Barbados has never been anything but English and never will be," said Judith, who was a loyal little Briton.

A few days later, on a beautiful cool morning, a picnic was arranged for Turner's Hall Wood, and every one went, even Cousin Emmie, taking old Holder, the butler, with several capacious luncheon baskets.

Judith was delighted, for she had never been there, but she knew that it was the one bit of tropical forest left standing in this island of sugar cane.

The party started merrily off in the train, and after a half-hour's ride, alighted at a little station, where, waiting to carry them up into the hills, were wooden cane carts, each drawn by six or eight mules. What fun they had! And how they bumped and rattled over the country roads in the springless carts!

34 Our Little West Indian Cousin

Young black boys drove them, one riding bareback, the others running for miles alongside, flourishing great whips and calling "Che! Che!"

Sometimes the mules came to a stop in the middle of a steep hill, and the whole cart and its occupants were in danger of rattling down hill backwards. But the drivers would scotch the wheels with great stones and cry "Che! Che!" again and again, and finally start the mules on their way.

Once they passed a beautiful old house with an avenue of stately royal palms.

"That is Farley Hill," Mrs. Craig told the children, "the home of Charles Kingsley's mother. You have all read his story of the 'Water Babies,' and some of you his 'Heroes,' too. When he was a little fellow, he loved to hear the stories his mother told of her home in the West Indies, and among his playthings in the Devonshire Vicarage, were some of her childish treasures.

"All his life he wished to come to these tropical islands, but he had to wait until he was fifty years old, and then he brought his daughter Rose, with him."

"I know, he came to Trinidad," said Kitty. "Mother told us about his visit when

she was reading the 'Water Babies' to us."

"Yes," Mrs. Craig said, "he stayed there with his daughter for several winter months, and wrote a very wonderful book about it, which you will all read some day.

"The ship stopped first at the Island of St. Thomas, and he tells how he found there 'old friends' of his childhood, treasures of his mother's cabinet—wonderful shells, bits of coral, the calabash tree, with the green calabashes growing out of its bark, and the wonderful sandbox, which you too, love."

The sandbox is the seed pod of the sandbox tree. It is the size and shape of a small tomato, but with many small divisions. When fully ripe it explodes with a loud noise, scattering the seeds far and wide, and the natives call it the "Monkeys' dinner-bell."

Soon they mounted the last hill, and saw the green wall of the forest before them. Giant palms lifted their fronds high in the air, and among masses of green of every shade and hue were flashes of color as brilliant as a parrot's wing.

But nothing outside could prepare Judith for the exceeding loveliness of the forest itself. The ground beneath their feet was a mass of tropical bloom, and hundreds of varie-

36 Our Little West Indian Cousin

ties of ferns reached almost to the waists of the children,—among them maidenhair, and la Farlienca, like the maidenhair, but larger and more beautiful. There were many kinds of palms, royal palms, cocoanut palms, which bear the cocoanut, date palms, whose fruit we all know so well; sago palms, which supply us with sago,—something like tapioca; fan palms, from which the palm leaf fans are made; the travelers' trees whose stalks are reservoirs of water; almonds, and eucalyptus trees, which furnish a valuable medicine; wild oranges, wild begonias, wild pines; and here, in their native home, orchids of marvelous shape and color, festooning themselves from tree to tree.

The forest was so dense that it was almost twilight, and Judith believed that all the fairy stories she had ever heard or dreamed, had come true. She could not move for fear of crushing the wonderful flowers and ferns, and looking up through the giant branches, she could dimly see the tropic blue of the sky, and the sunshine filtering through the green.

You will wonder that she was not afraid of snakes in this tropical forest, but she had no fear, for she knew that there were no deadly reptiles in the Island. The terrible "*fer de*

lance" and the poisonous snakes of other islands have never been found here.

"Oh Kitty!" she cried. "Have you ever seen anything so like fairyland?"

But Kitty had seen the vast tropical forests of Trinidad, though she was much too polite and well bred a little girl to say so, and admired everything that Judith pointed out.

They camped for luncheon beside a tiny bubbling spring called the "Boiling Spring," which is the one bit of volcanic evidence in this coral Island. Mr. Craig lighted a match and held to it, and instantly a flickering flame of great heat shot up. Next, an egg was put to boil, and the children gazed open eyed at this marvel of nature.

Suddenly, above the laughing voices, a perfect torrent of shrill chattering was heard. "Monkeys!" Judith cried, peering all about.

"Wild monkeys, who have never been caught," said Mr. Craig, "but live happily here in their native trees."

Boy and Kitty tried to coax some of them down with pieces of cake and fruit, but they were much too wild, and waited until the forest was quiet again, before they clambered down to eat up the goodies left.

"Now," said Mr. Craig, when the heat of

38 Our Little West Indian Cousin

the day had been spent in the deep cool shade of the forest, and they were gathering up the luncheon things and making ready for the journey home in the cane carts. "Now you know what this Island was like in 1605 when the *Olive Blossom* sighted land.

"There are only forty-six acres left standing now; but then, in place of fields of sugar cane, the whole Island was like this bit of virgin forest."

"Why *is* the whole Island planted in sugar cane, Daddy?" Judith asked. "Why did they cut away so much of the beautiful forest?"

"Because," Mr. Craig answered, "when sugar cane was first brought to the Western Hemisphere, it was planted in a great many places to see where it would grow best, and in this little Island of Barbados it grew so well that the early colonists quickly cleared the land of the Virgin forest, and planted the sugar cane everywhere, which yielded the planters such good crops that the Island became very prosperous and the planters wealthy.

"Clearing away the dense tropical forests has made the Island also a much healthier place. It has freed it from fevers and tropical diseases that other Islands still have, and

that is why Kitty has come here for her holidays; because, although we have not as beautiful an Island as Trinidad, we have a more healthful one."

"Then I will forgive them," Judith said, "if it will always bring Kitty here for the holidays."

CHAPTER III

THE HOLIDAYS AT NICHOLAS ABBEY

"HERE comes the carriage," Kitty said, as one morning a few days after the picnic in the tropical woods, the two little girls stood watching at the gallery window. "Oh Judy, I wish you were coming back to Trinidad with me tomorrow; I shall just miss you dreadfully."

"I shall miss you too," Judith answered, squeezing Kitty's hand, "and I wish that you were coming to Nicholas Abbey with Damaris and me, and then home to Galba Lodge; but we are going to visit each other, and that's a comfort. Daddy says that next year he will have to go to Trinidad on business, and he will take mother and me with him. Just think, Kitty, I have never been away from Barbados in my life! Mother is sure that you will be allowed to come home with us for a visit—and won't we have a good time!"

Mr. Thorpe could not come himself for his two little guests, but sent the big two-seated carriage to Beachmont for them, with Ivy and

Nick to do the honors, and there, sitting on the back seat with them was Damaris.

“Judy,” she cried, jumping out and hugging Judith, “Cousin Tom came to town yesterday and told father he would pick me up on his way home, instead of my coming so far by train to-day. Mother and I had such a scramble to be ready, for my things were not packed; but it was great fun driving all the way from the St. Lawrence. We did not get to Nicholas until nine o'clock, and the girls were asleep. Cousin Bessie told me to slip in beside Isobel, but they all waked up and thought I was a robber and screamed ‘Daddy, Daddy!’ ”

“Yes, and Cousin Damaris thought there must be a forty-leg around, and began to yell too and father and I rushed in and found the girls all hopping about like mad,” said Nick, grinning cheerfully at the recollection of the terrified maidens.

The forty-leg is a huge poisonous centipede, about nine inches in length, with a very hard back, and it really looks like a tooth brush handle with legs all about it. Its bite has never caused death, but it does cause a painful swelling, and it is no wonder that Damaris was frightened. Forty-legs seldom get into houses,

42 Our Little West Indian Cousin

though, unless some old tree in which they have had a nest has been cut down; then they may roam about hunting new quarters.

Judith and her packall were tucked safely in the carriage, mother and Daddy bidden good-by for a whole week, and with a crack of old Quentin's whip, off went the big bays with four happy children.

Up hill and down dale they drove, through the little village of St. Elizabeth's, or "Crab Hole" as it was familiarly called, where many of the negro cabins were almost hidden by the scarlet blossoms and green leaves of the poinsettia plants, the same beautiful flowers that we find in the northern shops at Christmas time, and for which we pay such fabulous prices.

Some of the cabins, too, were shaded by breadfruit trees, and the people who lived there were lucky indeed, for one breadfruit provides almost a meal. The tree grows very large, with great beautiful green leaves, and the breadfruit, which is not a fruit at all, but a vegetable, looks like a great green ball, and when the rough, outer skin is peeled off, the inside, roasted, or boiled and crushed, is very good indeed to eat.

There were papaw trees growing by the roadside too, small, branchless trees, with a

flat crown of leaves at the top, just beneath which grow clusters of large, melon-shaped fruit, salmon pink or yellow in color. This fruit is delicious preserved, and delicious also when iced and eaten raw; but the leaves are the wonderful part of this "magic tree," for when rubbed on the toughest meat they will make it tender.

Then up the steep hills they climbed again, and saw, growing among the tropical shrubs and plants that lined the banks, clumps of real Scotch heath, with little crimson bell-like blossoms.

St. Nicholas Abbey, the home of Tom and Nick, Ivy, Iris and Isobel, is one of the oldest and loveliest estates in Barbados. It is built in the style of an old English Abbey, with a fireplace in the cedar paneled drawing-room, built by the first owner for the winter that never came.

The garden is filled with beautiful tropical flowers, the grounds with tropical trees of which I have told you—royal palms, ceibas, or silk cotton trees, almond, poinciana, coconuts, and others which are new to you. Here grows the cashew tree, a pretty low tree with rounded leaves, and little green flowers, bearing pink and white striped pear-shaped fruit, at

44 Our Little West Indian Cousin

the lower end of which hang small kidney-shaped beans called cashew nuts, which are very good to eat when roasted, and from which a very valuable medicine is extracted; the cannon-ball tree, a great wonderful tree, bearing large crimson flowers, and later the cannon-balls, which are large and rough and brown, and look like real cannon-balls.

There are many banana trees too, whose fruit you know so well, but not, perhaps, the way it grows.

The banana tree is not really a tree, but is herbaceous, which means that it does not become woody, or permanent, but that the stem dies down to the root to shoot again into a new tree. The stem of the banana tree is formed by the long leaf stems folding together until they reach a height of fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, when each stem unfolds into one great beautiful leaf, long and broad. The banana blossom which rises from the center, is a most glorious blossom, for it shoots up sometimes three feet in length, formed of great red-purple petals folding closely together. If you were to turn back these petals, you would find inside, a straight green spike with little circling clusters of creamy blossoms. As the bananas form from these clusters their weight

is so heavy that this beautiful red-purple blossom begins to bend over, and by the time the bananas are ready to cut, the great bunch is hanging down from the tree and the bananas appear to be growing upside down. Each banana tree bears only once, and only one bunch of bananas; the tree is then cut down to shoot again almost immediately, to form another tree.

Out of the brilliant sunshine of the tropical morning, the carriage rolled under the shade of the old mahogany trees which bordered the drive to the doorway, where Mrs. Thorpe and the others came to welcome them.

"There is Cousin Tom," Damaris cried, waving her hand to a stout, jolly gentleman in a white helmet hat, who came cantering up from the opposite direction. Mr. Thorpe was returning from his morning ride over the estate, and dismounting, he tossed the reins to the black groom, and hastened to lift the little girls from the carriage, while Iris and Isobel danced about them and everybody talked at the same moment.

"Come," said Mrs. Thorpe laughing, "what chatterboxes you are! Don't try to tell them everything now—Iris, they will be here a whole week."

46 Our Little West Indian Cousin

Cousin Bessie was a lovely person to visit, for she always seemed like the big sister of her five boys and girls; putting an arm around Judith and Damaris, she took them to a pretty bedroom next her own.

"Mother, isn't breakfast ready?" called Nick, who was always starving; as the bell rang just at that moment, the whole family gathered around the table laden with good things.

Young Tom, the big brother of the family, was home for the holidays. He was studying hard at Harrison's College, trying for a scholarship which would take him to one of the great English Universities, Oxford or Cambridge.

Nick was entirely taken up with having as good a time as possible every day of his life, and believed most study to be quite unnecessary.

Ivy, Iris and Isobel, the three little girls of the family were all very near to Judith and Damaris in age, and had much fun when they were together.

"Children, would you like to go down to the mill and the boiling house?" Mrs. Thorpe asked, when breakfast was over. "You may

tell Lambert to send some sling to the house," she added, knowing how much the children would love this treat.

Sling is the very last stage of the juice of the cane before it becomes sugar, and is more delicious than any sirup or molasses you have ever tasted.

They ran happily off to the mill yard, which was not very far from the "great house," as the owner's residence is called.

The mill yard was a busy place. Cane carts drawn by oxen or mules were coming and going, some piled high with newly cut canes, others returning to the fields to bring fresh loads, the black drivers all shouting and cracking great whips.

It was not even the beginning of the real crop season, for only a few of the canes were ripe for cutting, but the boiling house seemed just as busy and fascinating to Judith and Damaris as when they last were there.

The original old-fashioned windmill had been replaced by one of steam, and the great rollers crunched the canes fed to them by the negro laborers—both men and women. The process is the same with the windmill, but the rollers are dependent upon the wind, which

48 Our Little West Indian Cousin

turns the great sails and sets going the machinery inside.

The juice of the cane—"raw liquor," it is called—flows through from the rollers, into the first taylor, a great copper lined basin. There are half a dozen, or more, of these taylor, under which hot fires are kept going, and before them the black laborers stand with long ladles skimming and tossing the boiling liquor from taylor to taylor.

After raw liquor, the juice becomes cracked liquor; then as it gradually thickens, syrup, then sling, and finally sugar—the brownest, wettest sugar you can imagine. This is put in great hogsheads, which, strange to say, have holes bored in the bottoms. Now why—do you think? Judith knew and Damaris, too, for often before they had watched the black laborers rolling the hogsheads into a big empty room, to be stood on what seemed to be just the beginnings of a floor; they had tiptoed to the joists that crisscrossed the room, and peeped through to see the drip, drip from the hogsheads into the copper lined pans beneath; and what do you think was dripping? Molasses! The very same kind of molasses that the little cousins of the North make into taffy and gingerbread, and the next time you eat either

of these goodies, you can remember just what molasses is.

On top of the last tayche a thin crust was forming.

"Pan sugar!" cried Judith, and the black workman skimmed off a plateful for them.

Pan sugar is like very thin, crisp molasses candy, and is a treat even to estate children. The first sling of the season was, too, and they feasted upon it for luncheon.

In the evening, when dusk had deepened into the tropic night, they gathered around Cousin Bessie at the piano, and the old room rang with sweet childish voices, and the deeper tones of young Tom and his father.

"Daddy's favorites first," said Cousin Bessie, and they sang "Loch Lomond," "Annie Laurie," "Defton Woods," and all the dear old ballads which every one loves. Young Tom preferred the "Bedouin Love Song," and "The Grenadiers," while Nick, who had no classic tastes, reveled in "The Cheshire Man" and "There was a Jolly Miller," and the little girls liked everything.

"Mother," said Isobel, when every one's favorite had been sung, "the stars are so bright to-night, I am sure we can find the Southern Cross."

50 Our Little West Indian Cousin

Out in the star-lit garden, the fronds of the tall palm trees swaying in the soft night wind made sweet music of their own.

"There's Orion's Belt," said Tom.

"I see the Big Dog and the Little Dog," cried Iris.

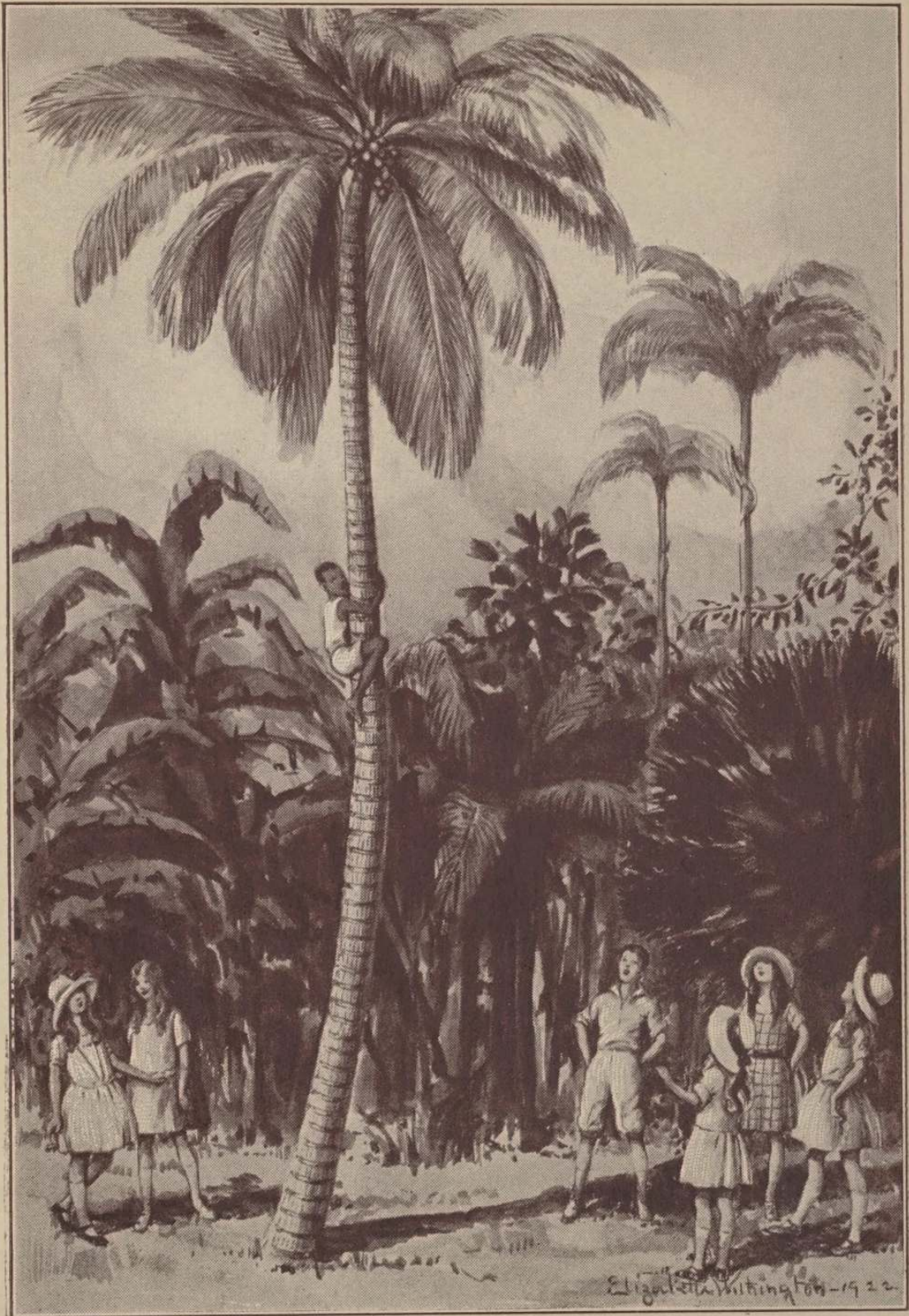
Then Mr. Thorpe showed them the Southern Cross, in the path of the Milky Way, a constellation of four beautiful bright stars, so placed that they mark the four points of a cross.

From the negro quarters came the sound of music. "They are dancing," Isobel said. "Daddy do let us watch them."

Down in one of the larger cabins, lighted by several lamps, a dozen couples were dancing, while three fiddlers scraped away in one corner, swaying and singing an accompaniment, and enjoying themselves hugely:

"Sabe John Gill, sabe John Gill,
Le' de Ice House burn;
Oh de mornin' ob de fire
Lawd Nelson cum down;
He put de sodjers in a line
An' he blow de Ice House down.

"Shake yo' right foot, shake yo' lef' foot,
Le' de right foot stan';
Shake yo lef' foot, shake yo' right foot,



“WATCHING A SMALL BLACK BOY SHINNY UP A
COCOANUT TREE.”

Holidays at Nicholas Abbey 51

Le' de lef' foot stan'.

“Oh de Ice House in pawn
Fo' a ten dollar note,
A new rockin' chair,
An' a silk sofy coat.”

“Shake yo' right foot, shake yo' lef' foot,
Le' de right foot stan';
Shake yo' left foot, shake yo' right foot,
Le' de lef' foot stan'.

while the rest of the dancers, waiting their turn outside, shuffled and beat time with their bare feet—for shoes were not the fashion.

The next morning the children were out in the garden very early, watching a small black boy shinny up a cocoanut tree to fetch some fresh cocoanuts. The cocoanut tree is a palm tree, you know, not straight and majestic like the royal palm, but with a graceful bending stem, at the top of which is the tuft of beautiful palm branches.

The cocoanuts grow in one great cluster just beneath this crown of branches at the top—not like the hard, brown-shelled cocoanuts you are used to seeing in the north—for these are lovely green in color, and inside, instead of the firm white meat you know, is a soft white jelly. This fresh green husk will in time turn

52 Our Little West Indian Cousin

brown and dry—and, in time again, will come to your door, Little Cousin of the North, as a thick mat on which to wipe the snow from your shoes.

The inside of the fresh cocoanut will gradually change too, the hard brown shell will form, and the soft jelly will become the firm white cocoanut meat which you eat in cake and candy.

In the garden too were several cocoa or *cacao* trees. *Cacao* is the real name of this tree about which I am going to tell you, the tree whose fruit is made into chocolate and cocoa.

First of all, we must never confuse cocoanuts and cocoa. Some little boys and girls believe, and quite naturally too, that cocoa comes from the cocoanut tree. That is not possible. The cocoanuts grow always on a cocoanut palm tree, just as I have described them to you.

The *Cacao* tree from which comes our chocolate and cocoa, never grows very tall, and is always planted beneath some other tree to give it shade. One of these shade trees is called "*Madre del cacao*," which means "Mother of cocoa." The leaves are large and green and hang straight down from

the branches, and the large beautiful purple pods hang not only from the branches, but from the *trunk* of the tree as well. Inside of the purple pods, in a lining of peach-like pulp are hidden the cocoa beans. These beans are gathered and spread in great quantities to dry in the sun, then shipped to northern countries to be made into chocolate and cocoa. When the beans are first ground, they form a thick paste which is chocolate. When the oil is pressed out of this paste a fine powder results, and this is the cocoa powder which makes your breakfast cocoa. The rich chocolate paste makes the candy which you so love.

"Who would like to go with me to the Animal Flower Cave?" Mr. Thorpe asked at breakfast, and there was a deafening chorus of "Me, Me, Daddy," "I would, Cousin Tom."

"Are you sure it is quite safe to take so many of them, father?" Mrs. Thorpe asked.

"I think Tom and I, with the guide can manage all of you," Mr. Thorpe answered, and soon after breakfast they packed a luncheon basket and were off—Mrs. Thorpe and the girls in the carriage, Tom riding, and Nick on his own little donkey, who could travel as fast as anybody, if he had a mind to.

54 Our Little West Indian Cousin

How they all laughed when he threw Nick over his head, fortunately into the soft earth of a cane field. Nick however was quite used to this performance, and merely picked himself up and mounted the little beast again. He rode the little donkey daily to school, then put the reins over his head, turned him toward home, and with a parting slap on his back, the sagacious little animal trotted steadily home to his own mill yard.

Out through the long shady avenue of Mahogany trees the carriage rolled. Mahogany is indigenous to this Island—which means that it springs up anywhere and everywhere, naturally. The trees are very lovely, tall and branching, and bear a large pear-shaped pod, closely packed with seed, which are winged, as our Northern Maples' seeds are; the soft southern wind carries them from place to place, planting them thickly all over the Island. The lovely mahogany wood you all know well. In Barbados there are many native cabinet-makers and wood-carvers, who make fine and beautiful furniture out of the wood.

Coming out of the shady avenue into the bright sunshine, they drove past field after field of sugar cane, where the black laborers,

men and women, were at work. I have told you that the sugar cane fields look somewhat like our northern cornfields; the cane, however, has a jointed stalk, like bamboo, and when ripe, a beautiful arrow-shaped plume rises from each plant. A field of these "cane arrows" is very beautiful.

The sugar cane is usually planted about December and cut the following December, taking a year to fully ripen. In some parts of the Island, however, it is planted earlier, because of a difference in the soil.

The real crop season begins about January and lasts until April or May. Think of it, Little Cousins of the North! When you are playing with sleds and skates and snowmen, the West Indian Cousins are sucking ripe sugar cane, eating sling and pan sugar, seeing the sugar and molasses barreled to come north for your winter goodies, bathing in the tropic ocean, and picking roses from a tropic garden, and yet they keep Christmas just as we do, and have glorious times as you shall hear.

On they drove, until they came to a stretch of waste land, where nothing grew but cactus plants, among the rocks. The blue sea was before them now, and they went on foot to

56 Our Little West Indian Cousin

the edge of the cliff, which overhung the water a hundred feet below.

"All right Hackett?" Mr. Thorpe called to the colored guide who appeared.

"Quite safe, Massa," the man answered.

A narrow path at the edge of the cliff led down to the caves and when Mr. Thorpe and the guide had taken them carefully down, they entered the first one. In the middle of the floor in a pool of water were delicate sea-anemones.

The second cave was more wonderful, and when Mrs. Thorpe and the children had been carried across the water to it they exclaimed with delight, for here in a deeper pool, were myriads of the delicate anemones of every shade and color, making the surface of the water look like the most beautiful Persian carpet.

"Couldn't we pick just one of them, Cousin Tom, to take home?" Damaris asked.

"No," Mr. Thorpe said, "and I will show you why we cannot pick them."

He took a stick from the guide, and gently touched the nearest blossom. Instantly it closed its petals.

"You see," he said, "like the sensitive plant, they will not bear touching. These sea-

anemones are not vegetable, but belong to the animal kingdom."

The children thought they were more wonderful than ever, and begged to see the third cave; but the guide shook his head. "Not safe," he said, "tide coming in now, mus' go back," and immediately Mr. Thorpe and Tom helped him carry the others over the pools to the entrance, and up the narrow path again to the cliff. Ten minutes later, as they were unpacking the luncheon basket, they heard the sea thundering beneath them, and knew that the guide was right, for the caves were filled with water.

"Daddy," said Isobel in her most wheedlesome manner, as they sat eating sandwiches, fruit and cake, "don't you think we might stop at the Potteries on our way home?"

Mr. Thorpe laughed, "you mean will Daddy take you several miles out of the way to see the Potteries? Shall we take them Bessie?"

"Yes," Mrs. Thorpe said, "we have not been there for a long time, and I would really like to have some new flower pots."

Off they started again, up into the hills, until they came at length to a village where families of little brown babies sprawled in the

58 Our Little West Indian Cousin

sunshine before the cabin doors, apparently taking care of themselves. The children wondered where their Mammies might be, until they saw a group of women gathered at the door of one of the cabins.

"They are watching the Potter," Mrs. Thorpe said, as they got out of the carriage to watch him too.

There he stood at his potter's wheel, a white-haired old colored man, deftly shaping vases and flower pots and other quaint shapes, from the lump of soft native clay in the middle of the swiftly turning wheel.

When several trays were filled with these soft clay shapes, they were carried to the ovens to be baked.

"Where *are* the ovens?" Judith asked, looking all about her.

"Right here, in the side of the hill," said Nick, pointing to various little holes in the ground, each covered with a grating, and sure enough, into these went the soft molds, to come out quite hard and ready for use.

Mr. Thorpe bought a dozen of the flower pots, and each of the little girls had a cup and saucer or a vase, or a tiny coal-pot to take home; and often afterward, when Judith and

Damaris saw the pottery sellers in town, with the trays of wares upon their heads, they wondered if they were not the very same jugs and pots which they had seen molded and baked.

One morning Mrs. Thorpe came out to the garden where the little girls were playing, holding a note in her hand.

"Would you like to go to a *real party*?" she asked.

"Oh mother!" "When? Where?" cried her own three in a breath.

"To-night at Fraeser's," she answered. "Mrs. Yearwood writes to say that Henry arrived yesterday by the Royal Mail from England, and they are getting up a dance for to-night. She wants Tom, of course, and although you are all much too young, and Nick too, she said to bring you, as you would be company for Holly and Louise."

There was much joyful preparation for the rest of the day. The little girls were quite as excited as if the party had been given for them, and white dresses, silk sashes, dainty slippers and hair ribbons were spread about, and dancing steps much practiced.

Evening came at last, and every one was

ready. Cousin Bessie looked more than ever like the children's big sister, in her pretty lace evening dress, with roses in her hair.

Mr. Thorpe solemnly inspected the five little girls, then presented each with a posy to match her sash.

Tom was quite handsome in his evening clothes, and Nick was very miserable in his best suit. His collar was too high, he said, and his slippers pinched his feet. Every one laughed at him in the most heartless manner and the party drove merrily off.

Fraeser's was a charming old place several miles distant, the home of a happy family of big and little children. Henry, the eldest son had been for four years at college in England, and the dance was in honor of his return.

To-night, the house was bright with the light of many candles; the floors of the great rooms were waxed and polished, and pretty girls flitted about putting flowers everywhere.

From far and near the guests came, and the old house rang with merriment, until the violins swung into the rhythm of the waltz, and the young people paired off.

The five little girls, with Holly, Louise and Nick, thought it fairyland, and could scarcely keep their feet still, waiting for the time when

young and old, big and little, would join in.

"It must look just like this when mother goes to the balls at Government House," Judith whispered to Damaris.

"Even prettier, I think," said Damaris, "for Government House is so big and lovely, and the officers and the governor's *aide de camp* all wear their uniforms. Oh I wish we could grow up faster, Judy!"

Just then the music swung into the lancers, and Damaris forgot all about growing up, for after that every one danced everything. Every one can dance in the south, you know, in the graceful southern way.

Great trays of cool ices made from the juice of the pineapples and fresh cocoanuts were passed about, and finally came the grand march to supper, and last of all the old, old dance, Sir Roger de Coverly, without which no party would be complete.

As they drove home in the starlight to Nicholas Abbey, five girlish tongues chattered incessantly, and Iris said, "Mother, do let us have a dance *soon*."

Mrs. Thorpe laughed as she cuddled her small daughter in her arms.

"Not for a long, long time dear. This is your first peep at a real party, and the first

62 Our Little West Indian Cousin

for Judith and Damaris too, I am very sure. There are plenty of good times now for little girls, and plenty of time for dances when you are all grown up."

CHAPTER IV

SCHOOL DAYS

THE holidays were over, and Judith and Damaris were at home again.

"Mother," Judith said, "I have had the most beautiful time! It was lovely at Beachmount with you and Daddy and Kitty, and we did have such fun at Nicholas Abbey, and Cousin Bessie said that she wanted us for a longer visit next time."

"Cousin Bessie, dear?"

"Yes mother, she says I may always call her so, she likes it,—but mother, the nicest part of all is coming home again," and Mrs. Craig hugged her one little girl very close, for that is what mothers like best to hear.

There were still several days before school began, in which to play in the old garden, to feed the parrots, and the monkeys in the Galba trees; to coax stories from Granny; to watch the seamstresses at work on Aunt Blanche's pretty wedding clothes; and to curl up in the schoolroom window seat with her favorite books and a pineapple tart.

64 Our Little West Indian Cousin

To-day was the beginning of the new term, and Judith was up with the first peep of daylight, had had her cold shower and was half dressed before old Nurse arrived to help her. Her school dress was a navy blue skirt and a white blouse, with a broad sailor hat and a dark blue veil! How funny that sounds to the little northern cousins. All the school girls must wear these veils, for the tropic sun burns and freckles the skin so quickly, and in Barbados there is no clear cold winter to take away the tan.

Julia brought the tea tray and fruit to her little Mistress's bedroom this morning, for there was not time to loiter under the tamarind tree on the first day of school, when every one wished to be especially early; and hurriedly drinking her chocolate, Judith gathered up her strap of school books, ran in to tell Granny and mother good-by, then down stairs and out to the gate to watch for Damaris and the coming tram.

"Hurry, Dame," she called, as Damaris came out into the road, then turned back to pick a creamy rose for her favorite teacher.

The trams made many stops along the palm shaded roads this morning, gathering up the girls for Queens' College and the Convent,

the boys for Harrison College and the Combermere School.

It was good to be back again, to see all one's friends, and to hear bits of every one's holiday fun, with the Mistresses all fresh and smiling too.

Damaris adored pretty Mademoiselle de Gère, to whom she presented the creamy rose, which in truth was the exact tint of Mademoiselle's white skin.

"Ah, les belles fleurs que vous m'apportez,"
(Oh; the beautiful flowers that you bring me!)

she said, kissing Damaris upon each cheek.

After the opening exercises, Miss Rossitor, the head mistress, spoke to the pupils about the work of the coming term, and of the special work for those who were going up for the senior and junior Cambridge examination. These examination papers are made up and sent from Cambridge University in England, and the girls and their teachers are very proud when the pupils pass.

Soon, all were hard at work and the big cool shaded schoolrooms, with the girlish heads bent over the desks, might have been any school in the north, if one did not happen to look through the wide-opened windows, where

66 Our Little West Indian Cousin

the palm branches waved against a tropic sky and the blue sea in the distance broke gently on a tropic shore.

It was not all study at Queen's College, however, for the English mistresses were in favor of games and sports, and the girls had hockey teams and tennis matches, and regular gymnastic drills.

One afternoon Judith came running upstairs quite breathless with excitement.

"Mother, mother," she called, "where are you?"

"Here, dear, in the schoolroom," Mrs. Craig answered.

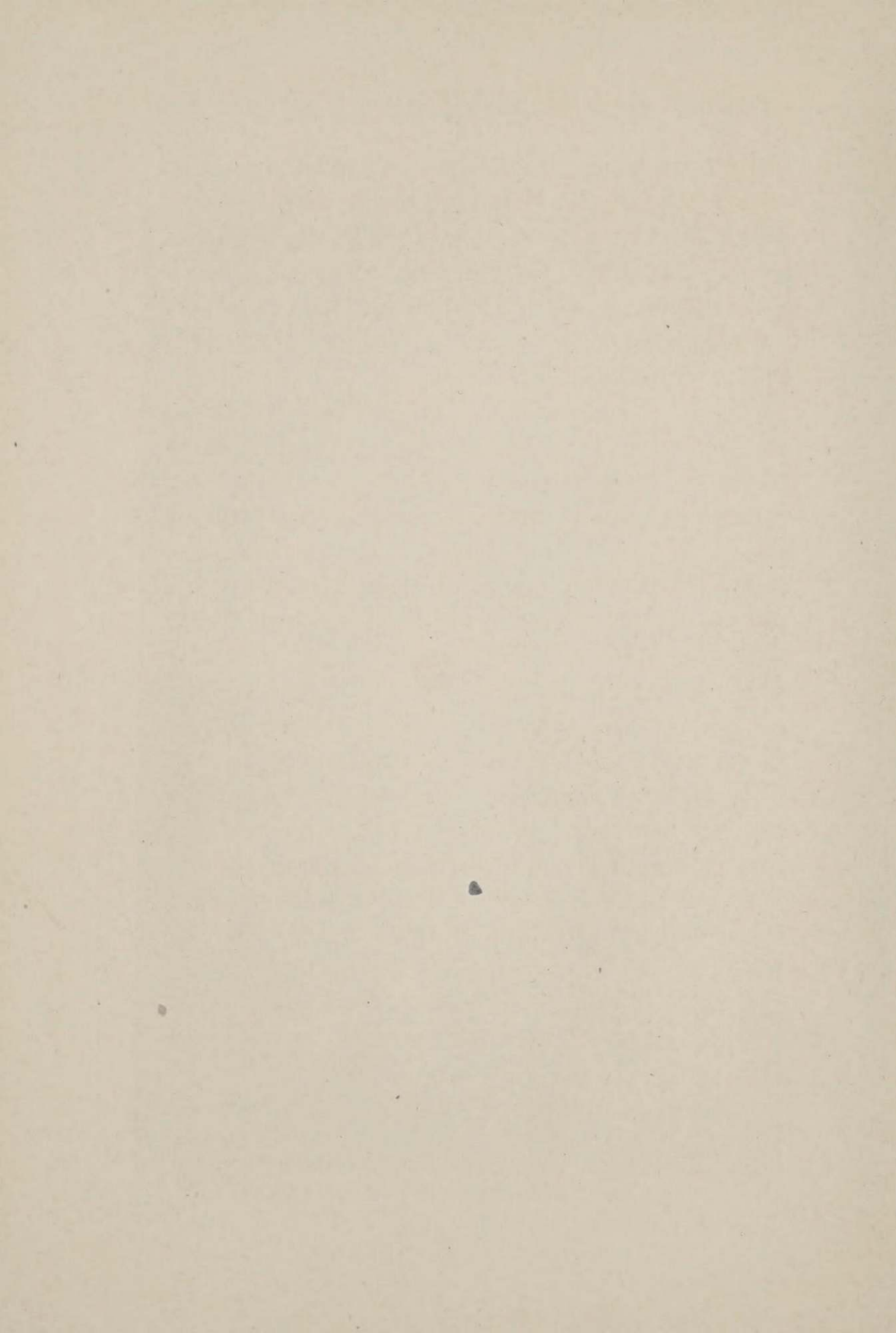
"Mother, I am captain of the Junior Hockey Team! I was so surprised when they elected me, and I will have to stay later every day at school, for practice. We're going to play the Seniors, and we have to beat 'em! And Judith picked up a convenient parasol and whacked at an imaginary hockey ball with such gusto that Granny was horrified.

"The child is too full of life for this climate," she said.

"It will not hurt her, mother," Mrs. Craig answered. "I am glad she is fond of outdoor sports, and I believe she studies much more thoroughly for the recreation."



"JUDITH FED THEM WITH BANANAS."



One morning, Judith awakened to the sound of the rain beating against the jalousies. The palm branches were lashing in the wind and the scarlet blossoms of the royal poincianas were blowing all about the garden; and running to the front windows, she could see the bay covered with white caps.

"It is too stormy for you to go to school to-day, dear," Mrs. Craig said, coming into the room to lower the windows. "Daddy had a time to get out to the tram, the wind is blowing so."

Like all little girls, Judith did not mind staying home from school once in a while, and after she was dressed she went down to the kitchen to see if Granny's tea tray was ready, for she dearly loved to take Julia's place, and surprise Granny sometimes.

The gay parrots were all on their perches inside the kitchen doorway, where Parris had set them out of the driving rain, and Judith fed them with bananas until Charlotte had put Granny's tea and crisp buttered toast on the tray.

"May I come, Granny?" she called, when she had reached Mrs. Drayton's door without spilling anything.

"Come in darling," Granny answered, sit-

68 Our Little West Indian Cousin

ting up in the middle of the big mahogany four-poster, with her hair in two long plaits, just like a girl.

Judith plumped up the pillows and fixed the tray comfortable, then perched on the foot of the bed.

“Granny,” she said, “do you hear the wind?” Was it anything like this on the night of the big hurricane?”

“Oh no darling, this is just a rain storm, but in a real hurricane the wind is frightful.”

“Tell me about the real hurricane when you were a girl, do Granny,” Judith begged.

“I never shall forget it;” Mrs. Drayton said, “we had finished dinner and were all out in the garden—we were living in the town then—and my sister Elizabeth looked up in the sky and said, ‘why how funny the clouds are! They look like animals!’ They did look like animals, in shape, and we amused ourselves by picking out lions and bears, and tigers, joking and laughing; after awhile we came indoors, and my sister, Joan, who had a most beautiful voice, my dear, sang for us, as every night she sang for my father and mother. Then we young people danced, and no one thought anything more about the clouds.

“When we went to bed the sky was black

as ink, and the wind was rising, though we did not really notice it then; but in the middle of the night we all waked in the greatest fright. Mother was trying to get us all together, and to quiet the slaves who were screaming and praying. The sea was making a dreadful booming sound, great trees were crashing all about us, and father was hurrying us to the hurricane cellar. In the confusion, my old Mammy and I were separated from the others and found ourselves in the house cellar, and there we stood till daylight with the water up to our waists, and Mammy and I holding tightly to each other. We did not dare to move for fear we would be drowned, and I was nearly wild with fright over my parents and the rest of the family.

“When day came at last, we were quite numb with cold, and could scarcely climb the stairs which were so near to us, all through the dreadful night. The storm was over and the sea was quiet again, but part of the house was gone, great trees strewed the garden, and the negro cabins were blown as completely away as if they had been card houses, and quite near to the house was a schooner which had been carried in on the high sea the night before.

70 Our Little West Indian Cousin

"I was terrified, but as we stood there, my father came from the hurricane cellar, my mother and the others following, and I rushed into their arms. Father had hunted for me through the night at great risk to his life, and they feared that I had been drowned or killed by a falling tree. We were all safe and happy and together again, but there were many people killed that night, my dear."

"There never has been a big hurricane since that one, has there?" Judith asked.

"Never, dear, and we would be warned if there were ever any sign of another coming."

"Now tell me about the insurrection of the slaves when you were a baby, Granny, please. Your stories are so real, they make me feel as if I were there too."

"Once upon a time," Granny began, in true story fashion, for who does not love an appreciative listener. "Once upon a time, a young bride came out from England with her husband, to live in Barbados. She was only seventeen, and had never been away from her England home before. The bridegroom's father had given him a sugar plantation in this island, and so they came here to live, naming the estate for the bride's home 'Jesmond Deane'."

“What was her name and what did she look like?” cried the curious listener.

“Her name was Judith, and she was like a beautiful flower. Her hair was golden, her eyes were as blue as the sea and her skin like the petals of a rose; and she was as sweet and lovely as she looked.

“They brought with them many beautiful and costly wedding gifts from England. A rosewood spinet, books and pictures and many other lovely things. By and by, a little baby daughter came to them, and they were happier than ever before; but when the tiny baby was only three days old, some wicked and rebellious slaves planned to attack their white masters, and before the English troops could subdue them, they marched through the country trying to kill the white people and to burn their homes.

“The news flew ahead of them, and all of the slaves belonging to the Honorable John Arundel—for that was the bridegroom’s name—all of the slaves but two, left Jesmond Deane and went to join the insurgents. The two faithful ones were an old butler and ‘Mammy’ who dearly loved her young mistress.

“Together, with the help of the master,

they carried the young mother and her baby in a sedan chair, and hid them among the tall canes in the cane field.

“Then Mammy, not daring to leave the baby with its mother for fear its crying might betray the hiding place, put it in the capacious pocket of her apron, tied a lump of sugar in a soft rag, and put it into the baby’s mouth to suck, so that it would not cry, and went out upon the road to join the others, that they might not suspect her of guarding her mistress or the baby.

“When she met these wicked slaves, they said, ‘Ole woman, what yo’ got dere?’ And she answered ‘jes a yam’, and the baby never cried once, so they believed it was a yam, and that is how its life was saved.”

“The young mother and father?” cried Judith. “They were not discovered either?”

“No,” said Granny, “they were not discovered either, and lived happily for many years after; but all their beautiful furniture was chopped up and the house wrecked.”

“They did not mind that, if they had you, Granny, and each other, I think you must be like my beautiful great-grandmother, for you are beautiful, too. Do you think I shall

ever see where they lived in England?"

"I am very sure you will," Granny answered, "for some day your father will take you to visit his people in Scotland, and then you will see the home of your great-grandmother, too, in England. Now run along, dearie. See! The sun is coming out, and the storm is over."

"Oh Granny, you are the dearest grandmother any girl ever had, and I don't know what other girls do, who aren't so lucky as to have you for their very own," Judith said, throwing her arms around Granny's neck, and the soft white plaits and the sunny curls bobbed together very sweetly.

One Saturday morning Judith and Damaris met at the garden gate, bright and early, dressed in their school frocks, and waiting for the tram that usually carried them to school—but they were not bound for school this morning.

"Miss Rossitor said she would meet us at Nelson's statue at a quarter past eight, and the girls would be with her. Won't it be fun to go to all the familiar places, and to sort of see them as Maiyotte and Lucia and Maria see them?" said Judith.

74 Our Little West Indian Cousin

"Lots of fun," Damaris answered, I feel proud to be showing the interesting things here to the girls, don't you?"

"Of course I do," said Judith. "If we were sent to school in Montevideo, where Lucia and Maria live, or to Martinique, where Maiyotte's home is, they would be proud to show us their towns, too."

When the tram stopped at Trafalgar Square, there stood Miss Rossitor with the three little girls who were strangers, for whom she had planned the little trip about the town, inviting Judith and Damaris that they might become friends.

Maiyotte, whose parents desired her to learn English had been sent from the neighboring island of Martinique to school in Barbados; Lucia and Maria had come all the way from Uruguay in South America, to spend the winter with their grandparents, whose home was in this Island.

"Now where shall we start?" Miss Rossitor asked. "I think we will begin in the right place—with the government and the public buildings." So they crossed the white road, and entered the South Gate which led them to the main corridor of the buildings.

On the first floor were the offices of the

Attorney General, the Solicitor General, the Master in Chancery, and the Colonial Treasurer, and passing these, they mounted to the upper story to the Legislative Council Chamber and the House of Assembly Chamber.

"These are the portraits of the Sovereigns of Great Britain, beginning with James I, in whose reign this island was acquired, and ending with Queen Victoria," explained Miss Rossitor, showing the little visitors the stained glass windows of the Assembly Room. "Which one of you can tell me, without looking, the order in which they come?"

"James I, Charles I, Cromwell (only he was not a sovereign), Charles II, James II, William and Mary, Queen Anne, George I, II, III, and IV, William IV, and Queen Victoria," said Judith, shutting her eyes, then opening them as she finished, to be sure that she was right.

"Good," said Miss Rossitor, "now who can tell me what a Crown Colony is?"

"A Crown Colony is governed by the mother country," said Judith and Damaris in a breath, "but Barbados *is not* a Crown Colony."

"I know," said Miss Rossitor, smiling, and turning to the three little strangers. "Barbados has never been a Crown Colony, but has a

76 Our Little West Indian Cousin

representative form of government founded on the Royal Charter granted in 1627, which gave to the people of the Island, not only the liberties and privileges possessed by the people of England, but the right to make their own laws. England sends out a Governor, but the people hold elections and choose their representatives to meet in assembly and make the laws. The first Barbados House of Assembly met about 1639, and next to the English House of Commons, is the oldest house of representatives in the British Empire.

“Barbados is very proud of its ancient independence, and is one of the most loyal of England’s possessions, so loyal to the mother country that it has earned the name of ‘Little England.’ ”

“I don’t think Lucia and Maria believe in kings,” Judith whispered to Damaris.

“Well we do,” said Damaris, “when they are good ones. Republics are all right too, when the president is good. The American President, Lincoln, was wonderful.”

“We are so near to the cathedral, let us go there now,” Miss Rossitor said, leading the way downstairs and out through the gates to the white road again, where they turned into

St. Michael's Row. "The dear old cathedral with its cool gray vine-covered walls and square tower, looks as though it belonged in England, children; if it were not for the palm trees about I could be quite sure that I was at home."

"Look," she said, as they entered the dim, cool interior, "look at the old, old tablets with the quaint spelling. See, the date of this one is 1660."

They walked softly up the aisle—their footsteps, nevertheless, resounded upon the tiled floor—to look at the fine stained glass of the chancel windows, the center one of the Archangel Michael; and as they studied its beauty, the deep, rich tones of the organ pealed out.

"That is Mr. Hall, the English organist, practicing," Judith said. "Miss Rossitor, did you know how we came to have such a fine organ?"

"No dear, how?"

"It was not meant for Barbados at all, but for one of the great cathedrals of South America, perhaps for Montevideo, Lucia, but the ship that was bringing it was wrecked off Barbados, and the cargo and the organ were saved and brought ashore here. No one ever sent from South America to claim it, and so

78 Our Little West Indian Cousin

this island paid the owners and put it here in the cathedral."

"It is a wonderfully fine organ," Miss Rossitor said, "and I always love to hear it. Last Sunday evening we drove out to St. George's Church, and I was surprised to see there the beautiful painting of the 'Resurrection,' in the chancel. They told me that it was a genuine Benjamin West."

"I know the story of the painting," Damaris said eagerly. "Daddy took us there to see it and told us all about it. A long, long time ago, the vestry of the church ordered the picture from Benjamin West, whom they call the American Quaker painter. When it arrived the vestry quarreled over the hanging of it, or something, and it was not hung at all, but put in the boiling house of an estate near the church. One of the black laborers at work in the boiling house was so afraid of the centurion's eyes, which he said always followed him, that he poked them out. After a long time, the people of the church knew that Benjamin West was a great painter, and sent the painting to England to be restored. When it came back it was hung in the chancel, and has been there ever since."

“What an interesting story,” Miss Rossitor said. “You know we English are very proud of Benjamin West, for although he was an American, he lived also in England, and succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds as president of the Royal Academy.”

They came out from the cool quiet of the cathedral into the brilliant sunshine of the tropical morning, and the life of the busy little town.

“Let us go into Broad Street now,” Miss Rossitor said, “for I wish to buy a veil.”

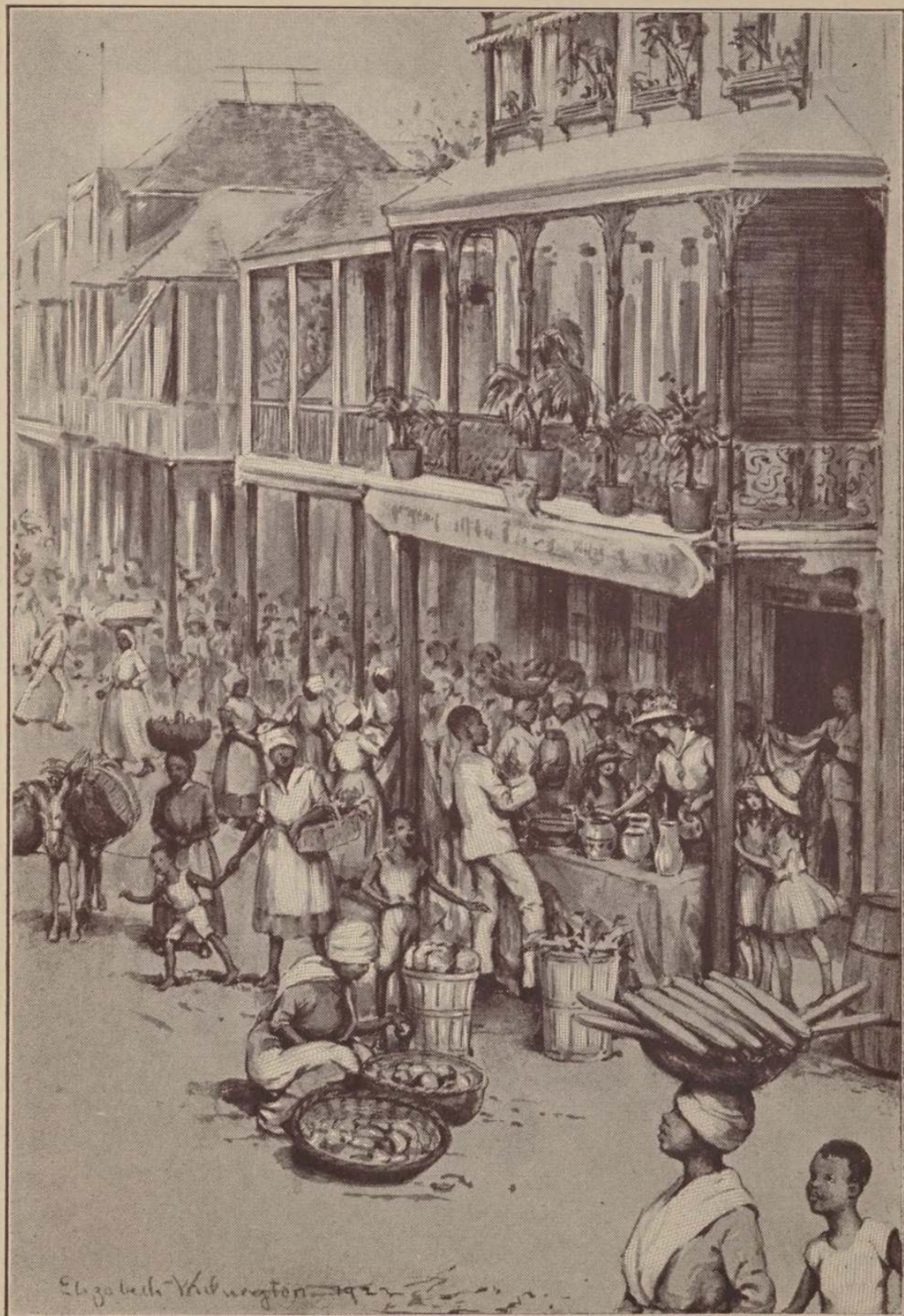
Broad Street, the principal business street of the town, is really quite narrow, but quaint and full of interest. The flagged side-walks and the street teem with life. People of every shade and color—Englishmen and Barbadians in white linen and helmet hats, black and mulatto venders with trays of many-hued wares upon their heads, elbow their way busily along the narrow walks. Fine carriages and automobiles, oxcarts laden with hogsheads of sugar and molasses, thread their way up and down continually, turning out for tram cars from the suburbs—Strathclyde, Fontabelle and Kensington, Belleville and Constitution, Hastings, Worthing and St. Lawrence.

80 Our Little West Indian Cousin

The narrow street is bordered by splendid stores, however, where one can find everything that is necessary and many things that are lovely, and Miss Rossitor had no trouble in buying just the veil she wanted.

The streets of the town crisscross and wind in and out changing names every little way. Broad Street merges into Cheapside, Prince William Henry Street into the Milk Market, all betraying their English origin together with High Street, Tudor Street, King Street, Philadelphia Lane, and many others; while every house, in the true English fashion has its own name, from the tiniest of cottages, to the loveliest of villas set in beautiful tropical gardens and surrounded by pink-washed walls.

From Broad Street with its English shops and customs, Miss Rossitor took them to Swan Street, and here it seemed as if they had stepped into a different town. There was the same bustle and confusion, but how foreign! The street itself is wider—as it needs must be, for the shop doors are not only opened wide to the passers-by, but the side-walk in front of each is piled high with merchandise—brightly colored fruits and vegetables, gaily colored dress goods, hundreds of yards of laces, pot-



"THE WHOLE STREET LOOKED LIKE ONE
LONG BAZAAR."

tery, cooking utensils, jellies, sweets, live fowls—until the whole street looked like one long bazaar, the black merchants all striving to make a bargain.

The little foreigners were delighted with the color display. "*Comme c'est jolie!* (How pretty)" said Maiyotte, forgetting her English, and Judith and Damaris felt this to be a compliment, for the white people of the Island shop upon Broad Street.

"Children, I am famished," said Miss Rossitor, "and the sun's getting too hot. We will go to the tea room and have lunch and ices and rest and cool off, and afterward we will take a peep at the Curiosity Shop."

Lunch and ices sounded delicious, and the guests were enchanted, even the shy little strangers thawing out and chattering, as they sat on the rush bottomed native made chairs at the dainty tables, eating chicken and lettuce sandwiches, ices served in glasses (which is the European way), fruit and cake.

Beyond the tea room was another room filled with pretty things for sale—lovely drawn thread work and hand-made laces, for which Barbados, with other Caribbean islands, is famous.

The tea room and exchange, as the room

82 Our Little West Indian Cousin

for the fancy articles is called, are the thought and work of Lady Carter, the American wife of an English governor, whom the Islanders all love.

The Curiosity Shop was always fascinating to Judith and Damaris, no matter how often they had been there before, and Lucia, Maria and Maiyotte were delighted with the beautiful objects collected there; coral beads, and necklaces and pins of every size and shade, from deepest red to palest pink and white; wonderful tortoise shell combs, such as our great-grandmothers' wore, pins for the hair and jewel boxes, made by native workmen from tortoises caught off shore; hundreds of kinds of sea corals, great branches and large sea fans; marvelous shells, only to be found in tropical waters; beautifully marked tropical woods, made into cabinets and chests; and quantities of the sweet-scented kous-kous grass fashioned into fans and sachets and other pretty devices.

"I love this kous-kous grass so much," Miss Rossitor said, burying her nose in a great loose bunch of it, "that I should like to live in the East Indies where it grows, and where they have large screens of it, upon which the Coolie

servants throw cold water, to cool and scent the air at the same time."

Judith and Damaris looked at each other; they knew what they would make for Miss Rossitor's Christmas present.

CHAPTER V

CHRISTMAS

“Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!
Christmas in lands of the fir tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of the palm tree and vine;
Christmas where snow-peaks stand solemn and white;
Christmas where corn-fields lie sunny and bright;
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!”

Phillips Brooks

OUT in the old garden the Christmas winds blew fresh and cool and sweet. Palm trees and tamarinds, lime trees and shaddocks, newly washed in cool December showers, waved their green branches over the roses blooming riotously below, and over a little bed of English violets blossoming in a shady spot beneath the gallery windows.

It was the day before Christmas, and in the white villas and busy shops of the town, and in the country, where the green cane fields were all arrow-plumed, now, and the estate houses filled with happy children, all was preparation and excitement.

A great box had come to Galba Lodge, early

in the morning, and Judith rushed upstairs to the schoolroom, where Granny and mother were tying up Christmas packages.

“Mother, mother,” she called, “a box has come from Scotland! Daddy has just sent it by a porter from the wharf. Do come and open it, there may be something inside that will not keep.”

Even Granny and mother were excited over a box from Daddy’s people in Scotland, and hastened downstairs. Parris was called in to take off the lid, and there, on the very top were branches of beautiful holly and a little bunch of mistletoe, carefully packed in wet cotton and laid on thick cardboard so that the dampness would not spoil the pretty gifts beneath. The holly was quite fresh, and the glossy green leaves and bright red berries peeped out from the cotton, as if anxious to see for themselves the strange tropic flowers all about them.

Judith was in raptures. “The bits of white cotton must look like the snow,” she cried. “Mother, let us put a branch by Daddy’s place at breakfast, to surprise him.”

“I think we will trim the drawing-room with it now,” Mrs. Craig said, “and then it will be ready for to-night.”

“Oh mother, do let me help,” Judith said,

86 Our Little West Indian Cousin

and together they put a beautiful branch over grandfather's portrait, then over photographs of Daddy's family, and of his home in Scotland; and last of all the littlest branches were placed in the silver sconces around the walls, which held the Christmas candles; and Judith ran off with a holly twig to show Damaris.

School had closed several days before, and the friends had had their hands very full indeed finishing Christmas presents.

Four very plump pin cushions, made of pretty silk, had been stuffed for mother and Granny and the aunts; and the two children had sat on the circle, patiently tying together little bunches of kous-kous grass for a handkerchief case for Miss Rossitor, lining it with pale blue satin and tying it with ribbon to match. Then each had made one more by herself, Judith a primrose one for Damaris, and Damaris a pink one for Judith, and neither guessed the other's secret, which was great fun, for secrets are the proper things to have at Christmas time!

There had been an enchanting trip to the Curiosity Shop with Daddy, to buy for mother a high tortoise shell comb for her pretty hair, and for each of the Aunts, a little tortoise shell jewel case; then a shopping expedition with mother to the Exchange, for a set of

drawn thread doilies for Granny, and a visit to the old book shop on High Street to pick out a copy of Dickens' "Christmas Carol" for Daddy.

For days, Granny and mother had been making goodies in the buttery and Charlotte had made endless trips to the bakeshop to have them baked; big cakes and little cakes, iced or trimmed with citron and spices; golden flaky Yorkshire cake, made from a recipe of Judith's great-grandmother, Scotch currant scones for Daddy, and tarts, to be filled with sorrel jam.

Sorrel is a delicious cool drink, made from parts of the flowers of the sorrel-bush, which ripen at Christmas time, becoming a beautiful deep red. Sorrel belongs to the hibiscus family, of those beautiful flowers I have told you, and it is used also for making jelly and jam—looking and tasting much like our cranberry jelly of the north.

The Christmas plum pudding steamed gently on one of Charlotte's cranes in the old fireplace, and in the kitchen doorway, Parris was plucking the Christmas goose.

"Has your tree been put up?" Damaris asked, when the holly twig had been admired and showed to every one. "Ours is a beauty."

88 Our Little West Indian Cousin

"Yes," Judith answered, "and it's the biggest we've had for ages. Mother has shut the doors, but I had a peep first."

"There's a carriage coming in the gate, I wonder whose it is?"

"It's Cousin Tom and Nick," Damaris cried, and both children ran out to meet them.

"Merry Christmas," called Nick, disdaining the carriage step and jumping over the wheels. "We've brought you some stuff for Christmas."

"Merry Christmas," called Mr. Deane as Mrs. Craig came hurrying from the gallery to greet them, and to find him lifting out a great jar of sling, long joints of sugar cane, which the children seized rapturously; and a basket of fruit, fresh picked,—ripe oranges with bright green skins and little leaf twigs, pineapples, great yellow shaddocks, grapefruit, and fresh green cocoanuts.

"You have brought us some of almost everything that grows at Nicholas Abbey," Mrs. Craig said, "and how delicious they look."

Mr. Deane could not stop, so Julia was sent to bring glasses of sorrel and little Christmas cakes to the carriage, and then they drove over to Damaris' home to deliver similar baskets of fruit and a second big jar of sling, Judith and Damaris on the back seat, sucking sugar cane.

As Mr. Deane and Nick drove away to the country, leaving the two little girls at Galba Lodge gate, Nick called back, "Don't forget the Christmas picnic at Lord's Castle."

"How could we forget it!" they both cried. How could they indeed, for the picnic on the day after Christmas, when the Deanes from Nicholas Abbey and the Deanes from town, the Craigs and the Daytons, and other friends were to meet at Lord's Castle for a glorious holiday, had been planned and looked forward to for weeks.

Christmas Eve came at last, and in one corner of the drawing-room was the tree, very big and green and lovely, although it was not a fir tree. In Barbados there grows a tall beautiful tree with great spreading branches and small, very dark green leaves, something like the leaves of the yew tree; and because it remains the same all the year through, it is called the Evergreen Tree, although it is not at all like our Northern Evergreen. Great branches of this Barbados Evergreen are cut and put together in a big earthen jar, and reaching to the ceiling, make a lovely Christmas tree.

To-night the branches were covered with bulging packages, with red and blue and gold

90 Our Little West Indian Cousin

and silver cornucopias of candy, and with glittering ornaments. All afternoon the drawing-room door had been closed, but now the family were assembled, the house servants in the gallery,—for they too must see the tree,—and the double doors were opened.

“Oh,” Judith cried, “it is the most beautiful tree in the world!”

There were no lights in the room save from the candles burning in the silver sconces round the walls, which seemed to shed a fairy radiance all about, and shone on the happy faces, white and black, gathered in the doorway. What joy when the gifts marked with the owners' names were taken from the tree and distributed!

How pretty mother looked with the high shell comb in her hair, and Daddy's corals around her throat! How pleased Granny was with the doilies, and the aunts with the jewel cases, and how every one admired the very plump pin cushions! As for the servants, they went off delightedly carrying material for dresses and aprons, gay ribbons and ties, and for Parris a whole box of tobacco!

There were many lovely gifts on the tree for Judith, but the gift she loved best was a

pin from Daddy, a Scotch thistle in purple and white enamel.

By this time, several old friends had come in to see the tree, and the great Christmas cake was cut and every one's health drunk in Christmas sorrel. There was much fun and merry-making and it was very hard to go upstairs when Judith's bedtime came.

"Put out the light, Nurse please," she said, as Nurse carried the lamp into the dressing-room. "The stars are so bright, I want to watch them and listen for the carols."

On Christmas Eve the black folks go about the town singing the Christmas hymns. Tired with the day's excitement Judith fell quickly asleep, to waken presently to their singing:

"It came upon the midnight clear."

After that she seemed to hear them all night long, which was quite possible, for they go up and down the street singing until daylight.

By and by, she dreamed that the Christmas star was shining right over her bed, but it was mother with a lighted candle.

"Merry Christmas, darling, it is time to get up and dress if you are going to early service with Daddy and me."

"Merry Christmas, mother," Judith cried,

springing out of bed, for she would not have missed going with mother and Daddy for anything.

The stars were still faintly shining, and the garden was hushed and very sweet as they stole through it to the gate, and went up the white road to the cathedral.

Judith loved the church on Christmas morning. It was crowded to the very doors with high and low, rich and poor, white and black, all come to worship the Christ Child. Roses and green vines trimmed it everywhere; from the gallery the organ pealed out the Christmas hymns, and in the chancel the choristers sang "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

Damaris was waiting at the garden gate when they came home, her arms full of Christmas gifts to show Judith, and a merry family gathered round the breakfast table.

"Mother have the people come for their baskets yet?" Judith asked.

"Yes, dear," Mrs. Craig answered, "and as soon as we have finished breakfast we will give them out."

On the buttery floor were baskets of provisions for the poor black folk, who were gathered about the kitchen door, waiting to receive them, as they had every Christmas that

Judith could remember; baskets of sweet potatoes and yams, biscuits, tea and coffee and rice, flour and Indian meal. "Thank yo' mistress," "Wish yo' Merry Chris'mus mistress," "Wish yo' Merry Chris'mus Miss Judith" they said, smiling and curtsying, and putting the baskets on their heads, traipsed back down the drive again, with Parris standing guard over the monkeys in the Galba trees, lest they should steal the poor folks' Christmas treat.

Every one went to the eleven o'clock service at the cathedral, and Granny and the Aunts, Judith and her parents filled the old family pew. In this English Island of Barbados, Christmas Day is a church festival which every one keeps. The day after Christmas is also a holiday throughout the Island, when picnics and dances, and all sorts of merrymaking take place.

The afternoon seemed all too short to Judith and Damaris, dipping into new books, sampling boxes of sweets, admiring everybody's pretty gifts, and before they knew it, it was time to dress for dinner.

"It has been such a lovely Christmas Day," Damaris said. "Hasn't it Judy?"

"Just perfect" Judith answered, "and it is not nearly over yet. There is dinner, and a

94 Our Little West Indian Cousin

lovely time this evening, and then to-morrow, and the picnic at Lord's Castle."

The great dining-table was stretched to its utmost limits for many guests gathered about it; dear old Aunt Deb, Judith's great-aunt, who made a beautiful picture, with her white curls, and lavender silk dress; old Mr. Gray, grandfather's friend, who had dined at Galba Lodge for many Christmases; mother's friend, Mrs. Denton, whose husband was in far off India, and her three pretty young daughters; friends of Daddy's whose people were at home, across the water, Mr. and Mrs. Deane with Damaris, and two young boy cousins from the country, whose parents were in England.

How they all exclaimed when Julia brought in the Christmas pudding with a branch of holly in the middle, and what fun they had with the mistletoe hanging in the doorway, which no one had noticed before.

When the dinner was over, they gathered in the drawing-room where the Christmas candles were lighted, and Christmas games were played; then the floor was cleared for dancing, and when it came time for Sir Roger de Coverley, Granny and Mr. Gray led off.

Presently, Mrs. Craig went to the piano and began playing Auld Lang Syne, at which every-

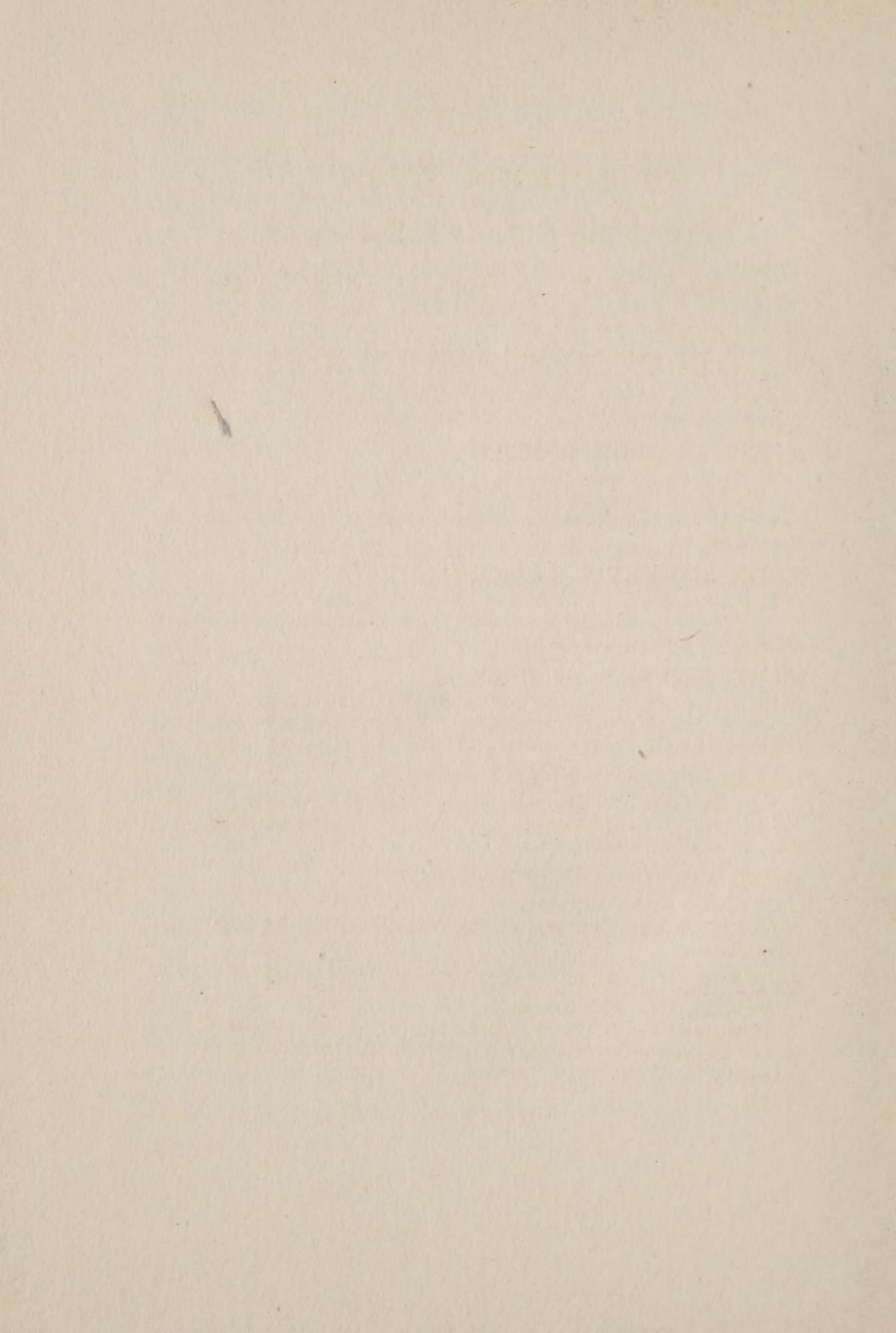
one joined hands and sang for those who were far away. Then Granny asked for the Christmas hymns and every one gathered around the piano; Judith and Damaris standing happily hand in hand sang together.

“Oh little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

“For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
Oh morning stars together
Proclaim the Saviour's birth!
And praises sing to God the King
And peace to men on earth.”

Out in the garden the Christmas stars looked down on the palm trees, and on the roses nodding sleepy heads.

THE END





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