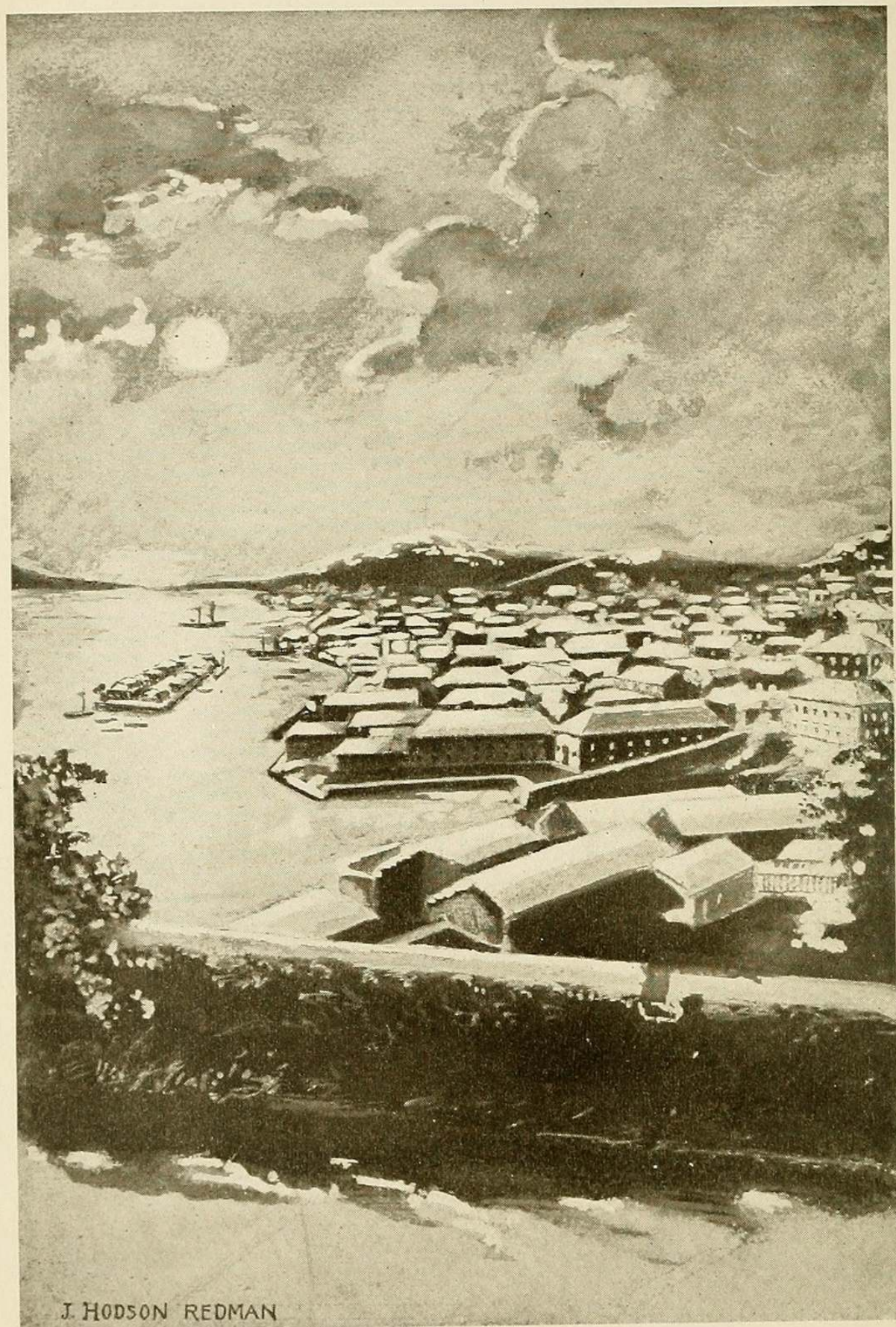




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J. HODSON REDMAN

UNDER THE SPELL OF THE FULL MOON

Frontispiece

ISLES IN SUMMER SEAS

(BEAUTIFUL BERMUDA)

BY

J. LAW REDMAN



WITH 100 ILLUSTRATIONS BY
J. HODSON REDMAN

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Isles in Summer Seas
(Beautiful Bermuda)

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TO
ERNEST H. STEVENS
AND
THE MEMORY OF MANY PLEASANT
HOURS IN BERMUDA

INTRODUCTION

You pass through the Gulf Stream and presently come to a land unfamiliar to your eyes, but so rich in hospitality of its people, charm of alluring skies and glory of semi-tropic vegetation, that its strangeness vanishes. Once there you seem to have lived there always.

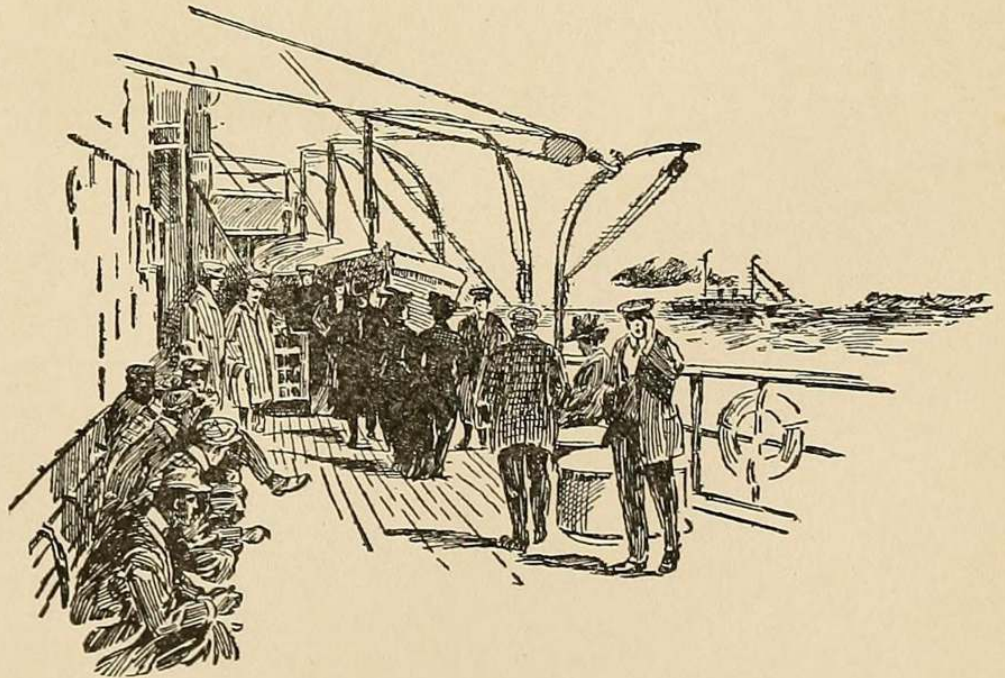
This is Bermuda—the isles of Somers. Among them we, like other folk before us, tarried for a space. Some things we saw as others have done; but we followed no beaten track. Therefore, if in our ramble we appear to have departed from the conventional, the fault, if fault there be, lies with circumstance.

Isles in Summer Seas

CHAPTER I



ON the southern rim of the far horizon, out of a faint shimmering mist, loomed St. David's Head, Bermuda. Under an October sky of resplendent blue, the bold promontory took definite shape and coloring. A sea, shading from deep indigo to lighter hues, ere it shone to leeward in dancing green, slipped lazily astern, as the ship's bows clove the brine, fathoms below. We were afloat on a scarcely ruffled expanse of placid water. The long Atlantic roll heaved under us with hardly a perceptible com-



motion. Scores of lithe-bodied flying fish, disturbed from amphibious pleasures by the swelling progress of our way, flitted in scared haste to port and starboard. Now and then beautiful sea anemonaë, visible in the throbbing green beneath, folded filmy tentacles and sank in hurried affright. Above us, an azure sky, flecked with fleecy, floating clouds, looked down; while overhead the seagulls winged to dizzy heights in a steady, semi-tropic breeze.

Our progress was as near a glide as could be imagined. It was difficult to conceive that we had carried a wild nor'easter out of New York to the southern edge of the Gulf Stream. So quickly and easily were we possessed by the charm and splendor of this transition into enchanted atmosphere; the glowing wonders of our luminous wake and the glimpse of land over our bows, that the groaning travail of the early night seemed but the figment of a hardly remembered dream.

It was our first sight of those "remote isles" off

whose rugged eastern coast Juan de Bermudez, in the year 1515, anchored his weather-worn ship, *La Garza*. Now, as then, its bays, its bold projections, its scarred and salt-encrusted rocks oppose grimly the turbulence of the storm-swept Atlantic, or lie asleep under a canopy of blue in the long parenthesis of calm. Beyond St. David's Head, white and solitary in a clump of dark green foliage, rose St. David's lighthouse—lone warder of all that rough coast and of all the reaches of sunken coral and surf-girdled islets east and north. Bit by bit we picked out cape and promontory. Soon houses, snowy white and low, lay against the green hill slopes. Cedar trees and an occasional palm, gnarled and twisted, leaned landward up the hills as if in terror of the surf that rushed and foamed in the caverns, hugging the shores at their very feet.

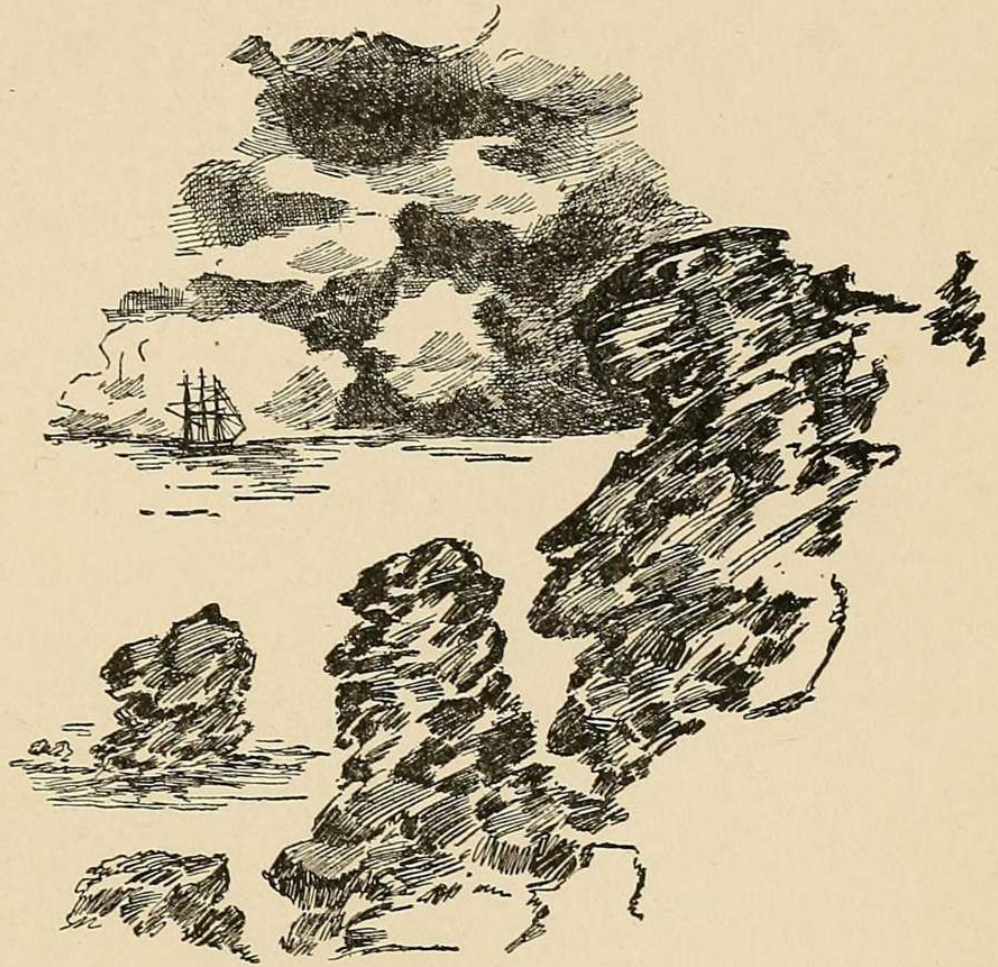
It was a sight to kindle the eye, to observe flashes of foam among the huddled heaps of rocks

against the land, worn into fantastic shapes by years of erosion.

At Mills' Breaker Ledge we picked up the pilot and, in a many-colored, quickly changing kaleidoscopic sea, steamed to Five Fathom Hole. It was a short run to Sea Venture Flats and there it was we obtained a near view of Somers' Point and Gates' Bay. The ruins of the old fort on the point stood out sharply, naked and storm-riddled. It was at this place, in the year 1609, on a midsummer day—July 28, to be exact—that Sir George Somers, in the *Sea Venture*, lodged his sinking ship between two shoals at the spot marked on the chart as Sea Venture Flats. He landed his whole company of one hundred and forty men and women on the cape that bears his name. The bay, where such dire perils beset the landing, is named for Sir Thomas Gates, one of the shipwrecked company. He was on his way to act as Deputy Governor of Virginia.

In a difficult channel, we skirted St. Catherine's Point on the outer edge of the Narrows.

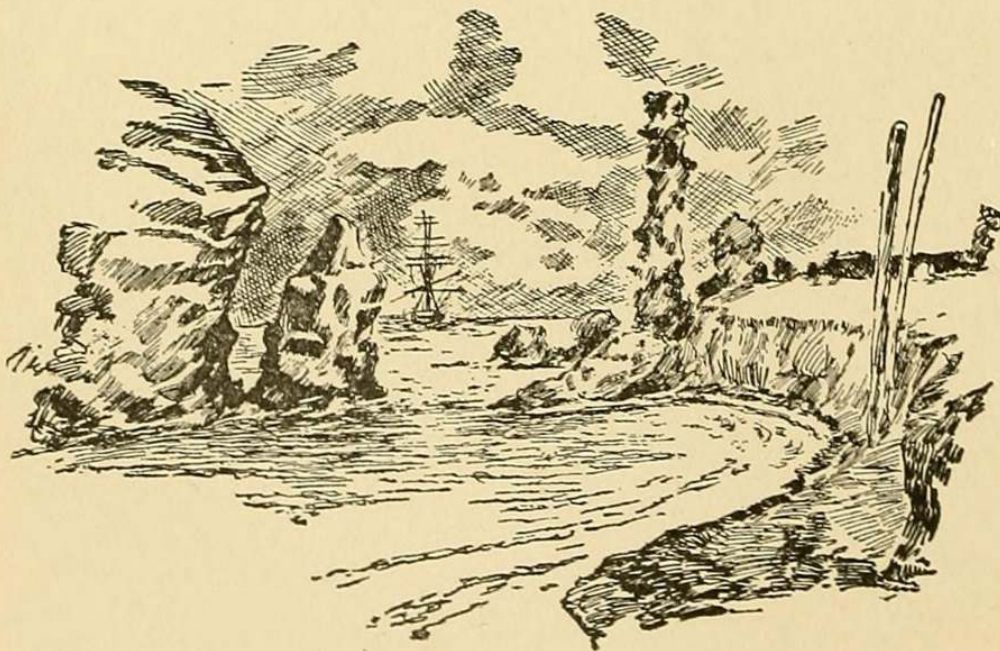
The ruins of a more modern fort at this place held our interest until we came abreast of the rugged pro-



jections of Tobacco Rocks and Tiger's Head. These huge storm-riven boulders seemed as if flung, by some Titanic force, from the main ledges years ago as protection to Tobacco Bay. From the shore line, up the long green hill, the land

sloped to the Signal Station. To the left, on the lower level, we caught a glimpse of white-roofed houses that marked the town of St. Georges, while in between lay the snow-white water sheds of the Naval Tanks. Presently there came a view of Martello Tower, on the outer cape near Whalebone Bay. This tower marks the southeastern end of St. Georges Island. In the near distance loomed Ireland Island, the extremity of the hook partially encompassing Great Sound. Off to port lay Crawl Flats, along our course. The channel widened at Bailey's Bay and, a little later, we raised Stag Rock on Hamilton, or the Main Island. We steamed close to Spanish Point and Clarence Hill, and over Grassy Bay we hove

anchor within hailing distance of the floating dock and dock-



yard inside Ireland Point. At least two of us in the big tourist crowd under the dock shed in Hamilton had definite ideas as to destination. We were for St. Georges! The Artist had thought out our itinerary while we were still aboard the ship. I recall that in a particularly nasty bit of sea he crawled the narrow bridge from poop to main deck, where I lay racked with nausea, and declared, in tones that would admit of no dissent:

“We don’t stop this side of St. Georges!”

All the morning I had been conquering a desire to go forward and entreat the Captain to “stay” his ship, if only for a moment, to give me a little respite. The Artist’s news made me groan dismally. I had no fight left in me, while he—he was absolutely immune from sea-sickness. In Hamilton it was entirely different. I was on land, a thoroughly well man and disposed to argue. Added to all this I was ravenously hungry. Under the

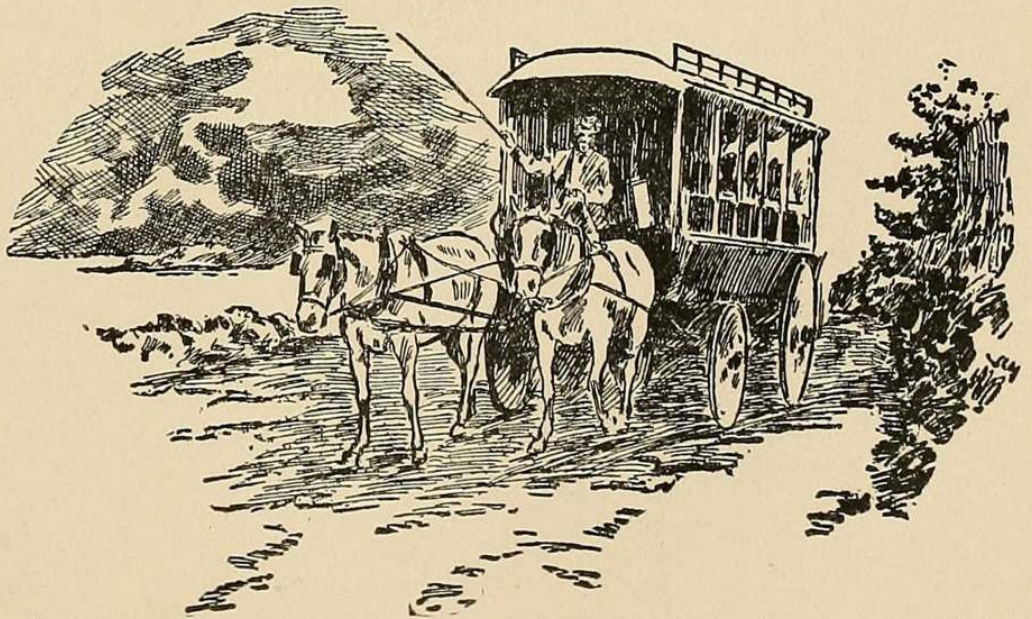
dock shed among the hurrying tourists, black porters and white-suited natives, we looked over the crowd curiously and argued the point conclusively. There was a good deal of bustle and confusion among the tourists. The natives, white and black, seemed totally unconcerned and moved around easily and carelessly, giving us the impression that it was they and not the big ship-load of people from the United States who were out for a holiday. Along with the crowd we hurried out into the white street. My companion was heavily laden with a suitcase and certain paraphernalia connected with his art. I was taking care of the excess baggage. Somewhere along in the crowd we became separated. It seemed an interminable while before the Artist found me, for I considered it safest to remain where I was, as I felt sure he would return. He was hot and rude—items I carefully overlooked when he informed me that he had secured a conveyance for St. Georges.

“Better get a bite to eat, hadn’t we?”

“Nonsense!” he blustered, “You’ll be better off by fasting until your land legs come back to you.”

He had eaten heartily aboard ship. I had not. Protesting vehemently, I followed him up Queen Street. We had gone only about halfway, when a burly negro met us and grabbed our baggage, which he slammed into a vehicle backed against the curb, bidding us climb into the conveyance also. It was the stage for St. Georges. Before I could get my bearings the driver cracked his whip, and we were off. In this manner we made two, in the company of twelve persons, in addition to the black with the whip. This fellow sat in the midst of a miscellaneous heap of luggage. The other passengers in the

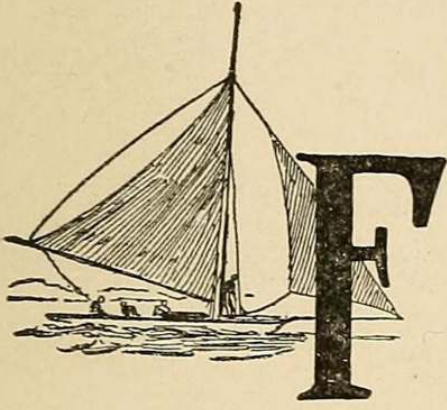
stage were
n a t i v e s ,
about even-



ly divided as to color. Most of them appeared friendly, openly looking us over without embarrassment.

Over the route we took, the distance to St. Georges was a long twelve miles. The way led out along a winding road, bordered by high walls, white as chalk. These walls were fringed with vivid masses of flowering vines and brilliant English heath. In the low places oleanders in full bloom grew to a height of twenty feet. Palm trees, some towering above the aged cedars on the near hills, others wind-struck and scrubby, overlooked the ribbon of white roadway. Now and then we passed a banana plantation or a potato patch. There were several deep cuts through the coral rocks, and in these the road narrowed to a single track. Because of the many deep sea indentations, the course of our route, which lay along the west shore, was crooked and winding.

CHAPTER II



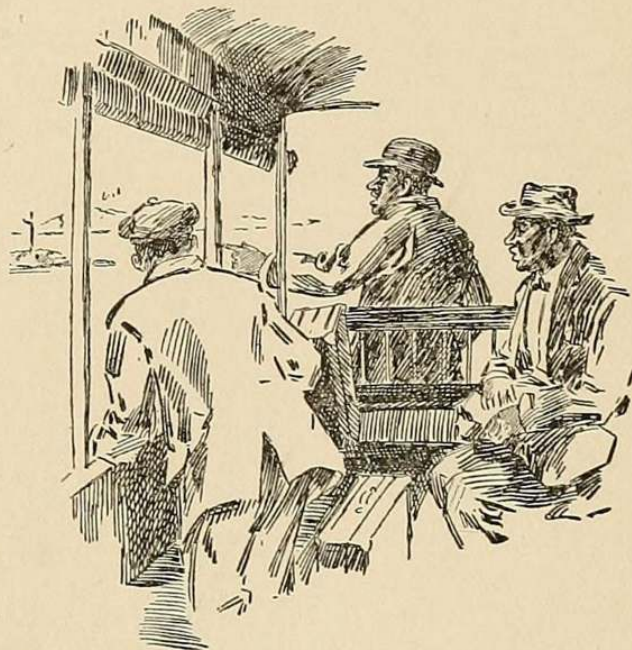
FOR descriptive detail of points of interest we drew upon all sources of information, but especially did we refer to the driver. This fellow's knowledge was like a spring bubbling over in effervescing abundance. He was a burly black, coarse of feature and supremely happy in the consciousness of carrying a double load. The one he had accumulated at certain well known ports of call in Hamilton caused him to grin perpetually and expressively in the early stages of the trip northward. The luggage of his fares, piled high on either side of him, interfered a little with his

efforts at conversation; but despite these obstacles he singled out the Artist as most likely to prove an interested listener and from time to time breathed back into the stage much history of the Islands and a strong odor of rum.

He was a seductively happy black man, and he laughed loudly and hoarsely at everything and nothing, seeming particularly to find an especial pleasure in flogging the near horse. It was apparently a habit with him and the animal itself accepted his attentions with a spirit that found frequent expression in oft repeated efforts to kick in the dashboard. The natives knew the driver better than we did, of course. Several of them in the stage were on terms of intimacy with him and these called him "Bill". One or more of his own color even ventured to help out lapses of memory and frequent bibulous incoherency of description by supplying the necessary details.

At the Flats we rumbled over the bridge that

spanned the inlet to Harrington Sound. Here the driver slowed down his team. It was then that Bill, assisted by two natives, pointed out Gallows Island off the Cape. We looked out from the stage to a low, flat coral island fringed about with foam and saw a rude projection which a native said was all that was left of the gibbet. The story connected with the origin of the islet's name is, in effect, that a murderous slave was hanged there; his skull being left to bleach on the gallows for many years. The date of this occurrence is obscure, though Bill fixed it as June 8, 1708. He stuck to it in spite of the protestations of an elderly "Uncle", in the back of the stage, who stoutly maintained that it was June ninth of that year. We were amused at the earnestness of the dispute;



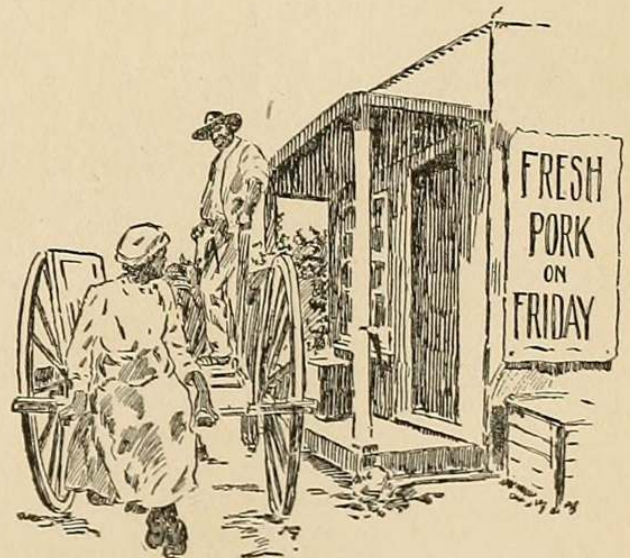
in fact we took it as a compliment that so much of effort should be expended in setting us right on so small a matter as this date. Argument on the question lasted until we reached the Causeway, the link between the Main and St. Georges Island. An old woman in the seat just behind the driver seemed vastly interested in the dispute, though taking no part in it. Several times she seemed on the point of projecting her individuality to the fore, but for some unaccountable reason held back. She looked crossly at the old "Uncle", however, and I distinctly saw her lips form the word "Liar". But she made no sound. A kinky haired school-girl got in at this place and, there being no vacant seats, the disputatious gentleman calmly took the maid on his knees.

We were mounting a steep grade in the Cave Region when the Artist nudged me to look. Close by the road, in a little hollow, lay a stone house with this legend sprawling over its side:

“FRESH PORK ON FRIDAY.”

My stomach ached because of a long, forced fast—and I considered it downright cruel of him to call attention to food so far in the future. We reached the Swing Bridge just as the sun was sinking. This sunset claims indulgence for a tribute. The waning orb lay like a golden ball set on the dark rim of the sea. Out beyond the fringe of naked rocks over Miner’s Head, the ocean was wide, placid and impressive. There was a broad expanse of soft shimmering rose color around the far western edge; in the near distance all was silver. A big splendor lay in the flashes of spray when the waves hit the rock projections off the point, or boiled in foam over the sunken reefs in the tideway.

From the Swing Bridge the road twisted and turned with the shore line of Mullet Bay. We climbed gentle grades and before it was



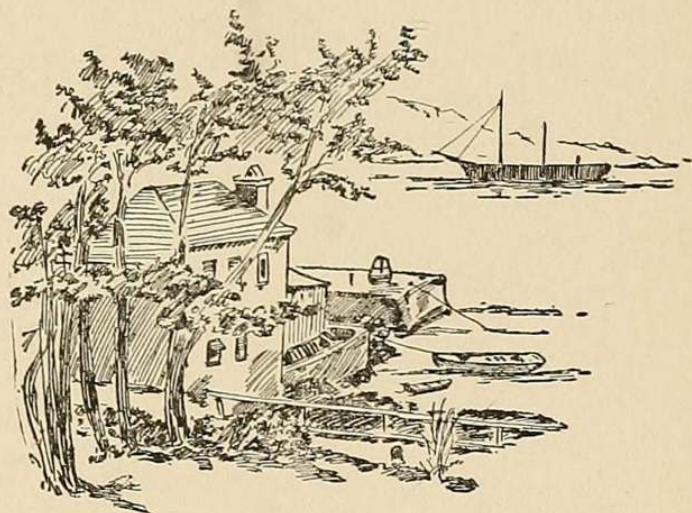
really dark, entered the old town, "the cradle of Bermuda's history". Here was a maze of narrow streets and crooked alleys, bordered by high walled gardens. Oleanders and palms peeped at us from dark enclosures, while here and there along the route barefoot yellow and black children looked down from quaint, high-stooped houses, or shouted vociferous welcomes to Bill and the stage. The driver lashed the near horse into greater speed. In a wild rush the stage rattled down a steep hill, and a little farther on came to an abrupt stop. We proceeded to stretch our cramped legs in the Market Square.

"At last!" said the Artist.

"Where can we eat—and when?" I asked. I was tired and ravenously hungry.

Seen in the moonlight of that first night, from the eminence of Barrack Hill, the town and near harbor lay like a bank of snow on the sloping hillsides, broken at intervals by patches of somber

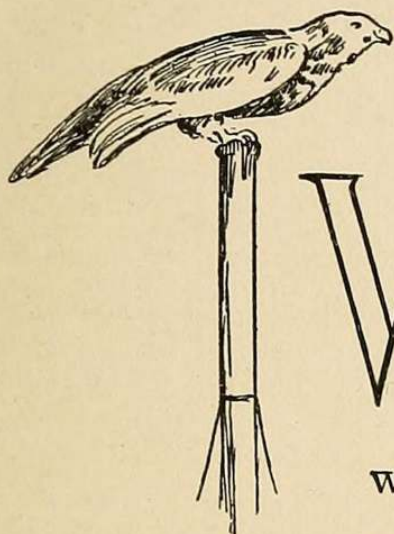
trees. We had strolled to this point up through Rum Alley, skirting Convict Bay and the high Barrack Cliff. A low wall edged the road up from the town to the height; on this we sat, under the bewitching spell of the moon, gazing ecstatically at the peaceful scene below. A north wind, with a temperature of 70 degrees, stirred in the wide-spreading cedars and rustled in the oleanders above our heads. Out from the town came an occasional bark of a dog—there were no other sounds. The place was, indeed, singularly attractive beneath the illuminating light of the brilliant moon, riding high in the cloudless arch above. Rays streaming from the luminous sky cut paths across the phosphorescent waters of the town harbor, tinging with mystic silver the foliage of cedars on St. David's. It was a scene of real



enchantment, and as we looked it was easy to imagine ourselves a century or so back in the past. Meanwhile, as we sat there, a native, soft of tongue, as all the Islanders are, told the story of the landing, over against the Naval Tanks, of Captain Ord and his crew in 1775, on the secret night expedition which ended in the depletion of the powder magazine. We learned also of certain other bloody doings when pirates from the Spanish Main made unwelcome visits to the town and harbor in the wild days two centuries or more ago.

That night we dreamed of fierce, grizzled ruffians, clambering up over bare rocks; the savage onfall and the force of arms.





CHAPTER III

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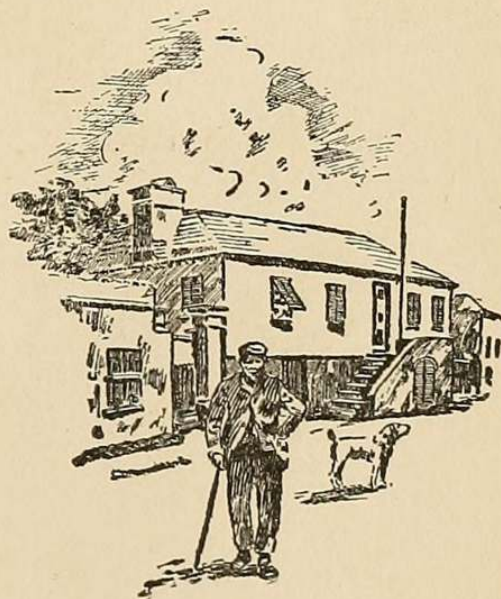
E were early astir.

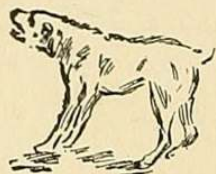
Before dawn K—,
the landlord of the
Inn—"our Inn" as

we came to know it—routed
us out of bed. He was a so-
ciable chap and insisted upon

taking us for a dip in the harbor before
breakfast. In Water Street, a few doors above
the post office, we passed the house in which
the Duke of Clarence, afterward King William IV,
lived as an officer of the Royal Navy.

The "Sailor King" as a mark of
favor presented his hosts with a



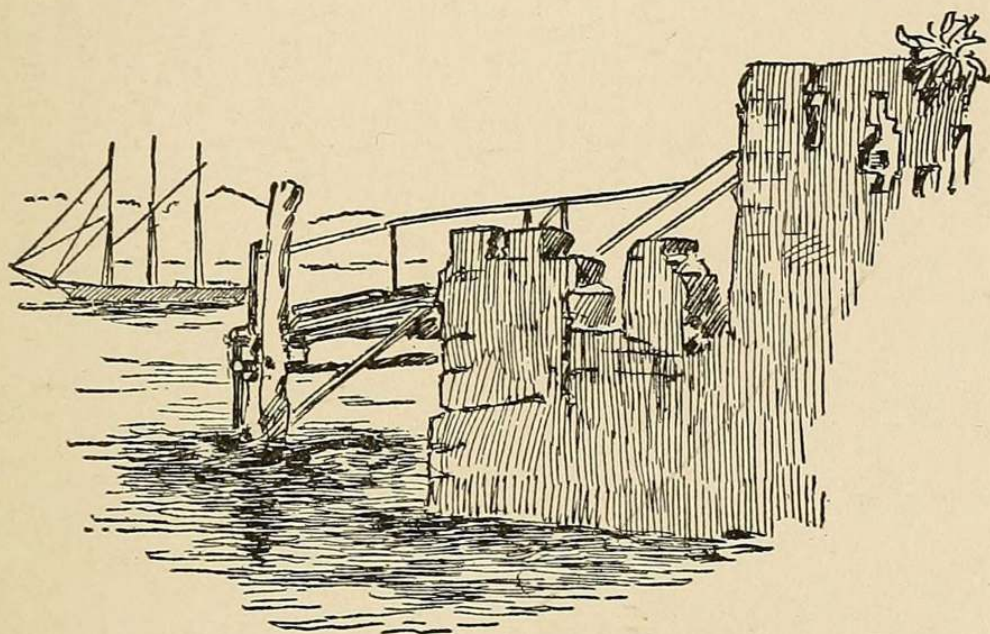


“knocker” suitably inscribed and this much worn brass doorpiece is still attached to the entrance, opening off the high stooped portico. K—— gave us a great deal of information concerning the houses along the way, but the former abode of the Royal Duke had a sort of fascination for the Artist; he wanted to linger near it. There was not light enough to sketch, however, and besides K—— was anxious to get his bath. Moreover, our right to pause was disputed by a surly canine that insisted upon crowding close behind, snapping and snarling unpleasantly near our heels.

That dip into the harbor! Shall we ever forget it? The air was balmy as June. Ruffled by the morning breeze, the water, into which we plunged, was deliciously cool and possessed of a certain buoyant quality that made it no effort to keep afloat. It was quite deep in the channel, too, and

yet so crystal clear we could look to the very bottom and see the curiously blended coloring of the coral formation.

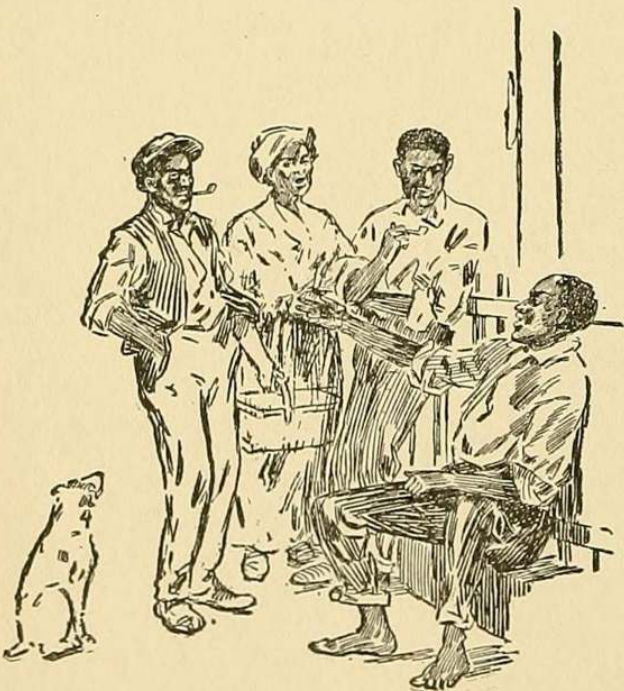
At length we saw the sun rise over Castle



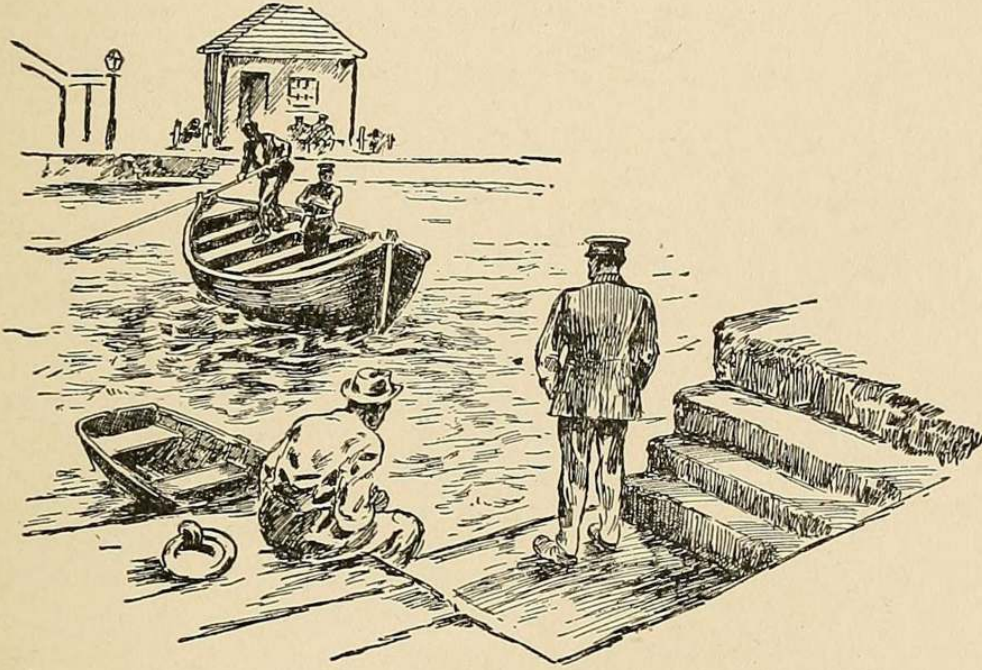
Island away in the East, and we strolled back into Market Square. The town folk were stirring. A dozen or more darkies exchanging bits of gossip were lolling about the tall flag

staff in the center of the Square. This spot we found was the rendezvous of all the idlers in the town. The circular stone coping at its base formed a convenient seat, whereon the weary could rest and smoke at ease. It was also a spot favored of the score or more canines that met and played and fought, at intervals, in unrestrained freedom. This place and the dock and the big roofed shed over against the north end of the water front were the accustomed lounging places of the colored folk of both sexes and all ages. It was a happy, careless, barefooted, coatless crowd among which we moved that morning. Individuals shouted greetings, or laughed boisterously over a suddenly recalled incident or

happening of the previous night. There was the intimacy of life-long association in the easy familiarity of these exchanges. It was



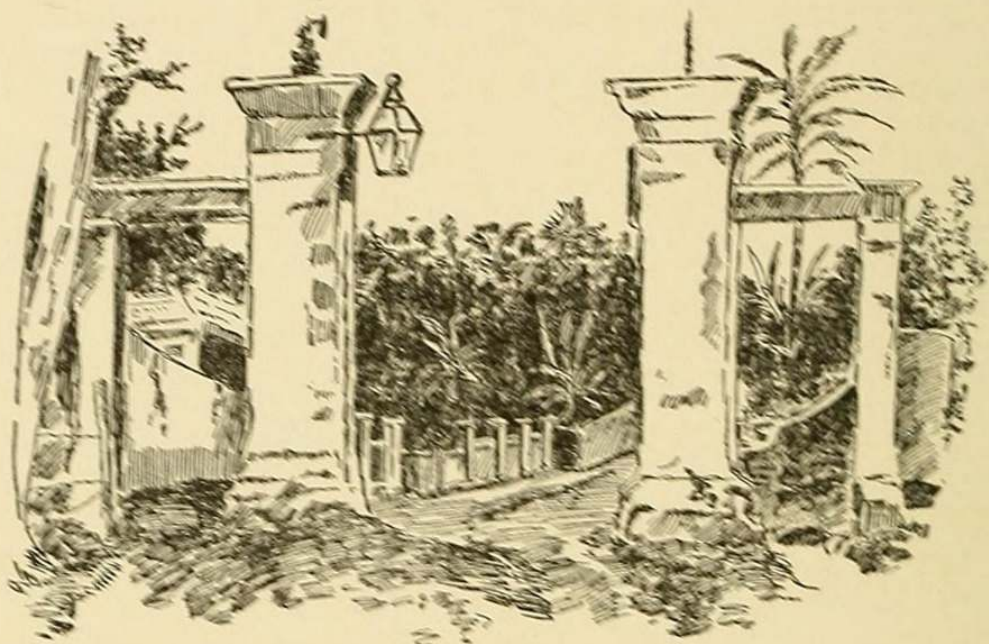
shared by the dogs that roamed, unkicked, in the Square. The water side of the quay was studded over with a dozen or more dismantled smooth-bore cannon. Several, req-



uisioned to peaceful uses as mooring posts, were sunk end-up in the masonry. To one of these was made fast a craft resembling a steam launch, only larger. This was the "Daisy"—a

diminutive ferry-boat plying to points on St. David's Island.

A hundred yards or more out from the quay lay a small island covered with low red-walled build-



ings. K—— told us this was Ordnance Island—the Government depot from which are issued all the stores necessary for gun maintenance used in the Island forts. A deep channel raced between it

and the quay, the only visible means of communication being a big clumsy looking, double-ended yawl, propelled by a huge sculling oar. We later made the acquaintance of the ferryman. Because he looked so little the part, the Artist dubbed him Charon, and the channel he crossed, the Styx. In addition to draping his legs over the dock, all he had to do was to ferry over such and sundry members of the British Army as happened to have business with the Ordnance Corps.

The Artist sketched him in a number of poses, both in action and at rest. He was grouping a trio of juvenile blacks at a penny each against one of the cannons when I asked nonchalantly:

“Hadn’t we better go to breakfast?”

“What for?” he indignantly demanded. Then—
—“Say, you’re a regular glutton! Go to grass—I’m busy!”

I followed K—— to the Inn.

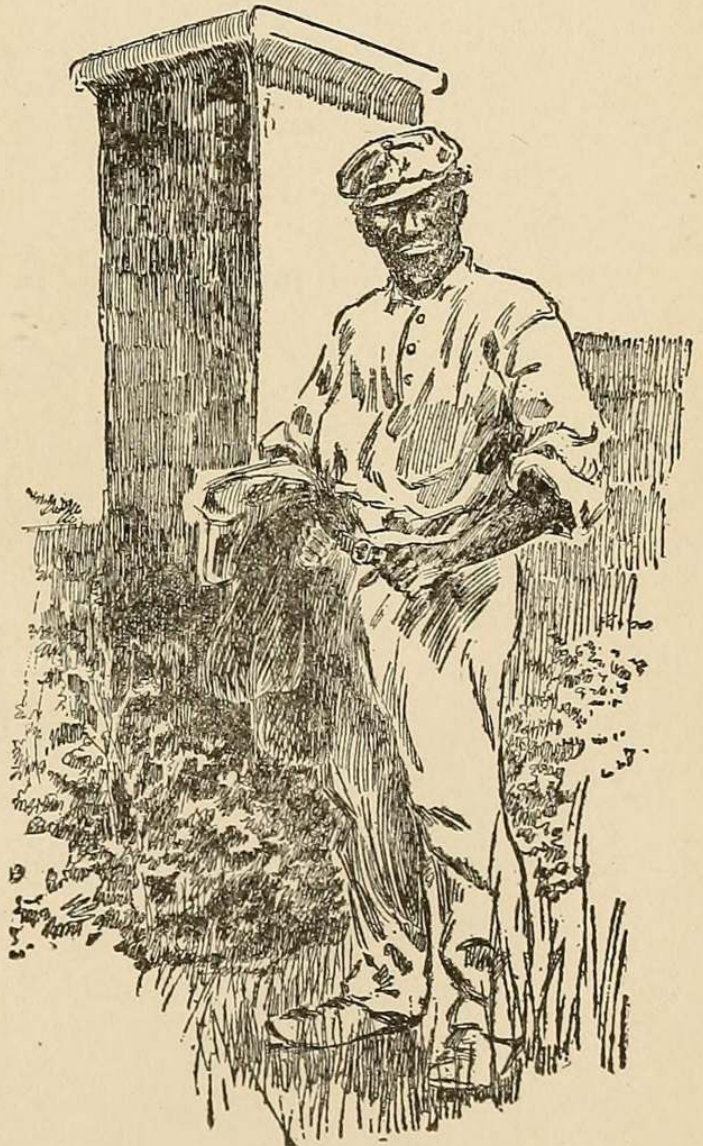


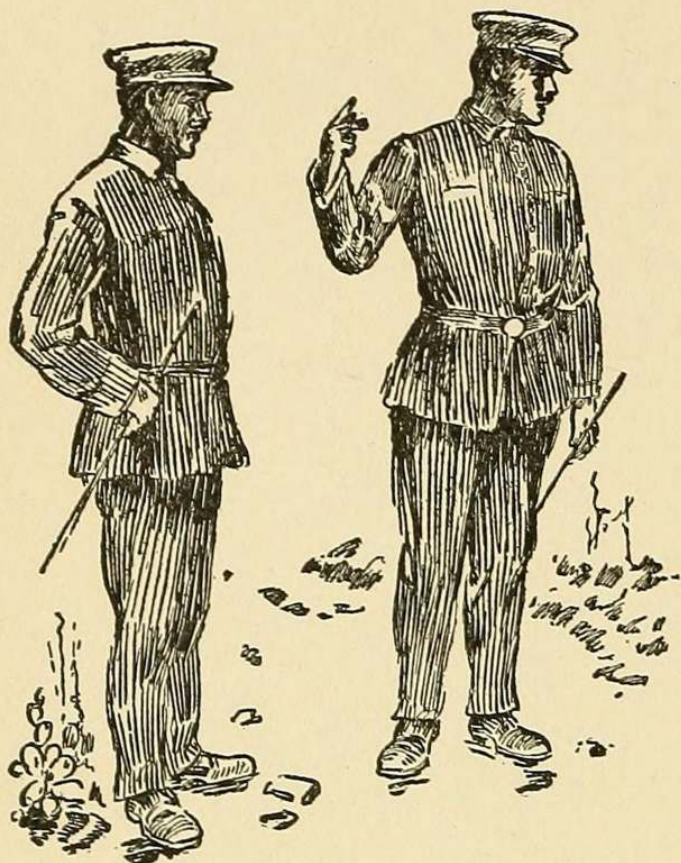
When next I saw the Artist he had his back to a tree in the old Natural Park, the observed of two timid children and a tethered calf. He seemed in a better mood and was sketching the ruined entrance gates at the top of picturesque Queen Street. This gateway was built seventy-odd years ago—and looked it. I was fresh from a visit to the well ordered Public Gardens, the gardens of the governors, when St. Georges was the capital. I had paid my respects to the monument erected to the memory of Sir George Somers and had heard the ancient custodian of the place tell how the doughty old Admiral insisted upon having his heart buried in that spot. It was a pretty garden, with flowering shrubs and rare trees, including a “monkey’s puzzle”, date palms more than one hundred years old and strange, curious specimens of the screw pine. I had thought that for once I had stolen a march on the Artist; but no—I hadn’t. Here I found

him in the most enchanting of places—a wild, disordered, rambling pleasance, with tempting green vistas, in a forest of cedars. The garden walls were going to ruin, while prickly snake cactus and the sharp pointed Spanish bayonet fringed the grassy swards in the open spaces. Over all, neglect and the roaming goats made a mockery of order. I walked over it for more than an hour.

“What d’ye think of this?” demanded the Artist, when I joined him. He held up a sketch of an old man backed up near a wall. “That’s Uncle Ben Tucker, on the job at eighty!”

“Pooh! that’s nothing,” I said. “There’s a bunch of them down on the dock just as picturesque. They’re on the same kind of a job, too.





Come, let's move on. Hark! what's that?"

The measured tramp of feet sounded on the strip of hard roadway. We looked back into the park toward the North Shore. Our first sight of soldiers. On they came, two "Tommies", heavily booted Bedfordshire lads, swagger-sticks and all. They were in rough khaki and looked anything but gay.

"Is it far to the shore?" asked the Artist, making a bungle of a military salute. Both halted.

"No," said one wearing a corporal's stripes, "just hover the 'ill yon."

"'Tis a fine country you have!" I ventured.

He of the stripes laughed harshly and rudely.

"You wouldn't think so if y' 'ad been 'ere two

bally long years, and knew you'd another two a-comin'! Would 'e, Bill?"

"It's bloomin' 'ard luck, that's wot!" said Bill, "Taint nothink like Malta nor Hindia!"

All this was very disappointing to us. We wandered away, the Artist moralizing at great length on the lack of sentiment so frequently found in surroundings calculated to foster appreciation of the beautiful in nature. He had completed his ninth sketch. In his own vernacular he was feeling "all to the merry—and then some."

By that time we were on the highway inland out beyond Convict Bay. To reach this place we had passed close by the Town Hall. Along the way urchins, yellow and black, had accosted us with the formula: "Gimme a penny, Mister!" Or if we looked "easy" to them: "Make it thrupence, sir!" This propensity to beg is quite common, we found,





among the negro population, and is without doubt an acquired habit, for which the tourist is wholly to blame. In Rum Alley we chanced unexpectedly on another type. In front of the "Magpie" a very ancient negro "auntie", so wrinkled and weather worn as to claim the sympathy of the Artist, halted us.

"Is yo' gwine fur?" she questioned. We reckoned this but an excuse for further parley and we reasoned correctly. It was a holdup, but we submitted, with the best grace possible.

We asked the way to a certain well of which K—— had told us.

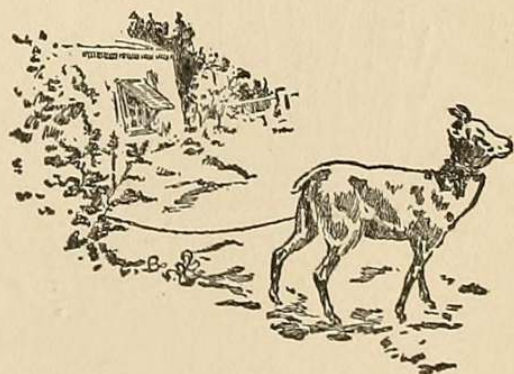
"You all mean the 'Love Well', I reckon," she said looking directly at me.

The Artist assented. She gave us the needed directions and seemed about to add some information; but she didn't. In vain we crossed her palm with the King's silver. She only shook her head, muttering mournfully: "The Love

Well! The Love Well! I knows it—I knows it!” These observations were emphasized by jerky stabs with her forefinger. All this byplay whetted our interest in the spot.

“This must be the place,” said the Artist, peering into an opening off the road a mile or so out of the town. A little handful of goat tied to the spikey end of a snake cactus emitted a dismal bleat as we entered the narrow path into a small clearing. Over at one side we saw a slight depression in the earth, at the bottom of which a fair sized irregular hole, looked up to the sky.

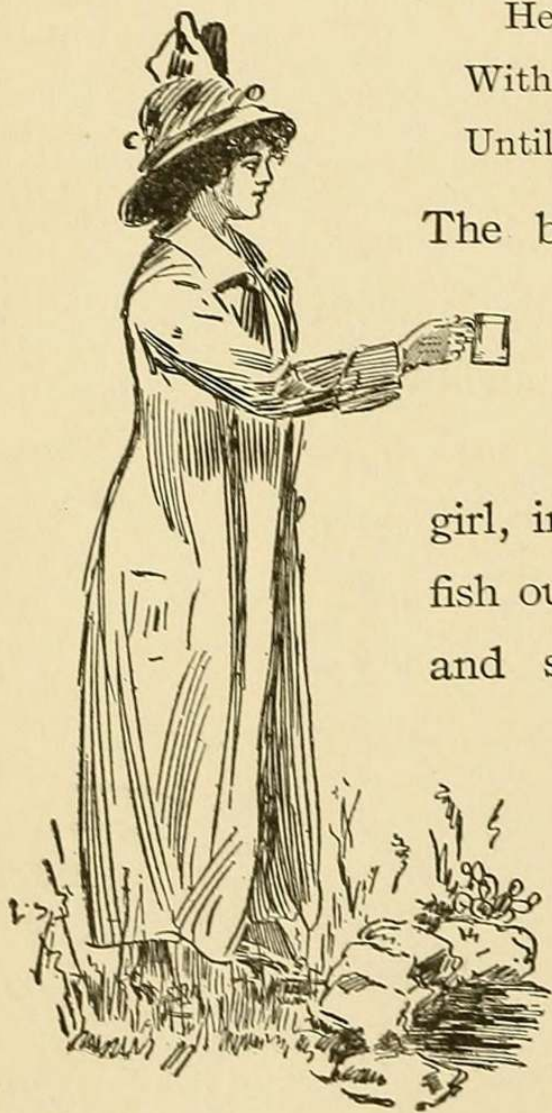
It was the enchanted well! The spot of mystery—the Mecca for bachelors! Tradition has it that the water in this circular hole is a sort of love philter, especially efficacious in cases of confirmed celibacy. Its power is such that, after a sip of even a thimbleful, the least amorous of mankind is moved instantly to begin the search for a mate. We know this to be so; for we heard



the guide of a personally conducted tourist party tell all about it to the giggling accompaniment of feminine "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" and much show of skepticism on the part of the sterner sex, there present. The Guide wound up his recital in this fashion:

"Should man this water dare to drink,
Tho' forty years a bachelor he,
'Twill warm his heart and make him think!
He'll plod the land, he'll sail the sea
With Cupid pilot all his life,
Until he finds himself a wife!"

The brink of the well was much worn around the edges as with the feet of many male tourists anxious to run double. We saw a very pretty girl, in the little knot of laughing damsels, fish out a gill of the fluid from the depths and sip a part of it, the remainder she forced upon a slim young fellow



she had in tow. He vainly exhibited all the symptoms of a desire to evade a duty, but finally drank the stuff with a wry face.

Just to see what caused the grimace, the Artist, in the silence following the departure of the tourist crowd, drank a pint of the mess. He said it was very brackish. I took his word for it.

“D’ye know,” said the Artist, as we backed into the shade of a poinciana whose yellow and crimson flowers we had noted from the roadway, “this is a wonderful place? Here the breeze blows always. There is no dew and K—— tells me there are no cold rains ever. All the water we drink comes from the clouds. The people carefully save it up against a dry time. These folks are never in a hurry. Ever see anybody run here except the tourists? You never did. Speaking of the tourists—did you notice that crowd at the well? A bunch of ’em seemed bored to death.

You saw the old chap with the bald head and the half-burned cigar? Well, he's an old friend of mine. That fellow was on the ship coming down and he made my gorge rise by trying to shoo away a fish hawk resting on the foremast head."

I laughed. "Don't be funny," growled the Artist, "you didn't see it—not you. No; you were just feeling nicely seasick about that time, if I remember rightly."

I was working up a cultivated dislike for the Artist. There were a few distasteful things he couldn't seem to forget; my indisposition aboard ship being one of them. I could have quarreled with him on many scores. We were lying on the grass taking in the view of Fort Catherine, on the slope in the distance, and the Naval Tanks nearer by. There came to us the murmur of childish voices from beyond a thicket of oleanders at our backs.

"Listen!" admonished the Artist. Then we heard:

"Now Gwen and Maudie! I'll run a bit. See if you can catch me!"

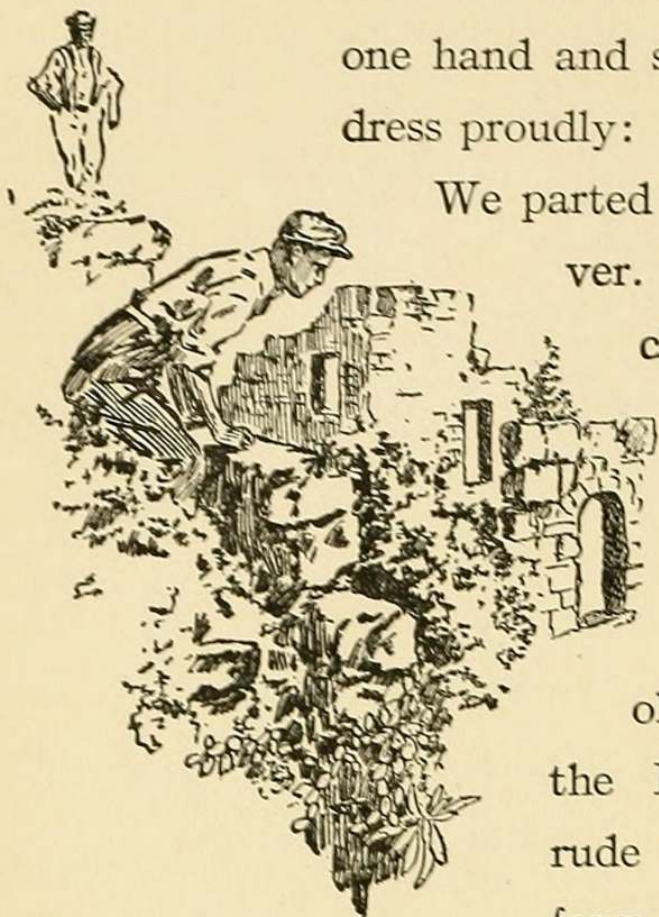
There was a sudden rush of feet and a ten-year-old girl darted out through the oleanders, followed by two smaller children. They were all a-flutter with excitement, but the minute they saw us excitement gave place to abashed diffidence. They drew together as if in fear, but there was no effort to run away. We spoke reassuringly to them and, as was his invariable custom, the Artist got out his sketch pad. He was all business and coaxed them to pose for him. In a little while their timidity was gone. The smallest of the three was Maudie. The fluffy haired one was Gwendolin and the tall maid was Hope. Maudie immediately made a hit with us. She was shy, but in a remarkably happy frame of mind. "See," she said holding her pinafore in



one hand and smoothing down the front of her dress proudly: "I've gotten a new frock!"

We parted with more of King George's silver. Out of a breathlessly still clump of neglected cedars and a hedge of prickly cactus, bristling with thorns, we crawled into the road at Somers' Point. The place was historic. The

old fort—the first fortification on the Islands—lay in behind a small, rude stone house, which it protected from the rough winds that drove in from the North. An old white haired negro sat in the door place and gravely saluted as we strolled up. There was a fringe of small cedar west of the house, and a patch of thick grass lay between. Tied to one of the cedars, a goat nibbled contentedly at a Spanish bayonet and snake cactus. It was a dull looking brute and



apparently failed to notice us as we passed. I craved a drink of water from the lone habitant of the cottage. He served me in a much corroded silver cup. I examined it half curiously. He refilled it for the Artist and reluctantly accepted a small gratuity.

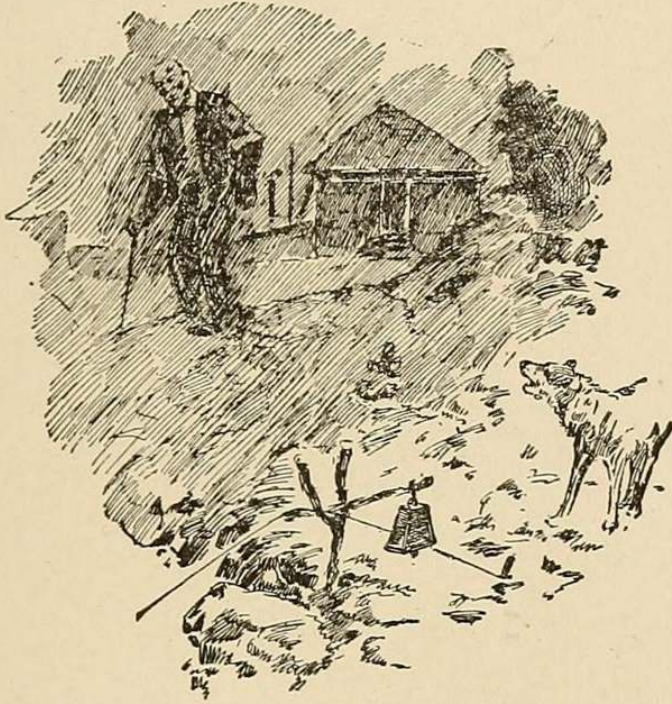
Then we fell into conversation. The old man was a veritable treasure house stored with information pertaining to the locality. His name, we learned, was Tom Jennings. He had lived a matter of seventy years near the spot where we found him. While he talked, he took us over the old fort; pointed out the partially dismantled embrasures for the guns and told us what he knew of the ruined fort. In the course of his narrative he mentioned the silver cup out of which we had been served. He said his grandfather found it when the foundation of the house was laid near a hundred years before. We looked over the rude battlements of the fort and

crawled to the top. It was a sheer drop of fifty feet to the rocks below, where the waves curled high over the jagged piles in spurts and bursts of creamy foam. All out beyond, to the sea's rim, the translucent water sparkled in varying hues.

Jennings led the way to the eastern side and showed us the Town Cut channel. This is the sea way into St. Georges' Harbor. He told us a story—a tradition of the Island—of those rude days, nigh three centuries ago, when a band of Morgan's men was shot to pieces from the fort as an attempt was made to force the narrow passage into the Town Cut. From the old fort, our guide led the way out to a ledge of rocks forming a protection to Gates' Bay. A well worn path led to the top of the noble rock. Beyond it lay the perilous coral reef, Sea Venture Flats.

This rock was bare except for a forked stick loosely imbedded in a crevice. The prongs pointed upward and on one a six-inch bit of wood

was lashed at a sharp angle. From its outer end depended a small bell. We were both curious and asked our venerable guide its uses. He explained that it was his own invention—a labor-



saving fishing device. Three feet behind the forked stick he had sunk an iron spike into the rock. To this he attached his fishing line when in use, resting the shore end across the crotched up-

right. The business end of the line he cast out into deep water. When in operation and a fish was hooked, the agitated line wiggled the stick. This action caused the bell to ring. His dog, a wire haired brute, had been trained to the sound of the signal, and would come to him, barking frenziedly, at the first stroke of the bell. We did not see the contrivance in action, but we saw everything else, even the dog—later.

Back at the house I craved another drink of water and made a closer inspection of the cup. There was an inscription on the bottom and some hardly discernible numerals. I looked twice—put on my glasses and looked again—and, yes! I read the date—1361. My blood was fired at once, and short, quick negotiations ensued. To tell the truth I hated to take the antique relic, because this tottering old Islander could not have known the value of the article from which he parted. It was all mine, a silver mug, over

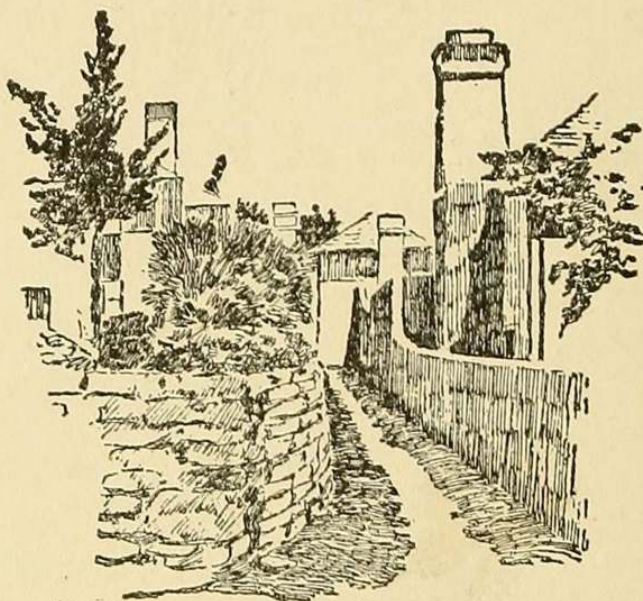


whose battered rim, who knows what eyes had looked, what lips had been? I hugged my treasure. The Artist, smiling cynically at me, posed the old man on his doorstep and sketched him in. Sometimes he would look up from his work and grin diabolically at me like a fiend. Later on I bought the rusty head of a landing pike found, so Jennings said, in the cleft of a rock in Gates' Bay. There was the intimacy of association with the landing of the Sea Venture crowd in this relic.



Then we left Mr. Jennings. Carrying both my treasures, we made for the road back to town, narrowly missing disaster in a totally unexpected guise. The goat tied to the cedars had tired of a feast on cactus and had chewed its restraining

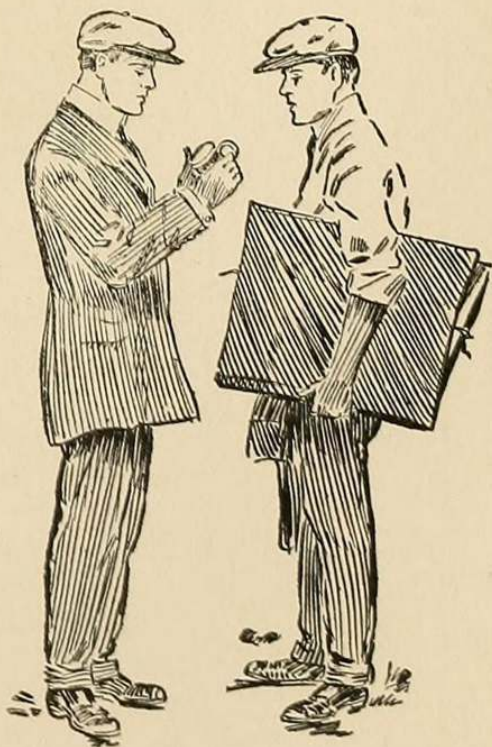
tether in twain. It was a silly brute, mistaking the Artist and his sketch pad for some ancient enemy, no doubt. Anyhow it plunged toward us over the short grass, head down and breathing



sonorously. Jennings yelled a warning, as his dog crawled out from a stone pile near the fort. Then he set the cur on the goat. For a couple of exciting moments we, the Artist and I, did a pretty lively piece of dodging among the rocks and

Spanish bayonets. Ultimately the mongrel caught the goat.

From that moment on we had little to say to each other. I recollect that half way back to the hotel the Artist laughed aloud. It was a mirthless outburst. He was trailing behind me at the time. It was not about the goat episode, for we had threshed that out earlier. He had explained the evident ill-humor of the animal on the ground that it might have swallowed a thorn, but neither of us were in a mood to go into the matter technically. Therefore his mirthless laugh grated on me, but I said nothing. When, however, he laughed again in Judy's Lane, the same kind of a sardonic, irritating laugh, I turned on him, and then and there, in that quaint old street, demanded to know the cause of his ill-timed humor. It was rapidly growing dusk.



“Say,” he said, “how old is that—er—cup?”

I told him the date, whereat he laughed sarcastically. Threateningly, I menaced him with the pike head. He threw up his hands in mock horror.

“For God’s sake! Don’t do it here, wait until we get away from the Islands!” he cried. Then: “Mercy! Is that b-l-o-o-d, or only iron rust on your shirt?”

I looked—it was rust! I felt much like the man who, thirsting for a new experience, tossed a stale egg into an electric fan in motion.

CHAPTER IV



THAT NIGHT we made the acquaintance of a man whose identity is hidden in this narrative under the initial S——. He was a modest Yorkshire gentleman, hearty and blunt in manner and speech. In the period of our association with him he was never known to refuse an invitation (and he received quite a few) to sample Scotch and soda. Interest in him to us was centered in the fact that he was a person of some authority on Ordnance Island and knew a great deal about Castle Harbor. Our intro-

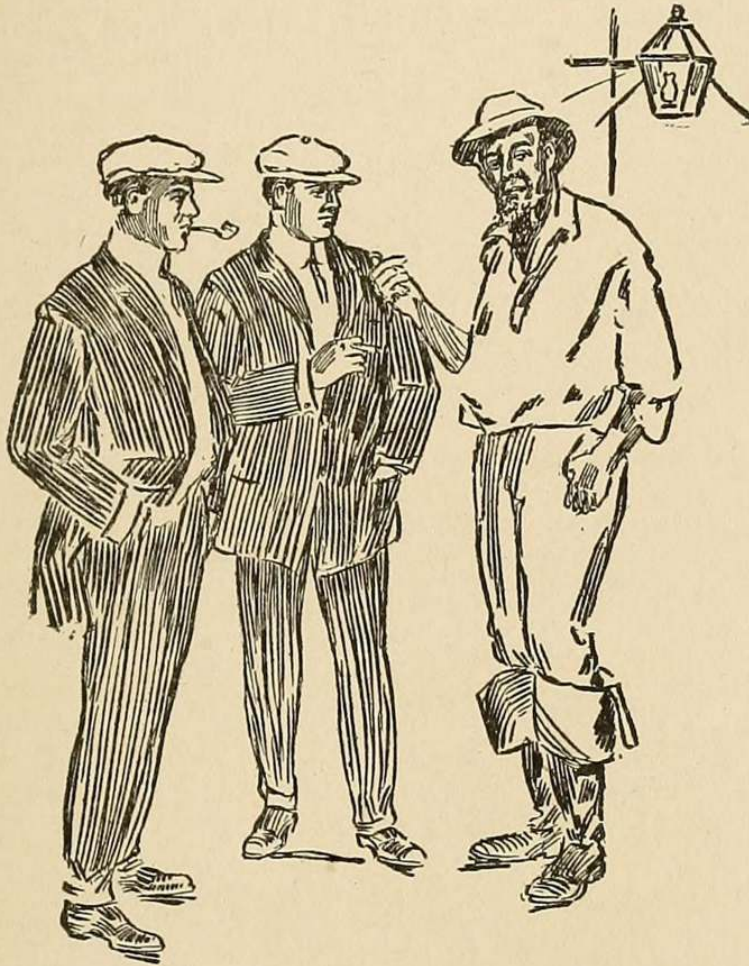
ducers were K—— and Charon of the Styx. It was over a Scotch and soda, in the quaint old English looking bar of the Inn, that the Artist made arrangements for a trip by sailboat over the Bay to the Natural Arches at Tucker's Town.

“Good! Me boys—I'll take you there!” This statement was attended by an emphatic slap on the Artist's back that jarred the pipe from his mouth. S—— also had a habit of banging his empty glass down on the table with a slam that started things. There was a good deal of general discussion. We followed him out on the dock, where under the light shed by an oil lamp atop of a tall post S—— told us something of the dangers of the projected trip. I, for one, had supposed it was just an ordinary sail.

“I must have the wind over here,” he said, indicating the East. He said further that the route he expected to take was shunned by even

the most daring of the St. David's Island fishermen.

"Here, my lad!" he called across the dock to a



member of a group of men on the stringpiece. A lanky individual shuffled over to where we stood under the light. He came out of the dark

under the shed and stood, blinking a little in the glare.

“I say, is it, or is it not, a fearsome trip to Tucker’s Town in a small boat, mind you, across Castle ’Arbor?” asked S——.

“Be these gentlemen a-goin’ to make it?”

“Right you are,” said S——. Then to us—“This man is a fisherman from St. David’s.”

We looked eagerly at the Islander. His next utterance might have contained sentence of doom if our close attention to his words counted for aught. He said:

“W-e-l-l, it’s like to be an experience for ’em! Castle Harbor’s always woke up at this season of the year. It’s apt to be all woke up even when the big sea outside is asleep!”

S—— nodded his head at us. The darkness swallowed up the form of the fisherman. Then S—— remarked: “Wind right—never mind

about the bloomin' water—we start at noon to-morrow, eh, lads?"

We couldn't back out then, of course, so we tried hard to give a hearty "aye," in response. We watched Charon scull the big yawl over the Styx. It was dusk, the moon not having risen and the outlines of the boat melted slowly into the darkness. A patch of phosphorescence glowed like fire in the trail of the oar, but presently we lost sight of this also.

"I'm for bed," said the Artist, knocking the ashes out of his pipe. I got up reluctantly.

"If the wind is wrong we won't go to-morrow—is that our understanding?" I asked.

"Oh! the wind will be all right," answered he, with easy nonchalance. "If it isn't so by compass, Captain S—— will make it so—see!"

In this manner was S—— handed a compliment and a title. Somewhere about midnight I awoke to find the Artist shouting and wildly endeavoring

to climb the wall of our room. He was grabbing frantically at a picture frame over the head of the bed when I pulled him down and pinched him into wakefulness. It was one of his nightmares. He explained to K——, who broke into the room after it was all over, that he had dreamed a boat had capsized and he was trying to save himself. I had angered Castle Harbor, with its riot of waves, on my mind after that, consequently my sleep was fitful.

Near morning I fell into a nap that lasted far into the dawn, so I missed the chance to join the Artist and K—— in a dip. The Artist seemed especially cheerful at breakfast. He chaffed me for having overslept and suggested that we kill the morning by a visit to St. Peter's Churchyard.

"We may not get another opportunity," he said airily.

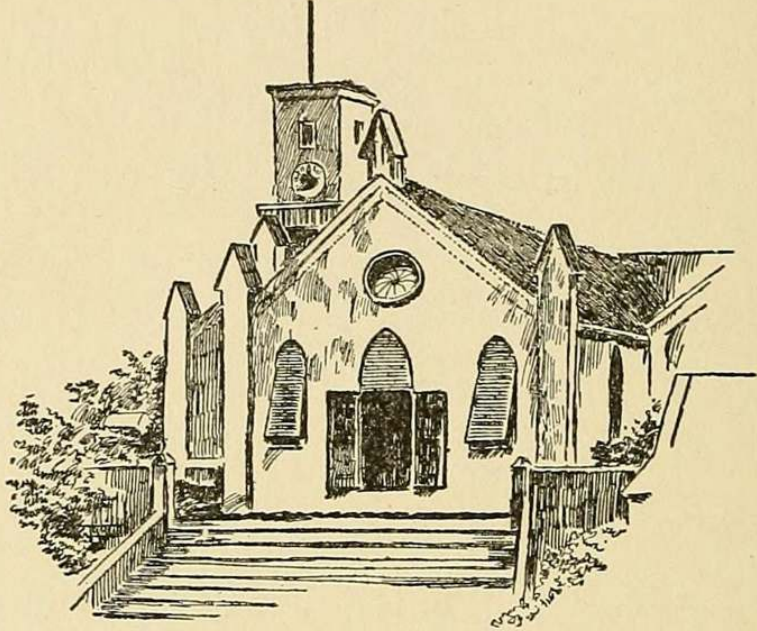
I had the Tucker's Town trip on my mind and did not exactly relish the cold-blooded suggestion

in the remark. I said so, too. But he only laughed.

“Look here!” he said, “brace up, man. If you wear a face like that on the trip, you’ll be as popular with Captain S—— as a stray dog in a strange neighborhood with a tin can tied to its tail.”

Really, there were some things about the Artist I did not like at all and I told him so candidly. We went up York Street to the wide stone steps leading into the ancient churchyard. The gates were open and we entered without difficulty. No need for us to be told that this was an old spot. Tombstones, worn and weather stained, lay all about us. On this side and that, brown and gray stones peeped out from odd places, with scarcely decipherable inscriptions on the flat surfaces. Right up to the gray walls of the church itself these fragments of granite and marble extended. There seemed no order in their

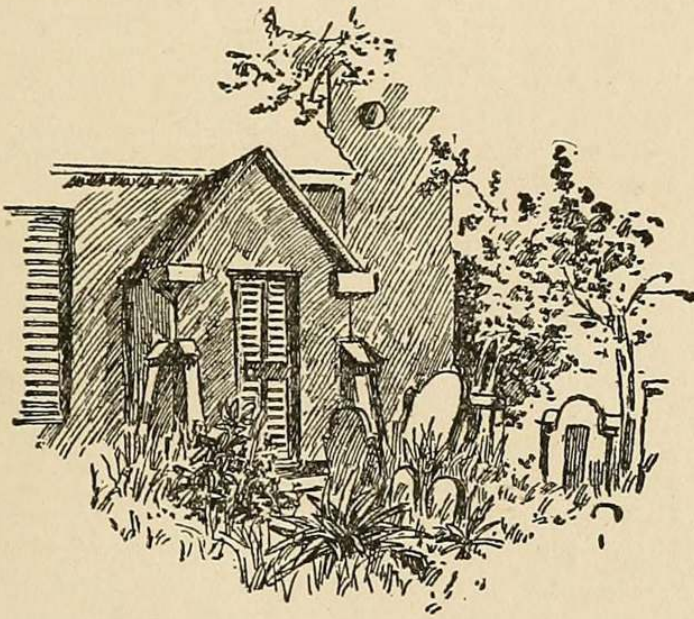
placement. This tended to accentuate the appearance of neglect that pervaded the grounds.



“’Neath many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep!”

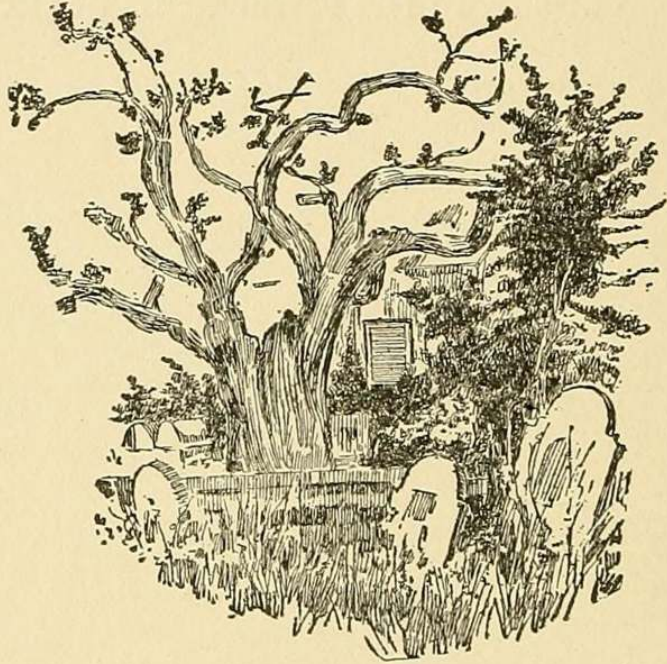
So quoted the Artist. He led the way to a corner in the enclosure where, clinging to life with grim tenacity, a gnarled and twisted cedar looked down upon us, its wide and nearly lifeless branches

overtopping the rude wall. It was an ancient tree, massive and rugged. The records of the town proved that it was a matter of two hundred and fifty years old; yet, aged as it was, it seemed positively youthful compared with the bits of masonry that peeped out from the lower walls of the church



itself. Many of these stones, we learned, were laid in 1620, when Governor Butler caused to be erected the substantial pile that replaced the

original cedar church, built in 1612 by Governor Moore. The walls in their entirety have existed in the present shape since 1713. It is shown in the records that for fifty years the edifice was roofed



with palmetto leaves. The thatch gave way to enduring stone; but even stone is now showing effects of weather havoc, for St. Peter's is little more than a battered antique. I said something of

this sort while we moved about before the tree. The Artist gave me scant attention. He was seeking a convenient angle from which to make a sketch. He seemed annoyed at something, but I persisted with my historical reminiscences just the same. Presently he turned on me roughly:

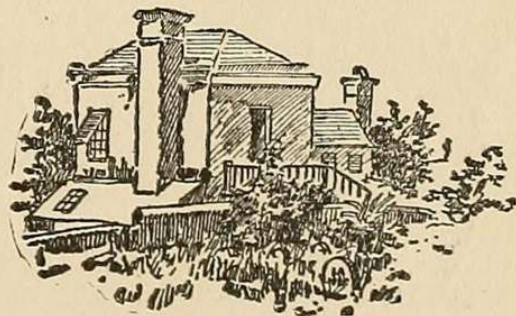
“How in thunder am I going to do anything if you keep pestering me in this fashion!”

I was completely taken aback. “But—” I began.

“Now, don’t ‘but’ me! The stuff you have handed out I read back in New York—I’m here to sketch. Heavens! don’t go and spoil the few hours I have left,” he adjured me testily.

I was vexed and answered him sharply. “You drive at me like a bull at a gate!” I retorted, turning on my heel to leave him.

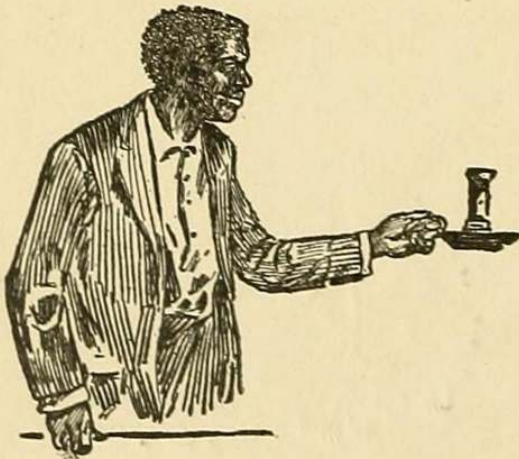
Under the old clock tower my temper cooled. In its shadow lay the grave of Midshipman Richard Sutherland Dale, U. S. N., closely crowded



by family tombs hoary with age. Midshipman Dale died at St. Georges, Feb. 22, 1815, having been wounded in a sea fight between the U. S. Frigate *President* and a squadron of his Britannic Majesty's ships of war on Jan. fifteenth of the same year. There were many other memorable and quaintly inscribed stones, and among them I loitered for an hour or more. Birds with gay and somber plumage flitted from bush to tree; flowers peeped up from the grass and bits of sunlight struggled through the foliage-covered walls.

Then I went into St. Peter's. The sexton, a silent old negro, brought out the massive silver communion service, which was given to the parish in 1684 by King William III. Alongside this was a christening basin, the gift of Governor Browne of Salem, Mass. In a neglected corner I found an old, much-rusted, iron candlestick, rudely formed and battered. This, the sexton told me,

1689)



was much older than the church itself. Its history was, he said, a matter of conjecture only. The interior arrangements of St. Peter's are strictly of the past. The double-decked pulpit rises at the center of the North wall, while the altar is built at the side, making it necessary for the congregation to face right about when the creed is repeated. Between the pulpit and the altar are large box pews, with seats on two sides; the preacher looking at the backs of some of his auditors when he is talking. One of these pews is reserved for the Governor, who has a legal right to a sitting in each parish church.

On the walls are mural tablets telling the story of yellow fever epidemics; extolling the virtues of long forgotten men and women. Many of these are examples of the work of Bacon and Westmacott. A memorial erected to Governor Popple, who died in Bermuda, Nov. 17, 1744, is irrever-

ently known to the Islanders as "Governor Popple's certificate of character". It is conspicuously placed. Among other things this Governor endeared himself to the ladies of Bermuda by imposing a tax of one shilling a head on bachelors. I asked my guide a great many questions concerning these tablets and discovered that he was the custodian not alone of the plate, but of much history as well.

The Artist joined me among the tombs. He was rid of his grouch and was feeling in good humor, having completed his fifteenth sketch since our landing. He quizzed me as we strolled. A party of some twenty or more tired looking tourists led by a sharp featured guide was streaming in at the gate. Long before they were all assembled, the guide began his description of the place; the actual meager historic recital being eked out by generous requisitions on his fertile brain. He led his company through in some haste.

Among them we noticed the pretty girl we had seen the previous day at the "Love Well". We saw, too, that the lanky chap to whom she gave the love philter was not among the crowd. She was chatting vivaciously with the fellow of the bald head and half consumed cigar. He was telling her all about Old Trinity on Broadway, N. Y., with St. Peter's, Bermuda, showing up very unfavorably by comparison. Behind these came a bridal couple, she hanging to him, somewhat awed, but trustingly, it seemed. He had a camera and wanted to use it.

"Don't, George!" she pleaded. "It's so terribly gloomy in here. You ought to snap only the pleasant things on our honeymoon!"

"Pshaw! Gracie—what does it matter?"

As a matter of fact it was quite evident it did matter, for George snapped nothing. Even had he felt inclined to ignore the pleading of Gracie he would have had no time to select a subject. The

guide away at the other end of the churchyard was calling:

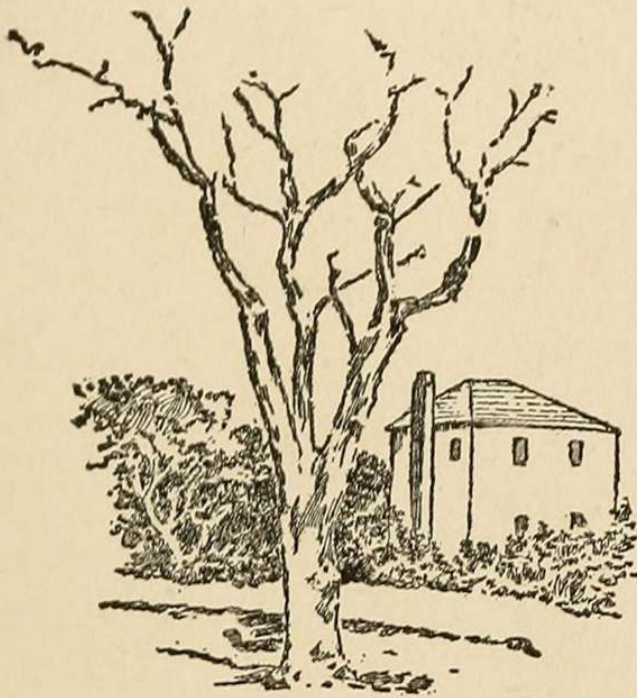
“Now, we’ll take this path down to the Public



Gardens and Somers’ Tomb and the ‘Monkey Puzzle tree’.”

They straggled out at the gate, George with the

camera swinging uselessly in his hands, and Gracie bringing up the rear. The pretty girl glanced back over her shoulder at the Artist, saying to her



companion, "Oh! I must see the 'Monkey Puzzle tree'."

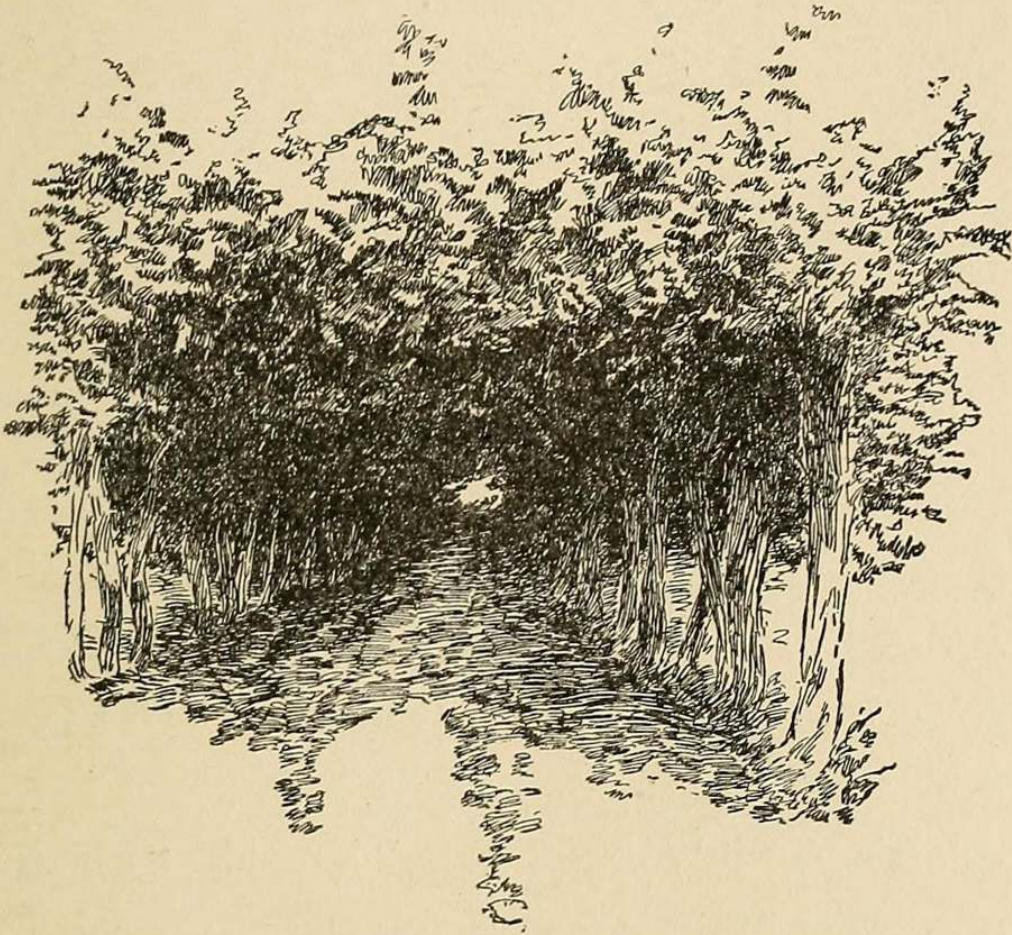
When they were gone the Artist laughed. "It took that bunch just four minutes to see all there is of interest in St. Peter's! Say, did you see

Baldy of the ship with the 'Love Well' damsel? What d'ye think happened to the chap who took the love dose, eh?" He grinned.

I said nothing. The Artist pulled out his watch: "I've just time for a shave—you need one, too."

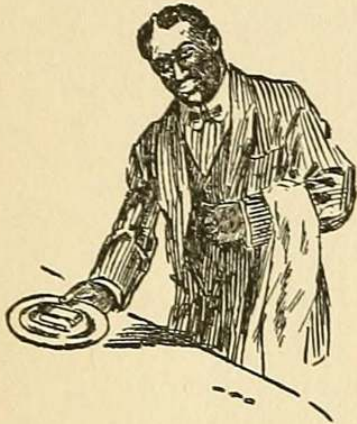
He said he knew of a man in York Street, at the intersection of Old Maid's Alley, who would shave both of us for sixpence. We started for the place, but in that rambling handful of town, where streets ran without aim or direction, we lost our way. We brought up at the rise of a hill and looked up into five furlongs of thick-set shade. It was an avenue leading over to the barracks of the Engineer Corps, lined on either side with closely standing cedars. So close were they that the branches overhead interlaced, permitting no sunlight to fall on the pathway beneath. It was a gloomy walk and yet one in which the lover of solitude and nature might find a restful hour. The

breeze soughed musically overhead. There was the chirping of brown birds in the foliage, but nothing else to vex the stillness. This spot, we



learned afterward, has its associations with the past. It was the walk frequented by Tom Moore, the sentimental Irish poet, when in 1804 he filled

the post of Registrar of the Court of Vice-Admiralty. St. Georges was his home; the cedar walk his pleasure. It is even now called by some folks "The Poet's Ramble".



We loitered along the neglected pathway. The Artist busied himself with a sketch. When he looked at his watch again it was near noon. It was high noon when we sat down to lunch at the Inn. The Artist was a busy man directly.

"Look here, Thomas," he said to the mild mannered Senegambian who served us, "it's quick service this day. We're bound for a trip to the Natural Arch in an hour."

Thomas was the most deferential person I ever saw.

"It's blowin' some outside," he said. "I heard a man out in the Square say it was rough out beyond 'Three Sister Islands'. He said somethin' 'bout a dinghy havin' upset there this mornin'!"

This statement caught me in the act of sipping my tea. Some of it spilled over into my lap. The Artist noticed it and, to cover up what he afterward described as a case of nerves, he laughed blusteringly.

“Pooh! we don’t care how hard the wind blows, or how wild and rough the water gets, do we?” Here he leaned over and slapped me roughly on the back. Somehow or other his mannerisms were getting to be as objectionable to me as those of Captain S——.

When Thomas came back with the dessert he continued his recital. He said somebody had pulled two half drowned men out of the overturned dinghy, and

A familiar, hearty voice floated up to us from the Square. It was Captain S——, who was asking about us. The Artist bolted his pie. I was eating but little. Downstairs in the square Captain S—— shook our hands heartily. We might

almost have been separated a month the way he grabbed hold of me.

“Wind’s right, me boys!” Then he qualified the statement. “It’s right up to a certain pint. Mind you, not exactly as I could have wished it—a muckle to the southard. But, me lads, I don’t rule the wind, do I? Now, we’re like to go through a nasty bit of water this side the Swing Bridge, but after that I hopes the blinkin’ ’arbor’ll be fair decent.”

“We might delay the trip until to-morrow—or even later,” I ventured.

“You might, me lad! But it’s not like we’ll ever ’ave a bloomin’ ladies’ day this time o’ the year.”

A negro, wearing a most familiar look, and carrying a short whip, lounged across the Square. He touched his hat deferentially to me. It was Bill of the stage.

“You gentlemen goin’ back to Hamilton soon?” he asked airily.

"We're going for a boat trip to the Natural Arch," said the Artist.

"O, then you ain't goin' back to Hamilton soon!" said Bill, with an air of finality.

Confound it! What ailed these people anyway? Everybody, designedly or not, seemed determined to sow my mind as thick with evil forebodings as the harbor with coral.

There was Captain S——, then the fisherman, then the waiter and now it was Bill of the stage.

"How does it look over in Hamilton?" I asked him, eagerly.

"Mighty well," he affirmed. Then he plied his whip on a cur that was sniffing at his trouser leg.

"Git out, you hobo dog! What you nosin' 'bout



me fur?" Then to me: "Hopes t' see you gentlemen agin!" He made an unnecessarily fierce swipe at the mongrel on his way to the Town Hall, near which he had moored his team.

I declined the Artist's invitation to Scotch and soda. Captain S—— did not. Alone, I watched the pair vanish at the sign of "The Bar."

CHAPTER V



IN THE frame of mind I then was, it mattered little whether Bill hit the cur, or the cur bit Bill. I was restless and meandered down toward the dock. On the way Bill passed me again as I crossed the Square. He had unmoored his rig and was driving as recklessly down the open road as the physical capabilities of his team would permit. Furthermore, the noise he made roused half the dogs in the immediate neighborhood and these gave instant chase. By the time his rig entered Water Street he was pursued by a yelping pack of canines that were soon lost in a smother of dust in the vicinity of the post office. On the dock I walked

over to the "Daisy". The pilot was taking his comfort and his "nooning" nicely curled up against one of the dismantled guns. He was smoking a pipe. A grizzled, wire-haired dog crawled out from beneath his knees and allowed me to look for a moment at a formidable display of irregular teeth. I spoke soothingly to the animal and asked the owner its name.

"Fritz," answered he of the pipe, shortly.

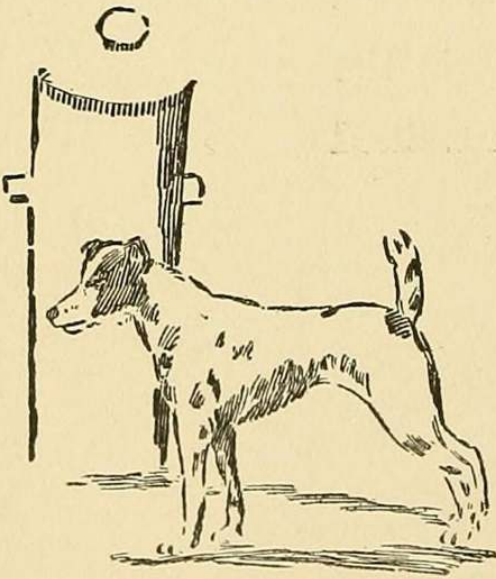
"Do you operate the boat?" I asked, chirping cheerily at Fritz.

"The boat belongs to me—if that's what you mean."

I thanked him and propounded another question.

"Is the wind high out there in the harbor?"

He looked me over for several minutes. Not as if he were weighing the matter, but as though he sought the reason for my query.



Then he said: "It's blowin' as hard here as it is out there."

I lighted a cigarette. "When do you make the next trip to St. David's?"

"Want to go?" he inquired.

"Not to-day," I said. "There is a party of us going by sailboat to the Natural Arch, over at Tucker's Town."

He looked at me from under the peak of his cap.

"Captain S—— of Ordnance Island yonder is going to take us," I remarked.

"The sketch fellow—him with the little fool stool—is he agoin'?"

"Yes, he's the Artist."

There didn't seem to be much to be said after that. Presently Fritz got up and looked over toward the Inn. Then he growled, giving a back view of his throat as he leaped over a prostrate gun in the direction of Captain S—— and the Artist. They were coming rapidly. Captain

S—— kicked savagely at Fritz, and missed. Fritz retreated to where we were sitting.

“Oh, there you are,” said the Artist to me. He had his sketch pad and the stool the Pilot had noted under his arm. Captain S—— was already on the water stairs shouting for Charon. Soon the big lumbering boat put out from the landing stage across the Styx. There were two aboard—the ferryman and another. The latter was a military chap, stockily built, with his thumbs stuck in his khaki belt. He leaped nimbly to the dock as the boat grazed the steps and gave a brisk salute to Captain S——.

“Well, Tim, me man, what’s amiss?”

Tim dropped his hand: “It’s like this, sir. I went to fix the bloomin’ mast in the dinghy yon, as was me horders, an’ ’anged if the boat warn’t ’arf full o’ water. She’s a ’ole in ’er bow as big as me ’ead where she bunked a coral rock, or I don’t know nothink!”

I could have thrown my arms around Tim for the news he brought. It was quite evident that Captain S—— would not. It must be recorded here that his vocabulary contained a superfluity of picturesque profanity. A part of this he loosed upon the hapless Tim, the dock, Charon, the Styx and Castle Harbor. From a jovial gentleman of an easy humor he was metamorphosed into an animal of black passion. Tim was busy making military salutes, and among them he gave the Captain the heel click. Captain S—— turned to the Artist.

“’Tis a blinkin’ bit o’ ’ard luck, me lads! If the boat’s as Tim here says, I’ll be all afternoon makin’ her fit. Mind you, I wouldn’t care myself about a barrel o’ water in her, with more a-comin’—not me! I’m thinkin’ of you chaps and the bally work o’ bailin’. Come now, I’ll give her a patch twixt this and noon to-morrow and, wind high or wind

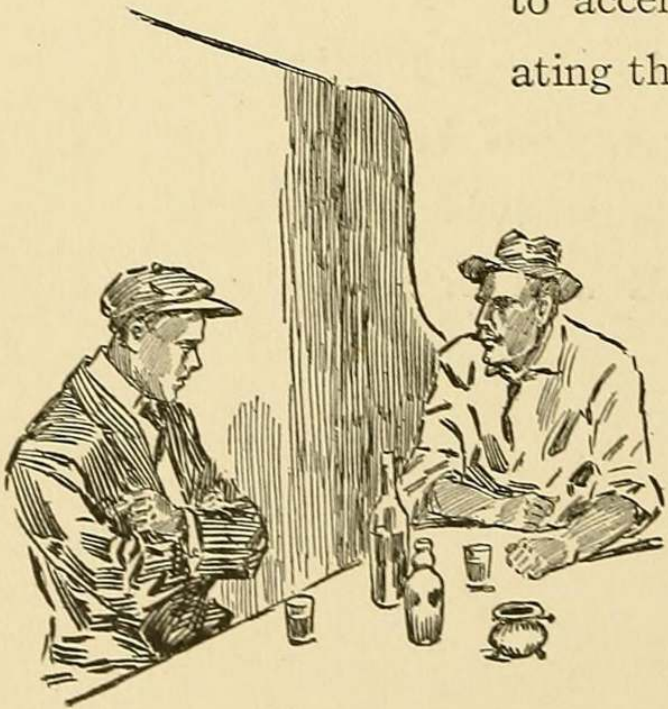
low, to the Natural Arch we go. What say you to that?"

The Artist, who did all the talking and planning, made an appropriate reply, winding up with another invitation to a Scotch and soda. Captain S—— wavered. He wiped the back of his hand across his mouth, looked at Tim, hitched his trousers and said: "Aye, aye, me lads!" Then he said to Tim: "Back you go, me man, and make the boat ready for the mendin'."

Over a second Scotch and soda Captain S—— became more merry. It was surprising what a pleasing effect this beverage had upon him. It made him very demonstrative; one might almost

say he was rough. Moreover it seemed to accentuate a way he had of punctuating the telling points in his remarks

by such muscular exertion as is included in slaps and thumps on the anatomy of



his nearest neighbor, varied occasionally by prodigious thwacks on the table. The Artist and I were both a little sore in spots when we separated from the Captain at the dock. He called back over the Styx, using his hands trumpetwise:

“Not a blinkin’ minute later than noon tomorrow, me lads!”

The Artist piped a response—I did not.

“That’s the best natured fellow I ever saw,” said the Artist, swinging about to me.

“You are speaking entirely for yourself!” I observed laconically.

“Where did you accumulate that grouch?” he asked.

“Never mind where or how,” I said. “Come, let us take the ‘Daisy’ to St. David’s.”

“By Jove! the very thing. Say, once in a blue moon you do get a glimmering of intelligence. It is funny about you—I have to do all the planning and scheming, you just follow along and

grumble. Now, first of all we'll go up to the Post Office. By the time we get back that Scandinavian pilot will be ready to start, maybe."

To make sure I stepped over and asked the Pilot.

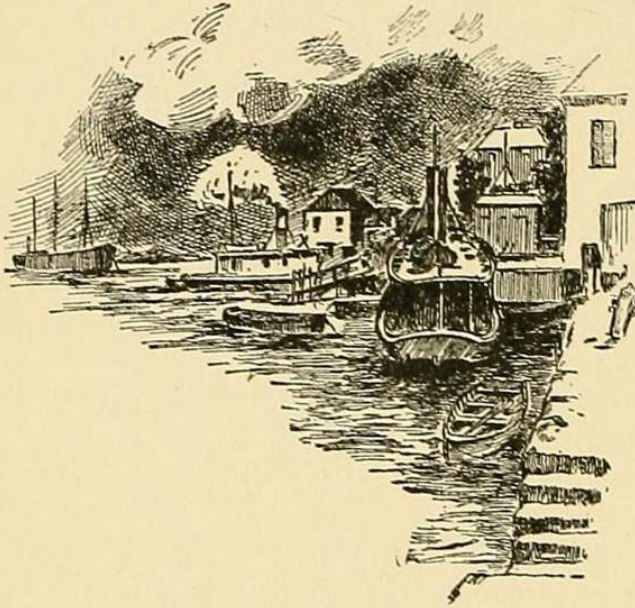
"If she's full we sail at 1 P. M., if she ain't full we sail at 1 P. M. A party of sight-seein' folks is due to take the trip. If you want a seat get aboard early."

On Water Street, a block from the Square, we came to the Post Office and Custom House. We passed the Police Station on the way. The Post Office was an odd looking structure, with upper and lower veranda. This building formerly was the Colonial jail, in which the American revolutionary prisoners were confined. It has its historic features. Between the exterior and interior walls are blocks of hard lime-stone. These walls probably thwarted many a convict bent upon es-

cape. It is interesting as a bit of history that John Stephenson was a prisoner here for six months in 1801, for preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ to African blacks and captive negroes, a law having been passed just to fit his so-called crime. This, it is said, was the last instance of religious persecution in the Colony. These scraps of history about the building we picked up from Postmaster B——, a gentleman of cultivated tastes and manners. He had full charge of His Majesty's mails and was a person of responsibility. He took us over the old building, making us thoroughly at home in his offices. He seemed to take a liking to the Artist. Before we left, he had secured our promise to be his guests that night at a ball up at the big hotel on the hill.

We had to run back to the boat and were just in time, the last of the sight-seeing folks being in the act of embarking as we drew up at the string-piece. We recognized a few in the company.

There were our friends in St. Peter's—the "Love Well" damsel, Baldy of the ship and Gracie and George. George seemed to be in bad. That is to say, he had helped Gracie tenderly aboard and,



stepping back to get a surer footing, he quite accidentally trod on Fritz. Dog and man entered the "Daisy" together, Fritz having secured a grip on George's trouser leg that required the persuasive force of the Pilot's boot heel to loosen. There was some disturbance, of course. The

"Love Well" damsel was heard to titter consumedly, as Gracie looked George over for possible lacerations. A big brewer from Flatbush, U. S. A., said something about dogs being a "derved nuisance anyway". His wife, a portly woman of severe mien, who seemed con-

tinually enveloped in a grouch, didn't agree with him. Just as it looked like a happy family row, we climbed aboard to the cabin roof.

Passing out north of Ordnance Island, the boat entered the Town Cut section of the harbor. We secured a water view of Convict Bay, with its numerous shore indentations and water logged hulks. Red walled, white roofed government machine shops and storehouses lined the coves to Building's Bay. Here the ship builders labored to build a craft big enough to replace the lost *Sea Venture* three centuries ago. Beyond these, only much further out, lay the *King George*—the steam dredger—which the St. Georges folk hope some day will cleave a sea way for big vessels into the harbor. She was busy eating away the point of a coral island, her machinery creaking and groaning prodigiously in the operation.

A native crawled to us along the roof of the deck-house and told us something of the heart-

ache and hope that lay behind the movement in progress for the Town Cut Channel. It had to do with the jealousies subsisting between the city of Hamilton, over on Great Sound, and St. Georges. It seems this question of the Town Cut has been the cause of frequent bickerings in the Island Parliament and it is a sore spot in conversations between land owners in Pembroke and St. Georges. When the Town Cut Channel is completed it is confidently expected that there will be a newer and bigger St. Georges. The folks don't ever hope to get back the seat of government, but they believe there will be a big diversion of tourist travel. It means an enlargement of benefits from this source to St. Georges, for tourists will then come to the town direct, instead of by way of Hamilton. He pointed back to the Signal Station up on the hill above the town and showed us a little lower down the St. George Hotel, a big white building, with a commanding

view of the North Shore and Harbor. This hostility, he said, was built by the town folk in anticipation that some day the town would awake from its slumber and become a thriving burg. All this and more we learned on the deck house of the "Daisy", but our knowledge was subsequently enlarged in later conversations with the Islanders.

Our friend, the Native, was a type of Islander common to St. Georges. Dressed in rumpled linen trousers and coat, he wore a white canvas hat turned down at the brim. His face was tanned to a brick red, but he was reminiscently conversational. We knew he was not a St. David's Islander, for he talked to us in a very unconventional strain about the peculiarities of the sturdy race who, through isolation, have closely retained the old 'Mudian traditions of living. These folks farm, fish, pilot vessels, and comb the beaches in the wake of the storms, according to the ways of their ancestors. He referred

to these Islanders as "Mohawks", declaring truculently that "they cawn't abide the tourist, you know!"

The "Daisy" shifted her course. While she nosed her way through a narrow passage between Smith's Island and St. David's, I got a shock which nearly caused me to lose my grip on the cabin roof. The Native had finished a bit of reminiscence and the Artist was questioning him. The thing he asked was unimportant, but its startling feature was the fact that he used the broad "a" and a rising inflection. He had flatted the "a" all his life and it was ludicrous to hear him drawl out "cawn't" and "shawn't" as he did. I recovered my equipoise in the limpid water beyond the passage. The shore on either side of the bay was indented by tiny coves. One of these was called Dolly's Bay. On the sand is the remnant of a Civil War torpedo raft, one of those built in New York to be used in as-

saults on Charleston. This broke away from the tow of the steamer *Ericsson* in a gale off Hatteras in 1862 and was never recovered. For ten years the curious old derelict drifted, a dangerous waif, until the currents carried it down to Bermuda. It was built of heavy pine timbers, at one end of which projected two arms, each intended to hold a torpedo. The other end, or tail, was constructed to fit the bows of a Monitor, which was supposed to push the craft against the submarine barricades of Charleston Harbor, exploding the torpedoes by contact with the obstruction. The relic, our friend, the Native, pointed out to us, was simply a mass of rusty spikes and soft crustacea-covered timbers.

The "Daisy" made a stop at a little pier jutting out into the bay. This pier was of stone construction and from it a long, irregular flight of steps led up the hill to a rambling old house, in a nest of cedars. Two people got off, one of whom

was the Native. He waved us an adieu from the landing stage. The Artist was sorry to part with him, for he had been most entertaining. The run out to the last ferry landing was short. Out in the open before we made the pier we caught a slant of wind from the south that caused the little craft to heel a trifle to leeward and I heaved a long breath of relief at the thought that we were not then at the mercy of Captain S—— and the dinghy. We were among the last to set foot on the dock, simply because the Artist objected to getting mixed up with the tourist mob. George and Gracie were lingering—that is, George was. She had him by the coat sleeve and was pleading. In spite of these impediments to action, George made several savage but futile efforts to plant a vindictive kick on Fritz's anatomy. He had an insecurely pinned rent in his trouser leg that seemed to amuse the pilot, who leaned against the deck house, taking no umbrage at George's efforts to

demolish his property. I was sorry because of George's barren efforts, for I hated the surly little beast myself.

In the wake of the tourist crowd we crossed to the road. The destination of everybody was St. David's Lighthouse on Mount Hill, a half mile climb from the ferry landing. We bumped into the tourists at the shore end of the dock. They were crowded about a rude framework cart to which were attached two of the most forlorn looking donkeys it has been my lot to see. The pair were driven by an old negro patriarch, with snow-white hair and whiskers. He had a shrunken, shriveled face, lighted by a pair of remarkably expressive eyes, that gave him an exceedingly incongruous look. Everyone in the crowd, after the manner of tourists, wanted to be photographed on the cart in the act of driving. The Patriarch seemed indifferent to entreaties. Baldy of the Ship and the Brewer from Flatbush, U. S. A., got

nto a really heated argument about the matter. Conversation waxed loud, drawing the attention of a couple of King George's men, loitering in the shade of an uncompleted ammunition house hard by. As they came over, one said to the other:

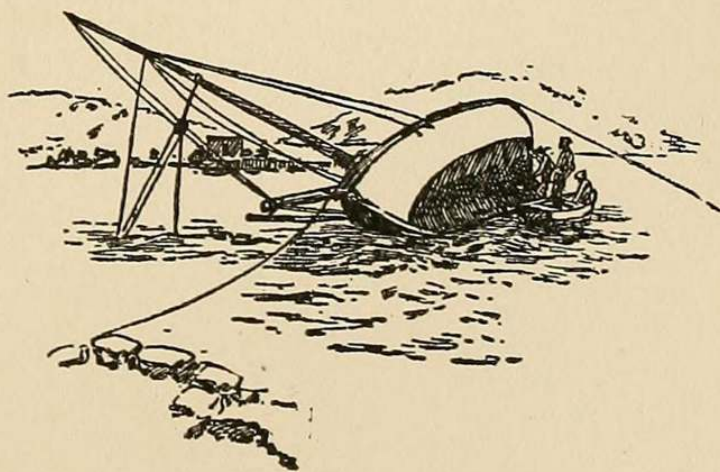
“Hi say, Joe, hit's a bloomin' row!”

The other said: “Aw! pink me full o' 'oles, 'twill come to naught.”

Nor did it. It developed that both Baldy and the Brewer had the same thing in mind, only expressed differently. It was that the whole party be photographed on the cart in pairs. This being settled it was then a question of terms with the Patriarch. Precedence was given to the bridal couple, so the honeymooners mounted the cart, while the Guide posed the pair. Gracie draped her skirt over the rent in George's trouser leg just before the “Love Well damsel” snapped the camera. After that the instrument went out of commission. It may have been because the Brewer and

his wife were posing, or it may have been for any other reason, but the fact remains it would not work. In the midst of the succeeding argument the "Love Well" damsel mounted the cart. At her imperious command the Patriarch started his team and the way was clear to the Lighthouse road. The two army men shaped a course for the shade of the ammunition house.

Half way to the turn in the road up Mount Hill, we came to a cove in which, with tackle on her masts, lay a boat, heeled over on one side, in position for overhauling. Several men were painting and scraping her keel. The boat was *The Secret*—the first pilot boat launched in Bermuda waters. The Artist on this information unlimbered his sketching materials and got busy. The vessel was a trim looking craft, and if the stories they tell of her prowess are true, she has seen a lot more weather than many a full



rigged ship of five times her size on the stormy main. We learned that she rode out the hurricane of 1896, when seas in the land-locked harbor raced over the Government buildings in Convict Bay and on Ordnance Island.

This detail the Artist picked up from a boatman—a typical St. David's Islander, who was a member of her crew. The Artist was very particular about this sketch—it was his first on St. David's and the fortieth in the series. Further along up Mount Hill we passed the Brewer and his wife. She was a heavy woman, who labored excessively in the climb. A little way along, my attention was attracted by the sound of a plaintive bleat, apparently emanating from a patch of cactus and cedars on the roadside. It called for investigation. A little weakling kid disclosed itself, hopelessly entangled in the rope by which it was tethered. I stooped to loosen the cord. The Brewer and his wife toiled by. They had speculated as to the

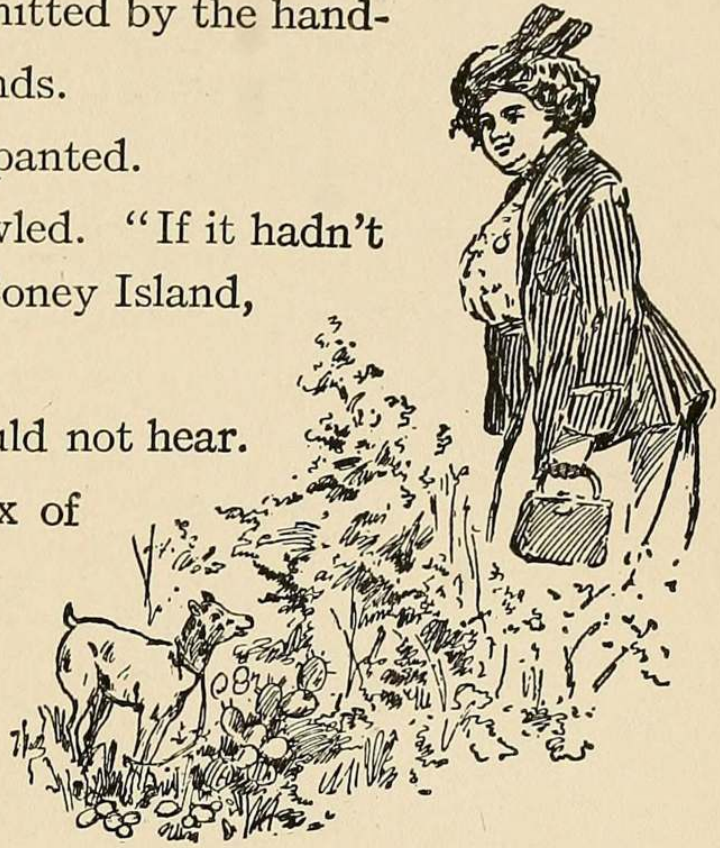
source of the doleful sounds emitted by the handful of kid struggling in my hands.

"It's a goat all right!" she panted.

"You get my goat!" he growled. "If it hadn't been for you I'd be down at Coney Island, takin' it easy!"

What she said to that we could not hear.

When we stood on the apex of Mount Hill, we were right under St. David's Lighthouse. It was an octagonal limestone tower, 55 feet from base to lantern, and nearly 209 feet above sea level. The tourist crowd was squatted on the grass at its foundation, resting after the climb up the hill. Baldy of the Ship was the only one standing and he was creating a little diversion for the party. Removing his cap he exposed a sweaty pate and scraped the perspiration off on the grass at the



feet of the "Love Well" damsel. "Thus, I baptise thee, St. David!" he said.

Everybody laughed except the Guide and the Artist. The latter said "Pish!" in disgust and dragged me off to the tower entrance. We made the acquaintance of the Keeper and were permitted to climb the stairs at his heels. The lighthouse was built in 1879, he told us. Its steady white light enables navigators to take cross bearings with the Gibb's Hill flash down in Southampton, at Great Whale Point—Bermuda's answering beacon. The eastern gallery of St. David's overlooks the new St. David's Fort and the rugged cliffs of St. David's Head, beyond which are buoys marking the channel through the barrier reefs to the north and east. Due north and west the bays between St. David's and Smith's came into view. We could make out the harbor and town and the pinkish red washed buildings on Ordnance Island. South and southwest were the breakers and the

islands of Castle Harbor down to the lower edge of Tucker's Town. These views were pointed out to us by the Keeper.

"Is it always rough in Castle Harbor?" I inquired.

He looked me over contemplatively. "Well," he said slowly, "the currents criss-cross and there is generally a smother of sea, let the wind blow as it will. Boy an' man for fifty years I've always fought shy of the churnin' down there where the inlet leads to Tucker's Town." He stopped and looked full at me.

"D'ye think of goin' there by water?"

"Yes!" I said faintly.

He took another long look at me.

"Not goin' alone?"

I shook my head.

"Captain S—— of Ordnance Island is going to take us. He's mending a hole in his boat now," I ended falteringly.

The Keeper's jaw dropped in amazement.

"That daredevil!" he said.

I thought I noted a little tremolo in the Artist's voice when he changed the subject, which he did almost immediately. He asked about Castle Island. The Keeper grew descriptive. "That's it down there in a smudge of gray. It's all a gray ruin, and a bleak, barren spot with only sage bush, prickly pears and scrub cedar—it's full of goats, rabbits, lizards and crabs. The very look of the place will make your flesh creep, but it's easier to get to than Tucker's Town—aye, much easier!"

We learned from him that Castle Harbor used to be the chief anchorage of early Bermuda, but that for two hundred years the coral insects have worked so rapidly that the whole harbor is now filled with shoals; it is really a succession of sea gardens—the show place beloved of tourists. Then he told us about the lighthouse of which

he was keeper. It seems that the plan of establishing St. David's Light was bitterly opposed by the Islanders. This opposition was openly fostered by the natives because of the knowledge that with the light a profitable source of livelihood would pass. There would no longer exist a reason for beach-combing. Up to the time the light was established, the native was a wrecker by occupation. He explored the beaches at the base of the cliffs, taking as his own the spoils of the sea. The stories we heard concerning wrecks driven on the barrier reefs along the much feared east coast made our blood run cold. Collectively these were a sad commentary on the manhood of the hardy Islanders who, in times past, hailed with delight the destruction of the stressed, storm riven craft, lost in the wild Atlantic surges.

We learned, too, of the long and patient fight for the St. David's beacon, made by a man of gentle parts, in the town of St. Georges. This

man is Honorable Joseph Ming Hayward, who reckoned it the happiest moment of a long life when he viewed from his veranda, for the first time, the steady warning ray on the tower of St. David's. It represented the culmination of thirty years of effort.

Down at the base of the tower the Artist composed himself to sketch. The tourists had scattered, a few were up in the gallery of the lighthouse looking down. The others lay, sat or stood about on the grass. The "Love Well" damsel and Baldy exhibited a keen interest in the Artist and his work. They edged over to him to watch his pencilings.

"Oh, wouldn't I like to do that!" she exclaimed ecstatically.

Baldy said he knew a man on Broadway, N. Y., who was a cracker-jack at that sort of thing and he forthwith launched into a description of his own skill in earlier years. The Artist made a few

observations, politely explanatory. These were addressed to the "Love Well" damsel. She was demurely attentive and sat on the grass alongside of him. Baldy seemed a bit put out, in fact, he was plainly annoyed. Others of the party gathered round and presently the Artist was the center of a group of admiring females. The Brewer and his wife joined the crowd, but she said she was tired and flopped down on the grass. She was not too tired to talk, however. She was carrying a hand bag of leather; a gold mesh pocket book and other gold things dangling on the chain. She laid everything down to mop her face, and then carried on a rapid fire conversation with other members of the party. What she said had a good deal to do with the sea trip down to Bermuda; how sick her brewer husband was and what nice people they knew in Flatbush. She was talking volubly and gesturing with her arms and hands, when suddenly she screamed:

"Somebody's stolen my pocket book!"

Everybody jumped up immediately.

"I know they have. It was full of money, too!" she cried excitedly.

There was instant consternation in the little gathering. Folks began to edge away from one another, darting suspicious glances back and forth. The only one in the crowd who didn't move was the Artist. The Brewer looked at Baldy openly.

The "Love Well" damsel broke the tense silence.

"Perhaps you put it in your handbag," she suggested icily.

The woman snatched up her handbag, protesting shrilly: "I know some one has it!" She opened the receptacle nevertheless. There lay the gold mesh bag and the other gold things.

"Well, somebody put it there—I didn't!" she snapped, looking around defiantly.

The Brewer turned upon her. What he said is of no consequence to anyone. Suffice it that George and Gracie held hands. She looked appealingly into his eyes, while his lips answered her mute question with a positive declaration that no such storm cloud should ever, ever rise above the horizon of their connubial partnership.

The Guide came forward.

“We start back now to catch the ferry.”

The Artist and I remained on the hill—he had his interrupted sketch to finish.

“Do you know,” he said pensively, “that the ‘Love Well’ damsel is not a bad sort!”

“No?” I questioned.

“No,” he said positively. “She’s interested in art and all that. Furthermore she’s to be at the ball up at the hotel to-night.”

“Indeed!” I observed. Then I remarked further: “I assume that we are going to the ball!”

“You are good at deduction!”

“And you seem to be like a fly badly tangled up in some sort of a net. Is this thing going to break up our trip?”

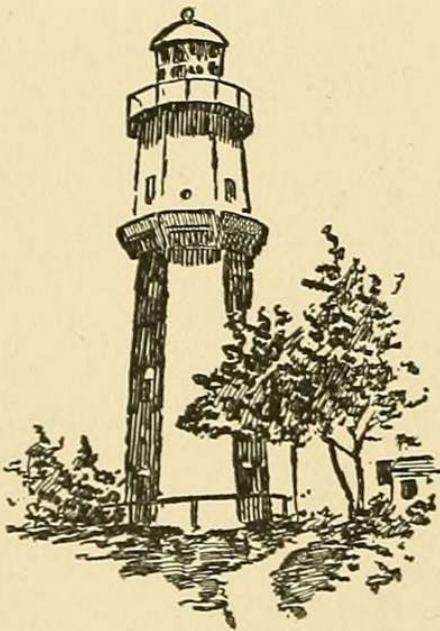
He laughed blithely and then quoted from Withers:

“‘Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?’ ”

With this I was forced to remain content.

We caught the “Daisy” on her last trip back from St. David’s. It was dusk and the short autumn twilight came down on us before we got out of Dolly’s Bay. There was a racing tide through the narrow way between Smith’s and St.

David’s and the Pilot had to signal many times to the engine room for speed to stem it. Seated on the cabin roof on that trip back was one of the most delightful experiences we ever had.



The thick-set, heavily wooded shores of Smith's ran down to the edge of the water. Up on the slopes the trees thinned out rapidly. Now and then a date palm, scrubby and old, stood lonely, clinging to the thin soil in a seemingly desperate effort to obtain sustenance. Half way across the harbor we looked back at the black bulk of St. David's and caught the steady glow of the beacon as the light shot out into the night. We were the "Daisy's" only passengers.



CHAPTER VI

IT seemed to me that the Artist dressed for dinner with more care than usual. He was overly particular about his tie and the set of his stiff shirt. He had a two days' growth of beard which he said he would have removed after we had dined. The obsequious Thomas brushed, with many an apology, an imaginary speck of lint from my coat, as we sat down at the table. He seemed very solicitous as to our comfort and, after the manner of the well-ordered Island waiter, appealed to us to know if we had had a pleasant afternoon. The Artist said "Fine and dandy!" Thomas knew positively that we had not been to Tucker's Town and so did every one else within a mile of Ord-

nance Island, but he asked just the same what we thought of the place, and if the water was rough. Indeed he looked quite sad and disappointed when informed that we still had the pleasures of that trip in sight.

There were many people in the dining-room and we soon discovered that most of them were going to the ball up at the hotel. In the company were several tourists whom we had not seen before. A party of two—man and wife, I judged, at a table near us discussed the pleasures of a trip by carriage, in the afternoon drive, over to Walsingham House. They had seen the famous calabash tree under which Tom Moore wooed the Muse in solitary happiness. Also they were enchanted with the rustic bridge in the grounds. We were mightily interested in this and the Artist leaned over to whisper to me:

“We get an early start to-morrow and take all that in.” The lady was most enthusiastic about

Tom Moore. She said he was the true poet of Bermuda. She knew he was charmed with the place because he wrote such pretty verses about the Islands. Listen to this, dear," she said, leaning across to her vis-à-vis:

“ ‘But bless the little fairy isle!
How sweetly, after all our ills,
We saw the dewy morning smile
Serenely o’er its fragrant hills!
And felt the pure elastic flow
Of airs that round this Eden blow,
With honey freshness caught by stealth,
Warm from the very lips of health!’ ”

“Jove! but you’ve caught the spirit of the poet,” he said. “I don’t like the knocking about in the Gulf Stream, but when one lands—well, it’s like getting into another world. I’m here with a tremendous appetite and enchanted.”

There was a good deal more of it, all to the same effect. We had at length met two tourists

who were not bored. On the way out the Artist stopped to speak with K——. In the lobby I met Mrs. K—— and the Inn cat. The latter twisted and purred in ecstasy at being noticed and stroked.

“You should be glad not to have taken the trip to the Natural Arch,” she said. “It has been terribly rough in Castle Harbor.”

“Yes,” I answered, “the keeper at the lighthouse and lots of other people have told us what a bad bit of water Castle Harbor is; and I have come to believe it.”

“What did the keeper say?” she inquired.

I told her in as few words as possible, even including the keeper’s estimate of Captain S——. Her comment on this was to remark tersely:

“Well, he *has* a reputation!”

The Artist came in at that juncture, smiling cheerfully, as was his wont. He had picked up some nautical verse from Captain S—— and this he growled out in deep tones:

"List to the tales of old
When we harried the coast of Spain!
O, we're a couple of sailors bold,
And we love the raging main."

Mrs. K—— laughed, then said, apropos of nothing, "The tourist folk at the St. Georges are giving the colored people a cake walk in the Town Hall to-morrow night."

"We go if we have to pay to get in," said the Artist determinedly, slapping me rudely on the back.

"Why, the Scribe says you are going to the Natural Arch with Captain S——," she observed.

"Sure—to-morrow at noon! But we hope to come back."

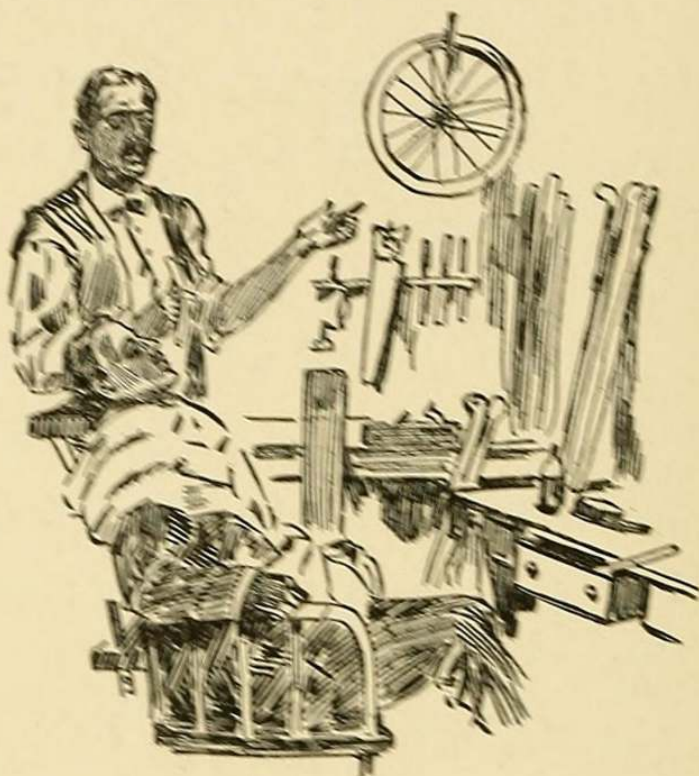
"Of course they expect to come back," cut in Mr. K—— who entered the room at that moment.

To me there seemed to be a good deal of unnecessary emphasis on the "expect". The Artist apparently failed to notice it. Nearly fifteen

minutes later we pushed in the door of a house on York Street at Old Maid's Alley. It was the shop of a jack-of-all-trades, to which the proprietor had added as a side line the profession of hirsute artist. He styled himself a barber. There were a few fixtures in the place suggestive of the art. These were mainly a small looking glass, two razors, a shaving cup and an ordinary arm chair. Mr. Barber at our behest laid aside a banana he was peeling, lighted an extra lamp, rolled up two soiled shirt sleeves, worked up a prodigious quantity of lather, and called for the first victim. The Artist, who seemed to fear nothing, responded with alacrity.

During the ensuing operation Mr. Barber gave us a history of his life from the period of adolescence to the time of our arrival. He asked us many questions concerning the great outside world from which we came and took an extremely lively interest in our ramble. When the Artist

spoke of the Natural Arch and Tucker's Town, including our projected trip on the morrow with Captain S——, the Barber was shaving me. He had the razor poised above my features with a



part of the flesh under my chin pinched betwixt his fingers and thumb ready for scraping.

“You said you were goin’ to Tucker’s Town, over across Castle Harbor!” he remarked in a

kind of husky breath. He addressed the Artist.

“That’s what I said,” replied the Artist, moving about restlessly in the shop.

The lamp above my head was smoking horribly. The Barber’s thumb and fingers gripped the fold under my chin tighter. “Not—in a small boat!” He was getting huskier

“Surest thing you know!” said the Artist with an air of finality.

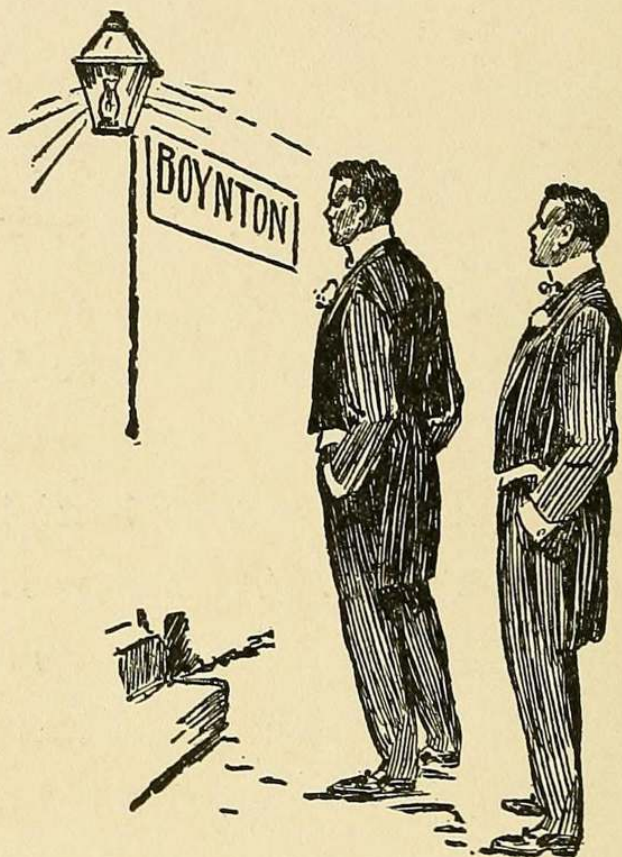
I was seeing things in that horribly crawly smoke above the lamp. The fellow had pulled my chin up so that the back of my neck rested on the hard rail of the chair. It was a painful position. I couldn’t cry out—I could only gasp. Then he resumed operations and finished the job.

“You pay for me,” I said to the Artist. “I wouldn’t give him a sou!”

The Artist paid. Mr. Barber followed us to the

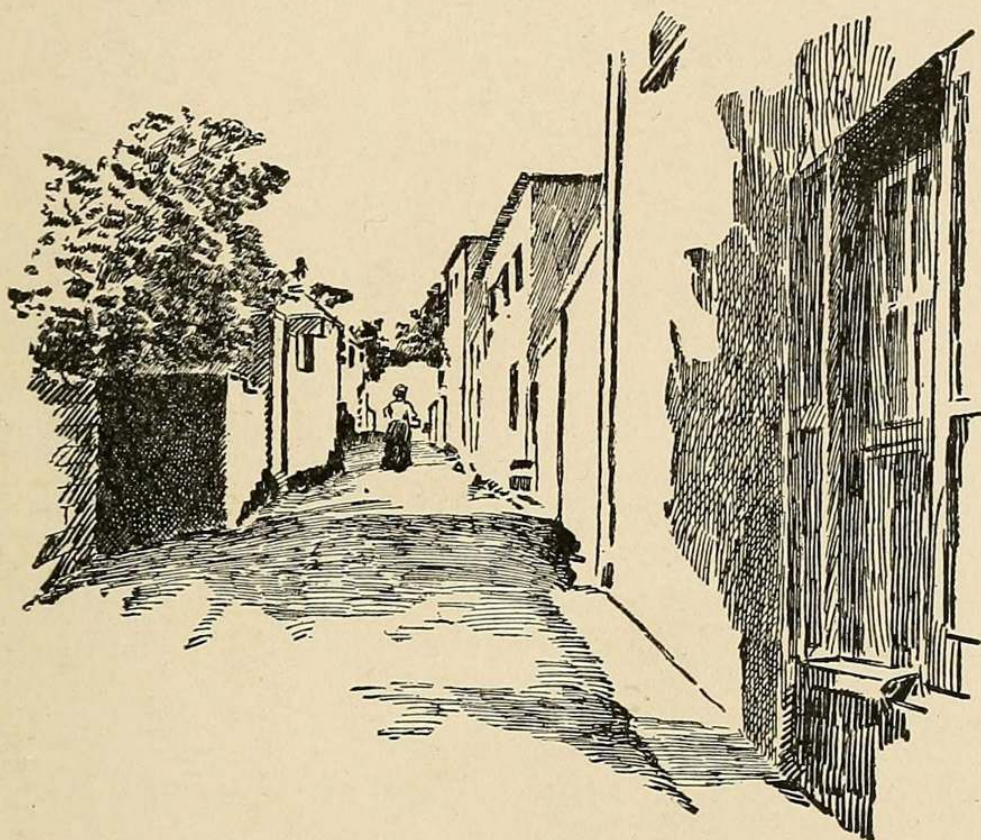
door. "We're likely to have a good deal of wind to-morrow," he said quite casually.

We took the turn into Old Maid's Alley, stop-



ping at the entrance to Boynton—the gateway leading into the home of the postmaster. He was there with a lantern, a little to the left of the Alley, waiting to be our guide to the hotel further

up the hill. We were greeted cheerily. On the way the postmaster told us much about the hotel. He is a stockholder in the structure and, along



with all the other influential townspeople, was deeply interested in the Town Cut project. The hotel is really a part of the town, since its construction was due solely to the financial enter-

prise and aid of the business interests in St. Georges. The architectural plan of the hotel is unique. The north end from the foundation to the wide veranda is formed in the shape of a ship, the model being designed after the plan of the *Sea Venture*, the ship wrecked on Sea Venture Flats in 1609. There are gunports along the sides and the impression of a ship is carried out on the veranda floor. This is fitted with a ship's rail along the outer edge. Scuppers, cabin skylights and a ship's binnacle are spread over the flooring. The illusion is carried out further by a carelessly flung coil of rope, a life buoy on the rail and a few handspikes. Under the deck, or veranda floor, is the grill room, its walls and ceiling fitted with beams and timbers like the interior of a ship. Mr. B——, the postmaster, took us about the place, explaining many matters. On deck we leaned over the rail, looking northward to Somers' Point, and gazed directly over the town, lying peacefully in

the hollow. It was dark, too, moonrise being far off. Behind us across the veranda lay the brilliantly lighted ballroom, alive with many moving figures in the mazes of a waltz. In a little while I missed the Artist. Presently Mr. B—— excused himself also. There were a number of people at the rail enjoying the rich beauty of the night. Hardly a breath stirred anywhere. It was an easy trick to look up into the starlit heavens and imagine one's self afloat on the sea. It was too dark below at that hour to discern trees in outline, consequently the illusion was almost perfect. Down the deck near the poop several girls came to a halt. They were talking and laughing. I surmised that they were tourists.

“It's dreadfully slow here,” remarked one of the number. “Now, in Hamilton there is a different air. There are the Military Band and the big lawns and lots of real life.” She spoke discontentedly.

“Yes,” said another, “it is stupid and slow after Hamilton. Think of the beautiful drives over there. It was yesterday, only, that we drove over Somerset to Ely’s Harbor, they call it, where the Cathedral Rocks can be seen. Believe me! they are beautiful. Then we went to Wreck Hill and, after that, to Ireland Island. Oh! we had a perfectly grand day.”

The third member of the group said she rather liked St. Georges because everything seemed so quiet and quaint. Then they moved away from the rail. I was moving off, too, when a couple emerging from the ballroom took up a position near me. He was fanning her; she was talking animatedly.

“Why, yes; we are going over to Crystal Cave and Tom Moore’s old house early to-morrow. Maybe we shall meet there.” It was the “Love Well” damsel and the man at her side was the Artist. I took a slanting look at him and

promptly turned my back. It was not my intention to play eavesdropper, but I did hear him say he was simply enraptured with the whole trip and that already he had made fifty sketches. He then



promised to show them to her. Shortly thereafter the moon rose. It was a waning orb, but it lighted up things a good deal in its progress over the arch, quickly dispelling the illusion of the

ship. But it was beautiful and the scene drew many tired dancers out from the ballroom. The Artist lost his partner presently and was soon standing beside me, with a very much wilted collar.

"Pity you wouldn't introduce me to your pretty girl friend," I said.

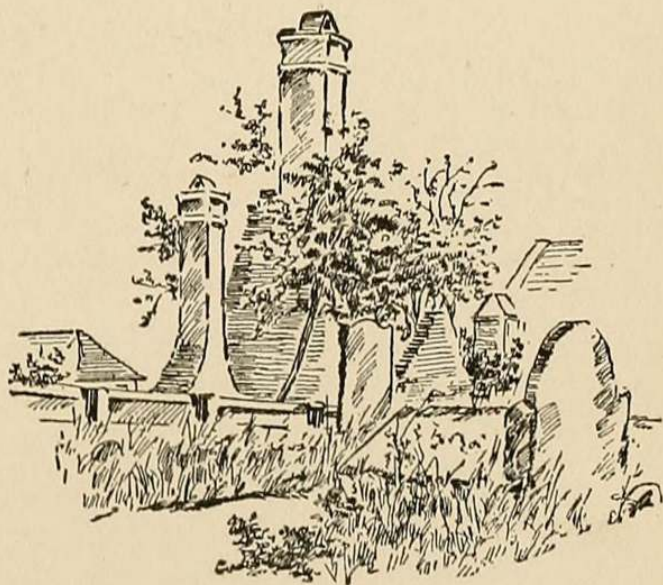
He only looked me over superciliously and immediately began to descant upon the beauty of the scene. Then apropos of nothing in the world he quoted from Moore's Odes to Nea.

" 'Nay, tempt me not to love again,
There was a time when love was sweet.
Dear Nea! had I known thee then,
Our souls had not been slow to meet.' "

It was my turn to look him over. Had he turned sentimental, or was this ebullition of mushiness only assumed? I might have answered him out of hand, and, perchance, somewhat rudely, had not our friend B—— made at that moment a

third in our company at the rail. The Artist asked him about "Nea" of the Odes and Tom Moore. From him we learned "Nea" was Hester Louise Tucker, the fascinating wife of William Tucker of St. Georges. It appears in the story that Moore's harmless attentions to Mrs. Tucker aroused the jealousy of her husband. At the time Moore was in his twenty-fifth year. B—— pointed to a crumbling ruin, off to the right in the town, that was barely discernible in the moonlight. This he described as the childhood home of Nea. He left us in doubt as to the ultimate fate of the lady, but the little he told quickened the Artist's interest in the proposed trip to Walsingham House, the calabash tree and the Cave Region. He could think of little else.

In the early morning I awoke to find the rain beating heavily against the windows. It was the first rain



since our arrival and it was coming down in fierce torrents. I understood then where and how Bermudians secured a water supply. At the entrance to the Inn we looked into a gloomy dawn. Water soaked natives raced their way across the flooded Square. Many of them in shelter were talking cheerily and laughing loudly. A good deal of the conversation was about the coming cake walk in the Town Hall. Leaning against this structure was Bill of the Stage, out to do his morning's marketing.

"Hello, Bill!" shouted the Artist.

Bill shuffled briskly over to the Inn, with his hands full of meat.

"Mornin', gentlemen! Guess you didn't go to Tucker's Town y'sterday, did you?" This was a declaration, and Bill laughed gleefully, not to say loudly.

The Artist ignored the observation.

"Can you take us in the stage to a point

near Walsingham House in, say, half an hour?" he asked.

"I kin," said Bill definitely. "Goin' to Tucker's Town and the Nateral Arch that-away?"

The Artist entered into some explanation.

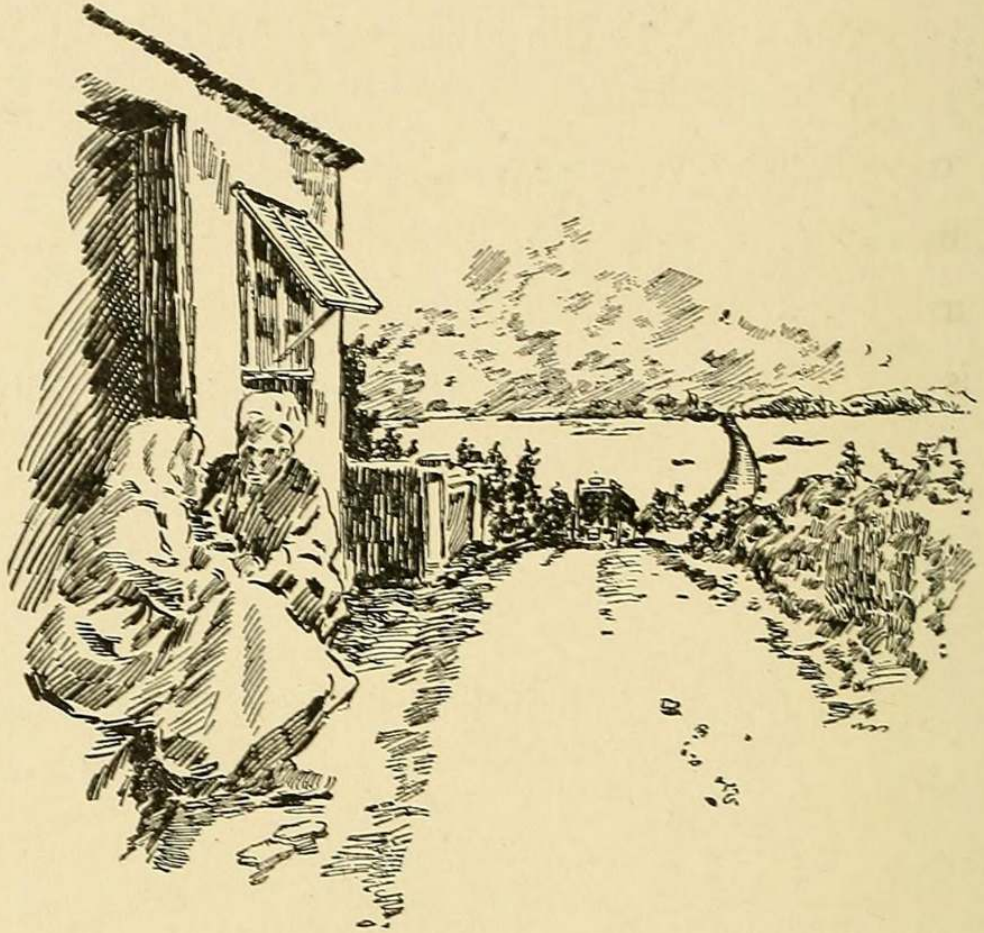
"M-m!" said Bill, "then you're goin' like you planned."

"We are if it don't rain," I answered, cheerfully confident that it would.

"O, it'll clear—bye an' bye!" said he airily.

In an hour's time it had cleared. The great masses of clouds were swept across the sky and the sun shone brightly. Soon there was nothing to tell us it had stormed except a wide patch of discolored water in the Styx, into which had run the overflow from the Square. The wind in the wake of the rain was high and it came from the east. In the stage out to the Causeway Bill cocked his

eye at the wind and observed casually that it looked mighty like more weather.

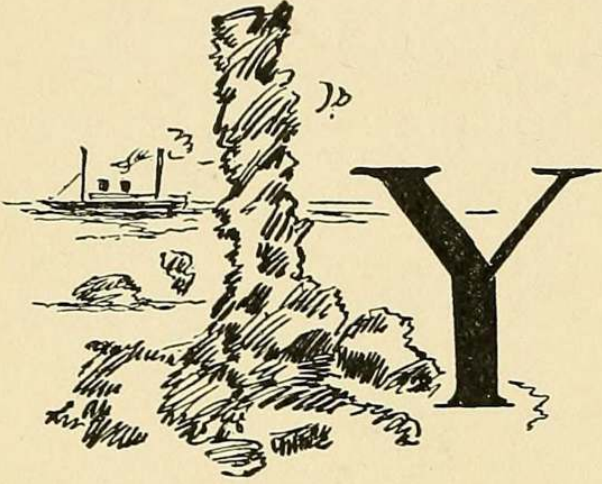


“Spec’ by the time I gets back from Hamilton ’bout noon, there’ll be some wind ’round ’bout the Swing Bridge!” Then he laughed and the

near horse performed under his ministrations with the whip, just as it did when we made the memorable trip on the eve of our landing.

On Long Bird Island, over the bridge, he picked up another passenger, with whom he discussed prospects for the coming crops of potatoes and onions. A little beyond Joyce's Caves the road turned westward at a sharp angle. Bill drew in his team.

CHAPTER VII

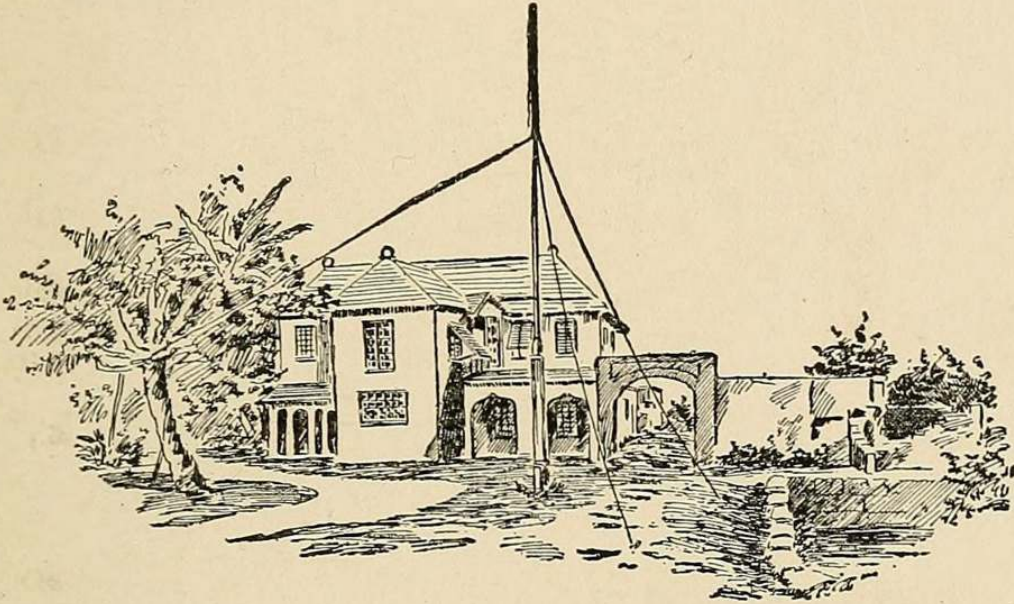


YOU gentlemen get off here for Walsin'am House. It's a mile or so along, with sign posts here and there. I'm due back at this p'int 'bout 'leven o'clock," declared Bill of the Stage.

We paid him, thanked him and waved him good bye. The Artist looked at his watch, reflected a moment and then led the way along the sweet scented road. He was unusually cheerful and full of the poetry of it all. "Listen to this," he said, quoting from Moore:

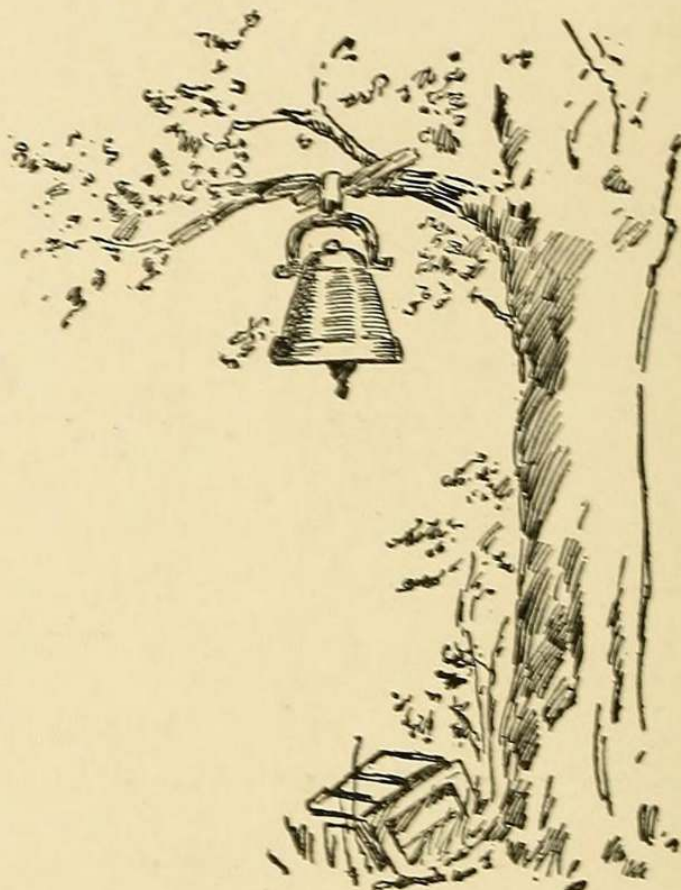
"Oh! could you view the scenery, dear,
That now beneath my window lies,

You'd think that Nature lavish'd here
Her purest wave, her softest skies.
To make a heaven for love to sigh in,
For bards to live and saints to die in!"



In the walk from there to the turn into Walsingham, I tried to figure out the change in the Artist. But I couldn't. We followed a track through a bit of natural woodland and, at its inner edge, where the trees thinned to a clearing, we got our first view of Walsingham. It lay on

the far side of a quiet bay whose waters reflected the outlines of the historic building. The Artist unlimbered his sketching materials, and there I



left him. A short walk brought me in front of the house at close range. The lawn was ill-kept; the surroundings neglected. Hanging from the limb

of a tree, a rod or so from the house, was a bell—a relic picked up from the wreckage of some ship.



MASTER
A₁
A₂
B₁
B₂
C₁
C₂

In the narrow porch I peeped into rooms unfurnished and bare. The house was empty save for

an old deal table and a few crippled and modern looking chairs. It was a place of many rooms, however, as we found later.

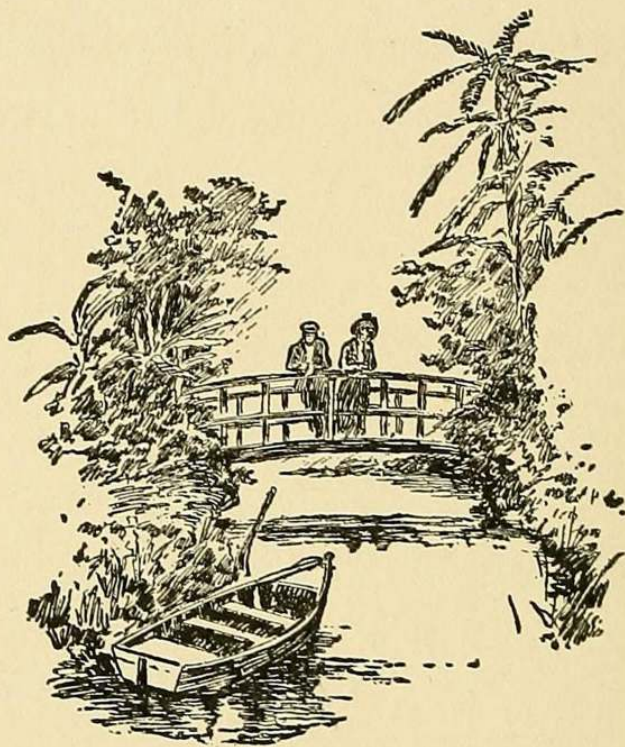
It is the home of the Trott family and no doubt in its day was a pretentious abode. The situation was charming, but the spot decidedly lonely. On its north side a big date palm sighed in the wind. Beneath its cooling shade I lay down to await the completion of the Artist's sketch. I must have fallen asleep thinking of Tom Moore and the Nea of the Odes. I remember reflecting upon the fact that Bermuda knew the Irish Poet a brief four months, and yet in that short space of time he secured a fixed place in the history of the Islands.

I was rudely awakened by the clang of a bell. Looking up in a dazed sort of way I saw the Artist, the "Love Well" damsel and a half dozen other people. Two carriages at the edge of the wood told me how these folks had come. Palpably I was the only one surprised. It was made

plain to me that the Artist had been privy to this visit—in short, he had a hand in its arrangement. The bell that had awakened me roused a darkey out of an early morning trance at the back of the house. At the Artist's bidding he unlocked the front door, allowing the company to stroll into the small room off the porch. It was a place and time for asking questions, and as everyone there, especially the women, exercised the right to the full, the farm hand was kept pretty busy. We discovered that there were no records. The only thing bearing on the house and Moore's connection with it was a leaf torn from an ancient magazine. This I picked up from a window ledge. We looked through all the bare rooms; admired the rude, quaint old fashioned fireplace, now so empty and bare. The house had the same barren look upstairs. The Artist made a sketch of the staircase to the first turn. He said it resembled mediæval architecture. There were none there to dispute

him. This staircase was made of cedar, as was also the inner wainscoting of the several living rooms.

Tiring of the house, we followed a winding path



leading over a rustic bridge across the head of a narrow cove. This path led among curious grottoes embellished with flowering vines and plants, masses of cactus and Spanish bayonet. It was a

riotous tangle through which our party wandered on the way to the calabash tree. By the rail of the rustic bridge we looked down upon rough, submerged rock, covered with an odd spongy sea-growth, among which floated, in beautiful lazy indolence, the radiant angel fish and the red jawed grouper. There were many other varieties darting in and out of the rocky crevices, but the angel fish were the main attraction. The "Love Well" damsel clapped her hands in an ecstasy of delight. It was her first look at the beauties. Others on the bridge had seen them many times before—in Battery Park, New York. Here they floated in natural freedom, easy and graceful as a flash of silk.

At this place the Artist made another sketch—this time of the rustic bridge, with the "Love Well" damsel gazing down into the rocky pool. We followed Tom Moore's route to the



calabash tree, in the grassy hollow, where the poet dreamed and wooed the Muse. In the center of this plot a solitary date palm reared its head. At the far end the famous calabash tree stood, naked of leaves and seemingly lifeless. It had a scant show of limb and was, withal, not much to look at. Beneath it stood a very modern park bench and on this several women in the party became grouped at once. All wanted to sit on the spot where the immortal poet composed his Odes to Nea. The beautiful in the surroundings forced sentiment even from the Artist, and while he worked out a sketch, under the eyes of the "Love Well" damsel, he quoted freely from Moore:

"Last night, when I came from the Calabash tree,
When my limbs were at rest and my spirits were free,
The glow of the grape and the dreams of the day
Put the magical springs of my fancy in play;
And oh! such a vision as haunted me then
I would slumber for ages to witness again!'"

In some disgust I moved away; but the "Love Well" damsel stayed. I then, for the first time, recalled the big dose of brackish mixture the Artist had imbibed from Lunn's Well—the hole we called the "Love Well." Was it possible that the legend held a true prophecy? Was the Artist, at this stage of the game, smitten by a pretty figure and a laughing face? Ye Gods! if so, then good bye to sketching and the long anticipated pleasures of our holiday together.

This ran in my mind as I crossed the cool, green glen to the border where cedar brush hung heavily shrouded in jasmine, and wild olive and lemon trees clung to the sloping soil. I walked among stalactitic walls of fallen caverns and looked into the mouths of subterranean chambers masked at their entrance by creepers, ferns and mosses. Here I saw for the first time the fiddle-wood, which assumes, as its regular dress, soft autumn tints, thus heightening the effects of color everywhere.

This place—Walsingham—was named after its first explorer, the coxswain of the *Sea Venture*. The guide of the little party volunteered this bit of information in the few brief sentences he had uttered since leaving the rustic bridge. He said, also, that the rocks exposed to view in this section are the oldest on the islands and that the caves were excavated by percolating rain water and fresh water streams in the hard limestone. The percolation washed out through hidden channels the loose sand and earth underlying the hardened surface, so producing recesses in which stalactite and stalagmite have formed by the constant dripping of water, each drop carrying a minute deposit of carbonate of lime which was acquired from the calcareous soil in the filtering process.

I had more on my mind than this bit of phenomena when we were once more on the main road, away from the damp shadowy glades. The Art-

ist was whistling a hint too carelessly to be natural, so I said:

“Of course that girl dropped her handkerchief by accident!”

He looked at me bluntly, but kept on whistling.

“I refer to the bit of cambric and lace the girl who had you in tow all morning threw out of the carriage on the lawn at Walsingham, when she thought others, save one, saw her not.” I said this in my iciest manner.

He came back at me quickly. “Do you dare insinuate that Miss G—— would purposely throw this thing”, he held out the violet scented fabric, “to me!”

“Miss G——!” I faltered. “Do you know her name?”

But I didn't need to ask. He did, evidently. We stopped to rest on a low wall skirting Church Bay, on Harrington Sound. Up the hill was Holy



Trinity Church, the parish church of Hamilton. It was another one of the oldest churches in the colony. Further along the road, where it turned into Wilkinson Avenue, a schoolhouse stood. As we looked, a dozen or more colored girls romped out of it, pursuing each other in a game of tag. They spied us on the wall and drew together after the manner of shy damsels.

"Look here, girls," said the Artist, "sit on the wall across the way and sing 'God Save The King'—there's a penny for each if you do."

The tallest one stepped forward. "We'll sing it for nothing, sir!"

And they did. They did more—they sat on the wall while the Artist sketched in an irregular show of stockinged legs, short skirts, pinafores and laughing, dusky faces, and the wall itself. We gave them thrupence each, so they climbed down and sang the anthem again. This time an old

negro was one of us, bowed over his cane, with his hat off.

We had time after that to look in at Crystal Cave and Cahow Lake. We entered at the top of a hill where the pay station and registry book are located. It was a descent of ninety feet through a rift in the strata, by means of a rude stairway fitted at intervals with rest platforms. At the bottom we stood in a clammy atmosphere, on the shore of a lake named Cahow, across which is moored a pontoon bridge lighted by gas. We were in a world of crystal, a scintillating creation of lime and water. From the salmon tinted ceiling there hung thousands of stalactites, some mere threads, others conical masses, pure as crystal, many inches in diameter at the base. There are translucent draperies, mushroom effects, banks of calcite, snow white and polished like diamonds. Each living stalactite holds a glistening drop of water at its extremity.

The cave has its guides, dusky chaps who move about in torpid indifference to the wonders displayed. One of them shuffled about with us, telling us the tale of Cahow Lake as he went. He said the name originated from the fact that in one of the chambers were found deeply imbedded in the calcite the fossilized bones and feathers of the cahow, a bird that became extinct about 1630. The lake itself is subject to tidal changes, indicating connection with Castle Harbor or Harrington Sound. It is a matter of fact that this cave was discovered by two negro lads and that their only reward was a paltry ten dollars. There are several other notable caves in this region, among them being Admiral's Cave and Joyce's Dock, or Shakespeare Grottoes. A lost cave there is, the earth having settled over the entrance long years ago. The last known of it is recorded as far back as 1858. In that year two escaped convicts were traced to its mouth and eventually recaptured.

They had made the cave their habitation for a matter of eight months. During that time one of them had carved the figure of an angel in the calcite bed in one corner of the cavern. This piece of sculpturing is said to have been a marvel of beauty and, so the story goes, earned for the artist convict his freedom. Efforts to find this cave have since been futile. We were content with our investigation of one cave, because it was near the hour when we were to meet Bill of the Stage at the crossroads, so we hastened to that locality.

A cycling tourist dismounted to get a better look at the signboard at the turn of the road. He eyed us narrowly as we lay stretched at full length on the sloping turf by the wayside.

“Natives?” he called.

I shook my head in the negative. He came back at me with another question.

“Got a match?”

I looked stupid and continued to shake my

head. He became busy with his hands, forming a few hastily made letters from the deaf and dumb alphabet. I still shook my head.



“Gee!” he ejaculated, climbing aboard his wheel. He rode with his head turned back toward us until a bend in the road hid him from view.

“That fellow acted queerly!” said the Artist.

"He certainly did," I replied.

We were now standing in the center of the Swing Bridge. Bill was in the midst of a graphic description of a dog fight he had seen that morning in Hamilton. He was not talking to us, but with an old gentleman sitting forward in his vehicle, his chin resting on his stick. He stopped suddenly, while his jaw dropped and the whites of his eyes rolled up.

"You gentlemen," he was talking to us now, "goin' to find it mighty squally out in Castle Harbor 'safternoon. See that white showin' up? Well we calls it cotton, an' salt water don't froth up like that 'lessen it's goin' to be a big wind. Gitap, you ole raw-boned she-devil. What you laggin' back fur?" He swiped the near horse with his whip and then dodged a pair of heels that came back viciously and swiftly toward his midriff.

"It don't seem to be very windy here," ventured the Artist timidly.

Bill looked at him pityingly. "You see, you gentlemen don't know nothin' 'bout Castle Harbor. If you did—well, there be—" He didn't finish. The near horse saw a chance to get back at Bill and took it. She missed him only because the dashboard interfered. From that point to the Market Square Bill devoted most of his attention to the refractory near side of his team.

It happens not infrequently that a thought, a thing or an event the mind has been cultivated to dread becomes, by habit of continual reflection, a creation in the brain, so subtle in its workings as to actually affect the physical being. The same effect is produced in the timid by a sudden fear and is more often than not expressed in that form of muscular relaxation commonly termed "quaking at the knees." It was so with me, though the physical disability referred to was not so pronounced as to become a visible reality. The openly expressed and covertly insinuated dangers

crowding Castle Harbor and the trip to Tucker's Town, in company with a man who, to say the least, was credited with a woeful disregard of perils and the hazard of life, worked upon my imagination. I conceived all sorts of dire and threatening terrors. It was chiefly because of these disconcerting and obtruding mental manifestations that I made a miserable third in a trio seated in the English-looking bar of the Inn. The other two were Captain S—— and the Artist. Captain S—— was pouring out his third glass of Scotch and soda, when he turned to me:

“It was this way, me lad. We'd bumped a coral reef in the 'Arbor, with the wind blowin' not a bit 'arder than now. The lot of us were pitched forrad in the sudden stop. Then the wash astern 'eaved over us, an' near drowned me blinkin' mates!”

This was the concluding observation in a detailed description of a trip Captain S—— had

made by water to Tucker's Town. I had retained in my mind but one feature of his description. It was the phrase: "with the wind blowin' not a bit 'arder than now!"

The Artist emptied his glass suddenly.

"Everybody takes a chance in this life," he said.

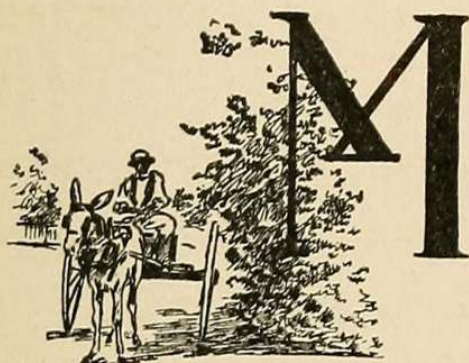
"Right you are, me lad!" said Captain S——, thumping me heavily on the back, with a hand as horny as bone. "But, mind you, we are goin' to have it rough, an' who knows what——"

There was a step at the door and a man entered. It was Tim. He had his hand at salute. Captain S—— looked him over with upraised glass, arrested half way to his lips.

"Well?" he growled.

"She's ready, sir!"

CHAPTER VIII



MY spirits fell again. I had thought the intrusion of Tim meant more mishaps to the boat, with, perhaps, another respite for me.

Down at the dock, at that hour nearly deserted, I tumbled rather than crawled into the narrow cockpit of a mean-looking, heavily canvased dinghy. There was a cushioned shelf running from the half decked bow aft on both sides. In addition to the usual litter of ropes and loose wood, there were a center-board well, a big demi-john and a very tall glass. Fritz ran along the deck of the "Daisy," moored at her accustomed

anchorage, and barked savagely at us by way of greeting. Two soldiers and a bombardier stood at the water stairs, while a couple of darkeys came out from the dock shed and looked our party over. Especially did they seem to regard the sail. One said to the other:

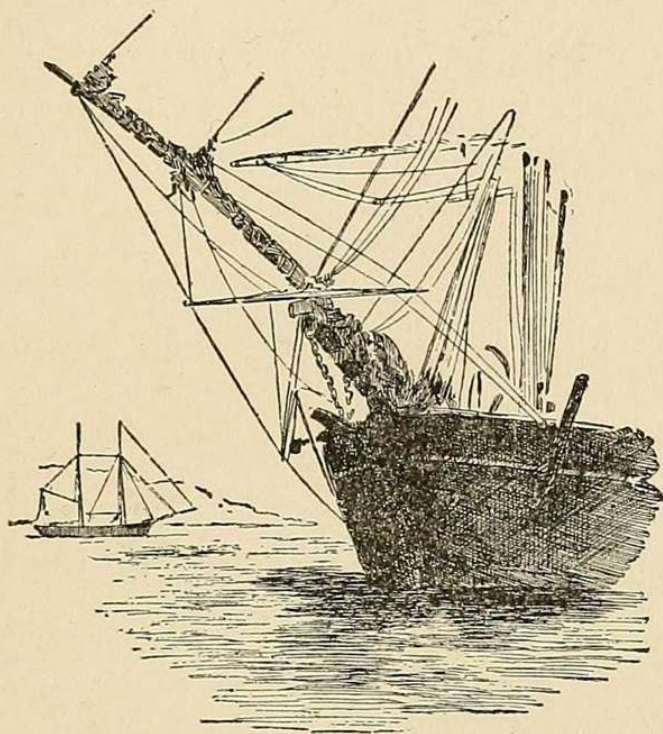
“She won’t carry that long!”

I looked up at the mast. There was a spread of canvas that to my eyes loomed like the side of a house. A rattle of rope forward made me look and gasp—Tim was hauling on the jib tackle! I glanced quickly back at Captain S——. Was he mad? No; and yet—what did he mean?

“Give ’er all she’ll take, Tim, me man, an’ stand clear.”

Tim did. Captain S—— shoved the tiller over hard, we got the wind, ducked under the boom and when I crawled up to windward on the cushioned shelf, it was to see a curl of water swirling along at the lee-rail. Back on the “Daisy,” Fritz

yowled, racing madly around the deck, on the side nearest us, with his ridiculous stump of a tail pointing skyward. It was a run of a mile down to the Three Sister Islands, near the entrance to Cas-



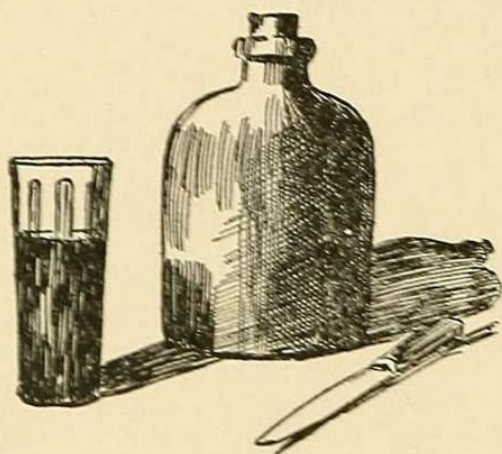
tle Harbor. A shade to the east of Stocks Point and the Stocks, in the narrow way, we jammed wind under the bows of a ship, hard and fast on the coral. We missed her jib-boom by a yard and,

for a few moments, looked up into a mass of ropes and stays, through which the wind whistled a dolorous tune.

The strong breeze had hauled a point south of east and this forced a tack through the Stocks,

out between Long Bird Island and the western tip of St. David's. We had a wet beat to windward before we gained the passage of the Three Sisters. Before us lay the wide, white-capped waste of Castle Harbor, with its fringe of islands in the

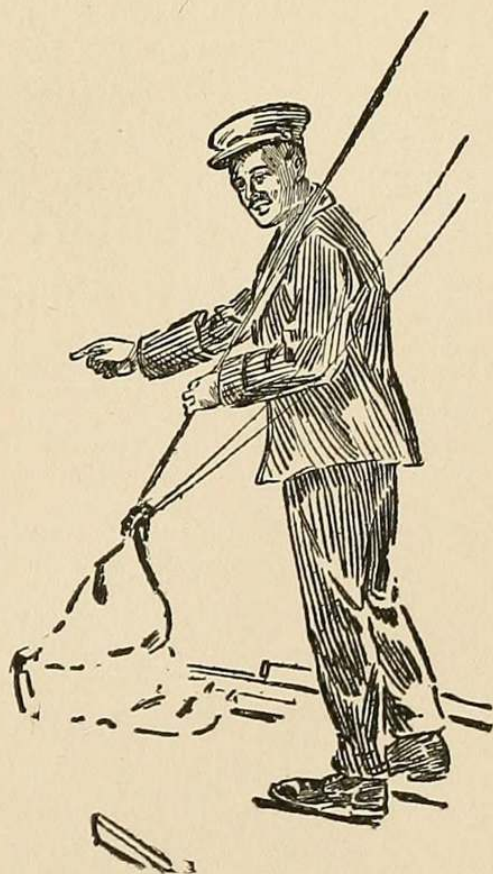
east. There was a steady drive in the wind, so that with close hauled sheet we maintained a list rather more, than less, exhilarating. Captain S——, in the pride of the hour, looked us over with a beaming eye. He was at home and wanted us to understand that and the fact that his mood was merry. By his direction the Artist filled the long glass



from the demijohn. Captain S—— held it up to view.

“Who says water ’ere?” he queried. He gave us a straight look, drained the glass and said: “Fill up, mates!”

We made a long tack northeast, with the bow pointed for St. David’s lighthouse. This course was laid so we might obtain a near view of Cooper’s Island, Nonsuch and Castle Island on the way down. Tim was posted in the bow to look out for coral reefs. His was a lumbering soldier figure, poised on the half deck, securely braced in the jib stay. There was a feeling of buoyant pleasure in the motion as we rode the waves under the steady pull of the sail. The sky was near cloudless and the harbor was resplendent in varying shades of blue and white. I began to take more interest in our surroundings. There was that in the ease



with which our commander handled his craft that gave me a new confidence. We were an hour on this tack before Cooper's Island blocked the way. Captain S—— in his own way told us the history of the place. No one lives there now and the island is infested with millions of land crabs—beautifully mottled creatures, with protruding eyes. When alarmed they scurry into their burrows like so many frightened rabbits. The Island's beaches are composed of sand, as fine as powdered sugar. On them are washed thousands of pink and green shells. There is a natural bridge off the southern beach, but vegetation is more a suggestion than a fact.

We were interested chiefly in the Captain's story of a hidden treasure; a tale he told of Spanish pirates, in the early days after the *Sea Venture* landing. The Captain's recital was disconnected, but from it we made out that a Spanish ship loaded with booty picked a way among the coral

near Pear Rocks, where the vessel sprang a leak. This was in 1613. To make repairs, it became necessary to lighten the ship. So boatload after boatload of spoil was carried to Cooper's Island and secreted, but before the repairs were made, a sudden storm swept the main, entirely destroying the ship and pirate crew. This in rough substance was his yarn. The treasure is still undiscovered. That it exists is the belief of many a Bermudian, for years afterward a fisherman combing the beach found a brass plate with curious signs scratched upon its surface. That this plate marked at one time the location of the stolen hoard is the opinion of Captain S——.

At Nonsuch we scraped a coral reef that forced a flow of profanity from our skipper. It was directed mainly at Tim, who very deferentially observed:

“The bloomin' reef 'eaved hup afore I knowed it, sir!”

We sideswiped another while he was talking and Captain S—— yelled sternly:

“Pipe your eye, or you’ll ’ave the blinkin’ keel above our ’eads!”

In these circumstances the only information we secured, relative to Nonsuch, was that the island is the site of the quarantine detention station. It is a lonely heap of sand and rock, so for this and other reasons we gave it a wide berth. Up to this time I had not noticed a disposition on the part of Castle Harbor to be rude and I said as much to Captain S——. He looked at me narrowly.

“We’ll get into the ruck o’t goin’ back.”

No landing was made at Castle Island, but we were near enough to the rough, somber ruins of the old forts to get a fair view. Here it was, in 1612, that Governor Moore built his cedar gun platforms to protect Castle Harbor and the struggling settlement against attacks of the much feared Spaniards. The scheme of defense, Cap-

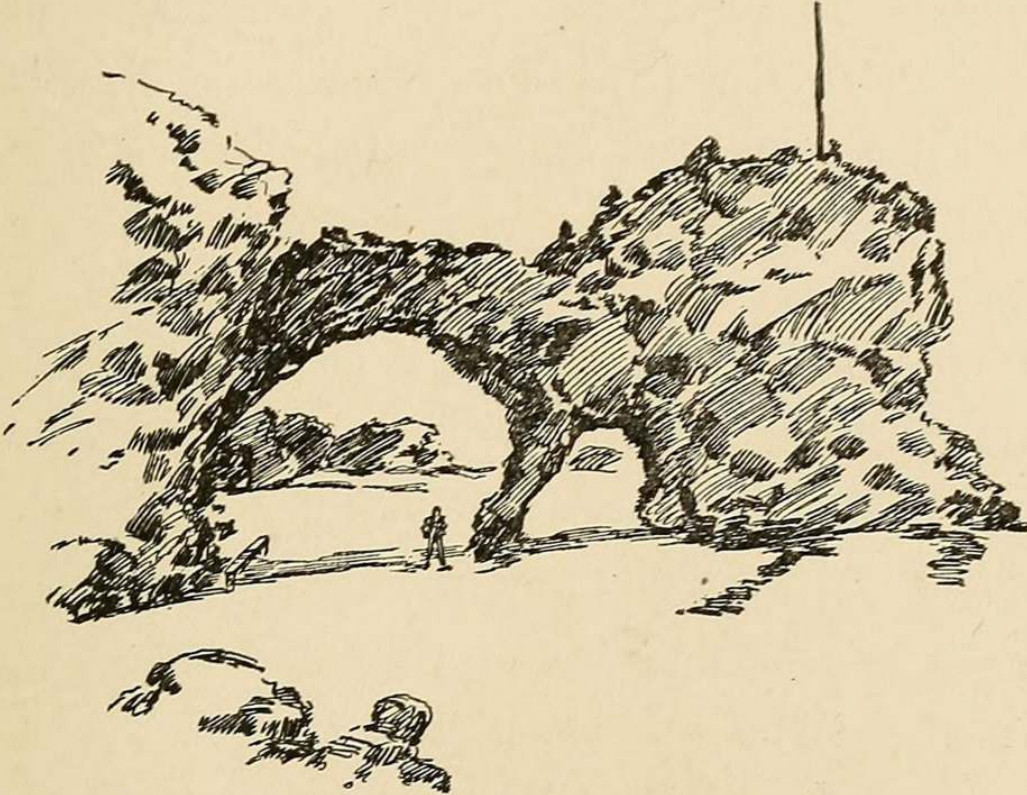
tain S—— told us, is easily traced. King's Castle, at the eastern escarpment, is a ruin. There, in addition to gun embrasures, is a chamber hollowed out in the rock, with circular compartments for round shot. A stone rampart runs along the ocean side with more apertures for guns at the west end. It is said that only once, in 1613, was the garrison of King's Castle called upon to make a show of force against an enemy. In that year two Spanish ships appeared off the harbor with the intention, it is said, of recovering the legendary buried treasure. The Spaniards were driven off successfully. These fortifications were repaired for the last time in the war of 1812. Now the whole aspect is a crumbling, gray ruin, shot with winddriven holes.

After Castle Island we ran for Tucker's Town Bay, into which the dinghy slipped as gracefully as a swan. Captain S—— poked her nose on the sandy beach and we climbed out. To the south

lay Paynter's Vale Hill and the Vale itself. The Artist and our skipper devoted some time to an examination of the tall glass and the demijohn, after which the Artist looked for a few moments at the face of his watch. He inquired the route usually taken by tourists from Paynter's Vale to the Natural Arches. The Captain explained carefully. His directions were evidently satisfactory. Tim was left in charge of the boat, with instructions to mind the jug and keep things shipshape, as the tide was falling.

In the long sandy walk over the hill to the outer beach and the Natural Arch, the Artist examined the face of his watch no less than nine times. This struck me as being decidedly peculiar for him, as he is assuredly not a methodical person, but I was too much occupied in avoiding the spines of prickly pears that lined the way to give him more than casual thought. In about ten minutes we crossed a level bit of sand and crawled through a wire

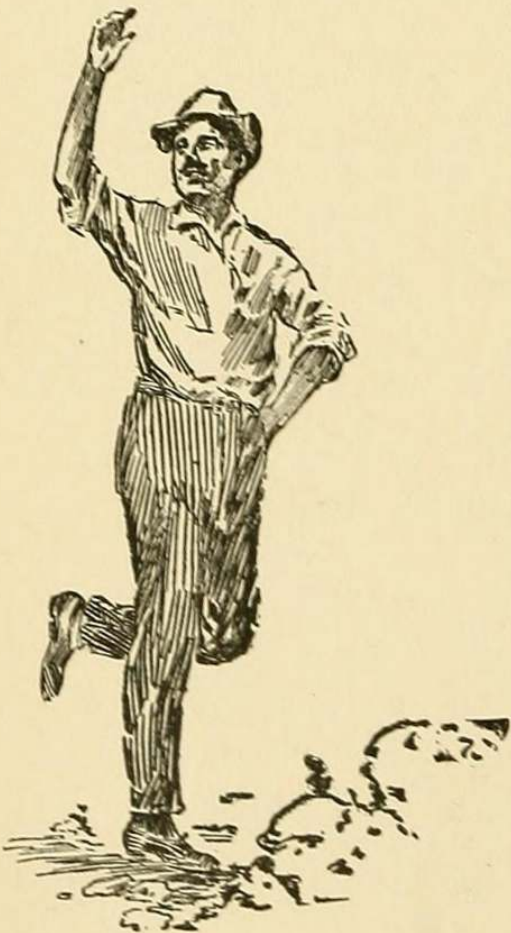
fence, beyond which stood the Natural Arch. Its massive gray proportions hid from our view the tumbling green of the surge beyond, save as we looked under the wide arch itself. The rocks in



their formation are hard limestone, surmounted by tufts of green and brown cedars, wild gorse and cactus. A spur of the arch proper rests in the edge of the sea. The flashes of spray, where the comb-

ers hit the glistening rocks, were shot through with all the colors of the rainbow. It is a drop of forty feet or more from the top of this spur into the curling foam. Out beyond are coral islets, far as the eye can see. Those near at hand are girdled with white. One in particular, round as a disk, is called the "dinner table." In the shadow of the arch all is loose sand, gray white, and soft to the feet as flour. Northward, a broad white beach extends to the bold cliff where the rocks begin at Castle Point.

The scene unfolded to us was no new thing to Captain S——, but to our eyes it was a wonderful work of Nature, the result of the steady process of erosion through unnumbered centuries. The Artist unlimbered his sketch-pad and stool, seeking a favorable point of vantage for his work. Sand and sea were inviting,



so I removed my shoes and stockings. Turning my trousers up to the knees, I wandered down into the surf. Presently I went back for Captain S——. He, too, was barefooted, standing poised on one leg before the Artist. In a round full voice he sang this bit of a barrack song:

“And the soldier said
To his wooden leg—
Bye, bye, bon soir!
Tra, la la! tra la la!”

He was in an unusually jolly humor. Gleefully we raced each other up the beach to the big cliff. Its massive bulk rose a full one hundred and fifty feet above the sea that surged a fathom deep at its base. The southern cliff was seamed with great rifts running into a big black cavern that appeared about half way up its face. You could look straight up to where trees overhung the top, but the big wonder in it lay in the black, centuries-old cave.

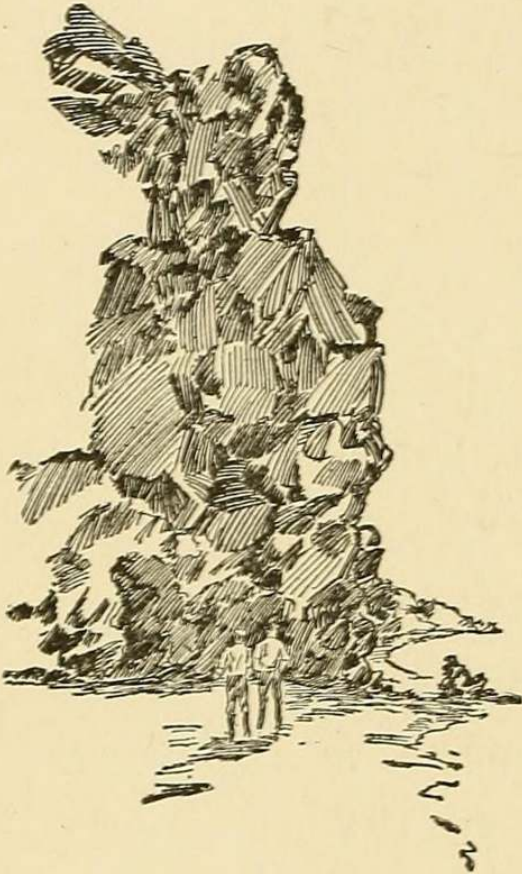
“Has it a name?” I asked.

“St. David’s folk call it ‘Nick’s Cave’,” said the Captain.

Even with my limited knowledge of the Captain I knew that behind this short answer there lay more—a story, perhaps. I was right, but I had to fairly dig the facts out of him to get it. Shorn of the rough phrases and loosely handled English, it was a tale that held a great deal of human interest. I’ll give the gist of it here.

THE TALE OF NICK

Nick of the Cave, in the days when men knew him—a hundred years or more ago—was a St. David’s Islander, possessed with the idea that somewhere along the rude coast south of Castle Point lay



the buried treasure of the Spanish pirates. Years of life as a beach-comber and wrecker had shown him that the nub of land at Castle Point, combining with Pear Rocks, caused a shift in the current, or a tidal drift that carried the sea's burdens over the narrow inlet, against the wall of the cliff and so along the broad beach at Tucker's Town.

In the days when "Nick of the Cave" was young, the Islanders were more keen after the Spanish treasure than of late years. The lust for the chests of plate folklore described as having been landed by the wrecked Spanish ship's crew kept alive the search on Cooper's Island and sharpened the wits of the adventurous lads who grew up with the hero of the tale. In the early period of the hunt, "Nick of the Cave" fell in love with Betsy Smith, a St. David's girl. He was one of six suitors, and, by all accounts, the least favored of any by Miss Betty. She, according to

the story, was a maid of tender heart. Moreover, she seemed not in a hurry to make any choice of a husband. It is related that she called about her the several insistent swains and made them privy to her mind on the matter. In the story it is made to appear that the existence of the Spanish treasure on the bleak east coast was revealed to Betty in a dream. Its exact location was hidden, nor had she a knowledge, even from dream sources, as to what part of the tide-washed land held it secret, except that somewhere north of the Natural Arch to Cooper's Island the spoil lay hidden. Having explained this much to the men about her, she declared it was her resolve to marry no man save he who should find all or part of the pirate hoard, that had been for two hundred years the end and aim of private search. It is on record, in the story as given to me, that one by one Betty's suitors lost heart and dropped out of the race, in the several weary years that followed. Each

made unavailing efforts to induce the maid to remove the condition. All save Nicholas Bean retired disgraced, in the eyes of the girl, by their faint-hearted efforts. The cooling of Love's flame in the hopeless task was, naturally, distressingly rapid in the eyes of the spirited maiden.

There came a day when Nick, sore of foot and racked of brain, repaired to the home of Betty and declared he was in despair of fulfilling the condition. She ridiculed his despair, sturdily flinging his want of enterprise and lack of perseverance in his face.

"Nick Bean," said she, "an' thou durst look in my face again without the treasure, I withdraw the condition and my hand as well!"

Betty was a maid of great determination, albeit a cruel one to Nick. As it was, her manner and evident faith in the dream of treasure fired Nick's blood. It was then he vowed resolutely:

"By thy condition I abide. See, Betty! I look

no more on thy face, save I return with the pirate gold. This I make as my final vow!"

He kissed the tips of her fingers and forthwith entered upon his search. The story has it, he then began the study of the tidal flow and took up his abode in the cavern of the cliff, on the north of Tucker's Town beach. He was seen no more on St. David's. Now and then in after years a fisherman, storm-stressed on the Castle Harbor side of Castle Point, would catch a fleeting view of an old man, half naked, with flowing unkempt hair and beard, in the cedar thickets on Castle Nob. Old men, when they heard of these strange glimpses, would recall the vow of Nick. The strange part of the story is to come.

Betty, hearing nothing from the man she had driven away, tired of lonely maidenhood, had married. Her son, in quest of stray goats, wandered to Castle Point and beyond. He reached the big cliff and was turning back, when the trem-

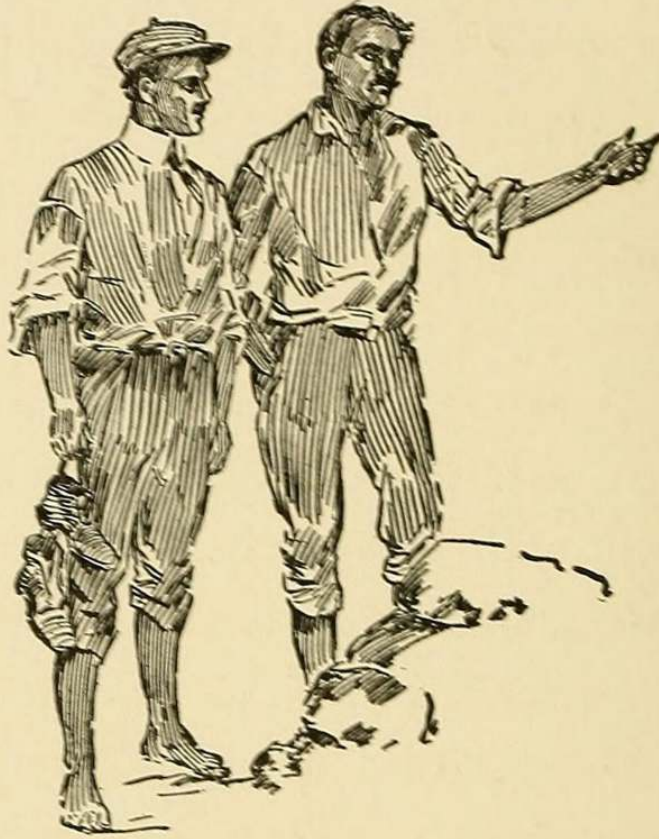
ulous bleat of a kid came to his ears. He looked over the edge. Down on a shelf of rock at the mouth of the Cave, he saw a small goat, badly crippled. He lowered himself by means of a rope and there, in the entrance to the cave, he found Nick—dead!

In the story are brought prominently to the fore the constancy of man and the inconstancy of a woman. Captain S—— pointed this feature out to me, only, of course, he expressed it differently. In the walk back to the Natural Arch, he explained the tidal flow down the coast and the heavy undertow that swept off toward the coral reefs, a half mile out. We were loafing along down by the surf when Captain S—— with a swift look toward the Arch cried:

“Look, me lad! Ladies—or I’m a blinkin’ shrimp!”

I looked. He was right. There were six or

more under the Arch. One was standing beside the Artist. Several men lay about on the sand. No need for me to be told that the party was made



up of tourists and that we had met before. That girl with the Artist could be no other than Miss G——, she whom we called the “Love Well” damsel. There was the Brewer from Flatbush,

U. S. A.; Baldy of the Ship; George and Gracie.

Bare of feet and legs as we were Captain S—— towed me among the little crowd. The Artist was in fine fettle and poked a good deal of fun at me, as I doffed my hat to the laughing salutation of Miss G——, who exclaimed:

“I wouldn’t have missed this visit to the Arch for anything in the world! Isn’t it queer and, oh! so much grander than Walsingham!”

I made a suitable reply, then introduced Captain S——. She bowed stiffly in acknowledgment. Not a bit abashed because of his state of undress, the Captain launched forth in praise of Tucker’s Town Beach. He repeated the story, as I have set it down, of Nick of the Cave.

“Oh, how sad!” cried Miss G——. “I must see that place!”

I grinned behind my hand. Here was a job for the Artist. He fell into it, as a grouper takes bait.

We watched them go down the beach. The Captain's comment was:

“ 'Tis a fine slip of a maid!”

I said nothing. Traveling heavily, the Brewer's wife came puffing along the sand. “Don't look like the beach at Coney Island!” she panted.

The Brewer, puffing even harder with his weight of fat, fell on the sand beside her, muttering: “No, it don't—not half like it!”

We left them to fight it out and passed Baldy of the Ship, stretched out in the shade of the Arch, smoking, but bored to death with the whole thing. Captain S—— jerked his thumb toward the prostrate figure.

“Mind you, me lad, I know him not; but I lay a crown piece to a penny this bit of blinkin' scenery is nothin' to 'im.”

We walked in a narrow foot path to the top of the Arch. Here we sat for a space, while the mind of Captain S—— ran riot with the lonely majesty

of the wide sea. There were things he couldn't explain in the big scheme of life and the wild rough way of Nature. He told of many tempestuous nights; the finding of drowned men on the surf-ridden beaches. Once he found a sailor dead on the wide sloping beach south of the Arch on Paynter's Vale shore. There had been no wreck in weeks prior to the finding of the body and he speculated often on the disaster that had befallen the man. Here it was he fell into verse—not his own, but another's—bearing on the tragedy:

“This came to pass: the sky grew dark,
A wondrous wind swept o'er the sea,
And rude waves smote a laboring bark,
And roared like fiends in revelry.
Then loud above the creaking spars,
The furious hell of storm's discord,
A cry rang out that sought the stars,
The frenzied cry, 'Man overboard!'”

The beetling seas bore hard behind,
 Their summits capped with glistening foam;
And screaming furies in the wind
 Forbade the ship in 'stays' to come;
And bobbing there within the deep,
 The rushing waters in his ears,
The man essayed to climb the steep,
 The vast and yielding hemispheres.

And there he swam alone with death;
 Beneath the water sobbing slips;
How fiercely drawn his quick'ning breath
 Between his bloodless lips!
And lo! like one who views the past
 Sweet vistas soon to be forsook,
He turns his head and for a last
 Heart broken lingering look.

.....

A sun-kissed stretch of yellow sand,
 A dimpling waste of sunlit sea,
That lately roared when Wizard's wand
 Disturbed the Summer harmony.

A ravaged form there, dark and still,
Unmoved, unknown, forsook, forgot;
Yet once it braved the tempest's will,
Creature of circumstance—or what?"

I looked the Captain over as he recited. There was a depth of feeling in the emphasis put upon the closing lines that led me to believe I had underestimated the man. Here in mid-Atlantic, life is a word written in the rude free hand of open air where Boreas pipes the tune and sentiment is a force finding expression in cruder form. I had not imagined this side to our careless Captain.

With the sun now well at our backs, we watched the tourist party below. There were George and Gracie, sitting out on a lonely stone pile, holding hands; no doubt talking and planning the future, or, maybe, just sitting in foolish bliss. A little way off, behind the Arch, a girl with a camera was snapshotting the Brewer. Far down the beach the Artist and his companion were strolling leisurely

back, he pointing seaward to the coral reefs, in evident explanation of the mysteries in their formation. Captain S—— looked back at the



sun. The wind had shifted and, moreover, it had no force behind it. He turned to me brusquely:

“Well, me lad, it’s a hard beat for us to the

Three Sisters, I'm thinkin'. We must hurry yon couple."

He bellowed through his hands. The Artist heard the call, but there was no appreciable mending of the pace. When the pair finally reached the Arch, the Artist had half made up his mind to ride back with the tourist party. This he conveyed in a hint to Captain S——. The words of the latter lacked encouragement.

"You came with me, my lad, an' back you go in my company!"

This settled it; the Artist was perforce obliged to acquiesce. He made his explanation to Miss G—— and the Guide of her party came to life from a hollow under the Arch, called the scattered members together, and made ready to depart. He and Baldy of the Ship had a word or two in private. At length, lighting the cigar that individual had given him, he announced:

"The carriages await us at Paynter's Vale.

There is room in them for no more than they brought. Hurry up, now."

Gracie and George crawled off the rock and followed in the wake of the party along the sandy way. Baldy of the Ship looked back, with the cigar in his mouth, and grinned until the act appeared like a facial contortion. When he turned his back a handkerchief fluttered for a moment in a little white hand.

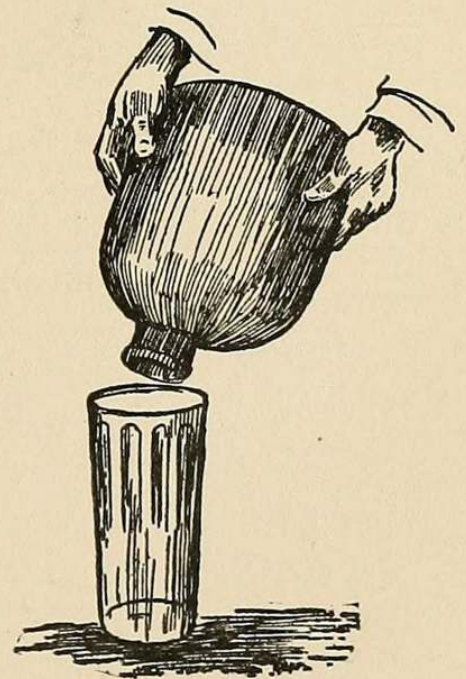
This signal was answered from the Arch.

Tim was fast asleep in the cockpit of the dinghy as she lay half her length on the flat beach. His head rested on the demijohn; a half filled glass stood at his elbow. He was not drunk—only drowsy. After the Captain stirred him up with physical force and invective, he became quite active. In explanation of the circumstance of the half beached dinghy he dropped "hs" all over the place, but he worked like a horse with the rest of us to get her off. By that time the sun was half

way down the western slope and the tide was very low. There was, moreover, little wind. What there was came from a point west-sou'-west. This meant a series of tacks across the harbor and a careful picking of the way among the coral. Captain S—— grew quite rough with Tim, as if this individual were responsible for the falling tide and changing wind. As he sculled from the cove into open water he “blasted” this and “blasted” that with a prodigious show of temper and ill humor.

Out in the open we made better progress than was thought possible at the start. The Artist manned the main sheet, Tim stood at the jib stay, on the lookout for hidden reefs, while I was made master of the centerboard haul. We had turned for a stretch south on the short tack, before the Captain thought of the beer.

“Fill me a beaker, me lad, an’ I’ll give ye a song.”



I lifted the jug, and poured out a three quarter glass. It contained no more. Lucky for Tim he stood so far beyond the reach of the Captain's arm.



"Tim, ye lubber!" he yelled. "Ye blinkin' guzzler, I warn ye, I warn ye!" Then to us: "Now, me lads, we're small on drink, but we're mates all an' each gets his share."

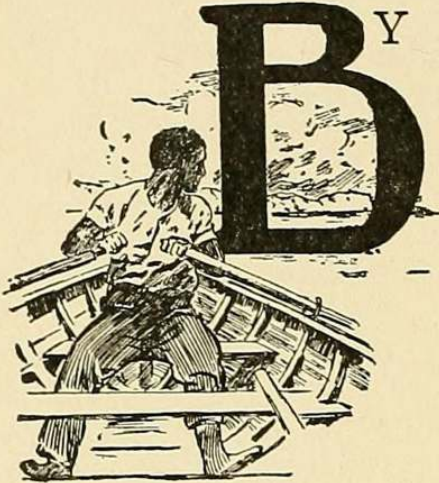
He measured the glass for a third and drank; then passed it on. I was the last and got rather less than more for my portion. There was silence for some moments. What I took for a period of brooding over the selfishness of Tim was really no more than a pause to enable the Captain to get his bearings on a song.

He gave us "The Admiral's Whip", that defiant British sailor's song, reciting the exploits of

Drake when he beat the Dutchman, Van Tromp, and made good his boast to whip the sea of Dutchmen and the broom. On the next lap we listened to a sailor's love song, which began:

“The sun may shine through a London fog,
The Thames run bright and clear,
The Ocean's brine may turn to wine,
Ere I forget my dear.
Ere I forget my dear, my boys,
Where the dancing dolphins play,
And the shrimps and the sharks
Are 'avin' their larks,
Ten thousand miles away!”

CHAPTER IX



BY that time the short twilight had merged into dusk. We were in shallow, reef-strewn water. The warning scrape of the center-board on the shoal interrupted the Captain's song. Under his orders I grabbed the haul and fell over into the cockpit, with a half length of wire rope in my hands. It had parted somewhere in the well! Captain S—— shoved the tiller hard over and we slipped into deep water. We could feel the board drop its length out of the well.

“Now, me lads,” said Captain S——, “we’ve a ticklish bit o’ sailin’ to do in this blinkin’ ’arbor,

afore we make St. Georges. Two of you pass a rope forrad under her bows an' haul it aft—that centerboard must come up!”

The Artist and I did as ordered. Then ensued a deal of hauling. It wasn't long before we found the board jammed fast at the bottom of the well. When this discovery was made we were abreast of Three Sister Islands, in a tideway that raced over the coral with a sputtering gurgle. The wind was dead ahead and Captain S—— was sculling frantically to get through the narrow channel. We made the cut in half an hour. At the Stocks it was dark. In this coral-strewn passage a gust of wind caught the sail; the boom swung over, catching me full on the chest and in a frightful list we raced head on a reef and stuck fast. In the ensuing exciting moments, I was blamed for the mishap—if I had not been in the way of the shifting sail, Captain S—— said, we had a good chance to clear the blinkin' reef. Why

didn't I duck the boom shift? There was a deal more to what he said, but that was what it amounted to in the end.

We were fast in the dark and the tide was dropping steadily. Our Captain was exceedingly



strong in his expressions. He kicked off his shoes and outer garments and a few seconds later stood before us in Nature's garb. Then he issued a few orders and slipped over the side in a glow of phosphorescence. The water was waist deep. In it

he ducked to get a look at the keel and center-board. He was down for a long while. When he came up, blowing like a grampus, he swore roundly:

“The blinkin’ board’s fast as nails!”

In the dull light I looked across at the Artist. He, too, was stripped. A big splash over the side told me he had followed the Captain. The latter waded to the bow, lifted the anchor and, with this in his arms, ploughed ahead into the darkness, the length of the cable. There was a sudden flare of phosphorescence as he plunged the grappling and wedged it tightly between the coral rocks. We marked his return to us by the play of fire in the water about his body. Under instructions, Tim and I braced ourselves on the deck and pulled swiftly on the cable, at a signal from Captain S——, who with the Artist, was under the stern pushing with might and main.

“’Eave the blinkin’ boat!” commanded our skipper.



It was noticed that we gained a little, but the anchor lost grip on the coral and drew back toward us. After this had happened several times,

Tim lost his temper and swore disconnectedly. He dropped a good many "hs" also. Captain S—— went forward many times with the anchor and repeatedly wedged it deep in the coral. After each trip he became more rude in his language; his Yorkshire accent broader. Tim was a Londoner and his speech was thoroughly seasoned with strange idioms and Cockney dialect. I suggested, during a pause in our labors on the deck, that he strip and join the other two over the side. I felt he was looking me over for a long minute.

"Hexcuse me, but fer wot I know to the contrary the bloomin' 'Arbor may be a mess o' wrigglin' sharks. I'm content to 'eave 'ere. You're welkim to a try!"

The Artist said little, only occasionally he would pass a remark my way not entirely complimentary. Away up in the north we could dimly see the pale lights of the town, but only the noise we made broke the stillness. After a

while—it seemed hours—we slipped off the reef. Puffing and blowing, the two watermen climbed on board and Captain S——, all nude as he was, assumed the tiller. After that it was a long reach away from the land into deep water. No one said anything. The Artist soon finished dressing and relieved Captain S—— at the helm. In as nice a tone as I could command, I asked:

“Is there anything I can do?”

Captain S—— paused a moment in the act of pulling on his shirt.

“Not a blinkin’ thing!”

“You might lie down flat in the bottom of the boat when we ’bout ship and keep out of the way of the boom!” said the Artist.

“Right you are, me lad!” echoed the Captain.

Under the circumstances I kept very quiet. I had no desire to provoke either of them. When we made the dock at the Square, the dinghy was left in charge of Tim. I couldn’t help it so I made

the remark that, "It was a fearsome trip to Tucker's Town, over Castle Harbor, in a small boat!"

Captain S—— looked at me swiftly in the dark.

"You knew it not, me lad, but we were in proper straits had the wind held!"

Back in the bar at the Inn we helped him assimilate a Scotch and soda. It proved not to be a long séance, for the Artist seemed anxious to break up the party.

At table in the dining room, the Artist appeared considerably spruced up. Thomas was less deferential than usual, but seemed to have a good deal on his mind; moreover, he was filled with ill-repressed excitement. Contrary to his wont, the Artist was not talkative. I couldn't get a single rise out of him, so I told K——, who came over to our table, all about the raging Castle Harbor, the shipwreck and the "wrigglin' mess o' sharks" Tim feared. He looked at me doubtfully and to this day I think he believed me. We were tre-

mendously hungry and made quick work of the highly satisfying meal. This pleased Thomas, who was in evident haste to see us served. It dawned upon us later that his excitement was due to the attraction of the Cakewalk in the Town Hall, for we were informed that he had been selected to lead the revel.

Mrs. K——, in the parlor of the Inn, was seemingly relieved to know that we were safe and sound. Our late return had worried her greatly, she said. At this I was forced to laugh discordantly. The playing up of dangers in Castle Harbor was getting almost monotonous. I even went so far as to put into expression some of my thoughts on the matter. There was then a change of subject. The Artist seemed a bit abstracted and vague. He listened to Mrs. K——'s description of arrangements for the Cakewalk, informing us that Thomas had chosen for a partner Hazel, one of the dusky maids in the Inn. She

said the affair was not likely to be patronized by any ladies of the town, since it was entirely a tourist function.

In the Town Hall the lights from many oil lamps about the walls shed a smoky glow over the moving forms scattered on the floor, on the rows of tourists and on the masculine contingent seated in chairs along each side of the big room. Looking down upon the scene were the pictures of the several mayors of St. Georges. There was a raised platform at one end and, in the center, near the edge, stood a small table. On this, tailor fashion, sat the lone musician, a wiry little negro, very black and wrinkled. Near the stairway leading down to the entrance there was a bank of colored people making ready to enter the dance. I took the first vacant chair at hand, but the Artist wormed his way among the dancers to the platform under which sat Miss G—— and others of the tourist party. She had watched for his

coming, no doubt, and smiled beamingly upon him, as she made room for him to wedge a chair closely beside her.

To me this sort of thing seemed less amusing than annoying. I had rallied him about Cupid, the toils and that sort of thing, but he had given me scant attention. He said it was his affair—not mine. In short, he had given me to understand that it was none of my business. Looking up the hall, in the smoky light of the place, I realized that it certainly was none of my business. That potion, at Lunn's Well, had done the trick and it was working like any mythical witch's brew. I resolved from that moment to maintain a policy of non-interference. The girl—she was probably along in the twenties—was not without some native wit. She had, besides, a pleasant, piquant face, fringed with a lot of fluffy, auburn hair. This added a certain vivacity to her features that was most charming.

Hers was an accidental intrusion into our company. I reflected sagely that probably she and her friends would move on in a day or so and leave us to our work. I picked out Baldy of the Ship near her and speculated idly upon the part he might play as the rival of the Artist. Looking him over I noticed a tall, lanky youth leaning against the platform, a little to the right of the Artist. The face seemed familiar, but it was a full minute before I remembered him as the slim chap who drank from the "Love Well" at the pretty girl's bidding. Then he made a grimace, but now the expression of his face was painfully set and stern. His manner of looking at the Artist was scowling and ferocious. Things were getting to be a bit interesting, and I laughed softly to myself as I thought of the evident complications in the situation.

In the midst of these reflections a sea-faring man forced his way up the stairs and came breez-

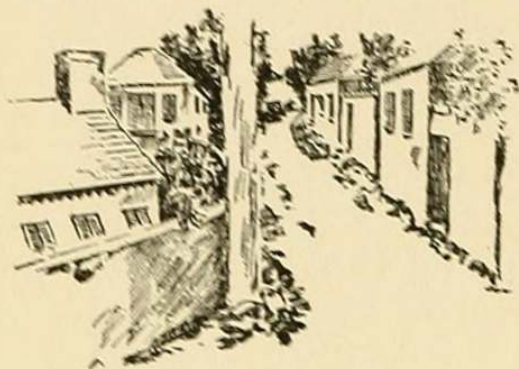
ily into the hall. He was a stranger from a brigantine, anchored in distress off the North Shore. He lurched tremblingly into a seat at the head of

the stairs, among the blacks. That he had reached the Town Hall by way of Rum Alley was very evident. He had been seated a few minutes when Hazel, of the Inn, gorgeously arrayed for the festive occasion, entered. The sailor,

with an elephantine bow, offered her his seat, saying:

“Ship ahoy, Kitty! how are you?”

An attendant promptly shoved the sailor back into his seat. Another colored maid came round the head of the stairs and the sailor tried to embrace her. The attendant pulled him away, but the sailor retaliated by blacking his eye and splitting his lip. There was instant uproar and commotion. He was hauled down the stairs by fifty



or more willing hands. Following sundry sobering kicks, he was headed up the Alley and allowed to study navigation back to the North Shore and his ship. Great as was the excitement, it did not break up the dance. I returned to find the Artist and Miss G—— in the mazes of a waltz, with the fiddler on his stand playing in a rapidly increasing tempo. There were a score of couples on the floor, chiefly tourists. This went on for an hour or more, but the exertions of the day, together with the steady drone of the music, proved entirely too much for me. Tired out at last I fell sound asleep in my chair.

Some one touched me on the arm. I heard a sympathetic voice say: "Poor fellow! he must be very tired after all the excitement of the trip." I looked up sleepily into a pair of laughing eyes and managed somehow to pull myself together. It was Miss G—— and the Artist.

"Who won?" I asked confusedly.

“Oh, the Cakewalk!” said the girl, laughing. “It isn’t over yet.” There were two couples on the floor, Thomas and Hazel, a buxom wench from the St. Georges and a wiry little darkey from Hamilton. All four were hot and perspiring, but game. They moved about with lagging limbs and set, determined faces. Once Hazel lost step, but Thomas pulled her into shape. So it went on for another hour. It was at this juncture that the Artist’s rival bumped sleepily against the musician’s table, upset it and stopped the music. This interruption brought the walk to an abrupt end.

“The stupid thing!” said Miss G——, referring, of course, to the lanky youth.

“I should say so!” echoed the Artist.

I did not see the Artist come into our room that morning. It must have been very early. I had heard the last of the merry-makers cross the Square from the Town Hall and fallen asleep to

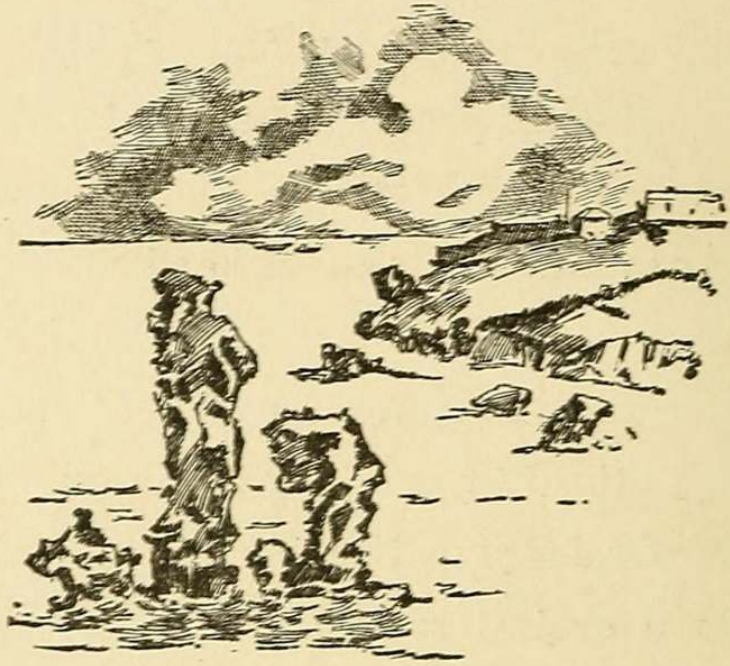
the music of a chorused song containing the catch line ending with "Beautiful Bermuda". At breakfast the Artist was morose and uncommunicative. I looked for some humor from him concerning the bedraggled appearance of Thomas. This individual was an object for our compassion, inasmuch as he had great difficulty in keeping his eyes open long enough to note our directions for food. At one time he rested his hand on the table and, leaning his weight heavily upon it, slept soundly for a minute. When he moved away his feet clung to the floor as if he walked over a glued surface. Ordinarily these actions would have evoked some merriment from my companion. It was apparent he did not even observe them, being occupied with other thoughts.

"You finished late last night," I said.

"I did," he replied. This was

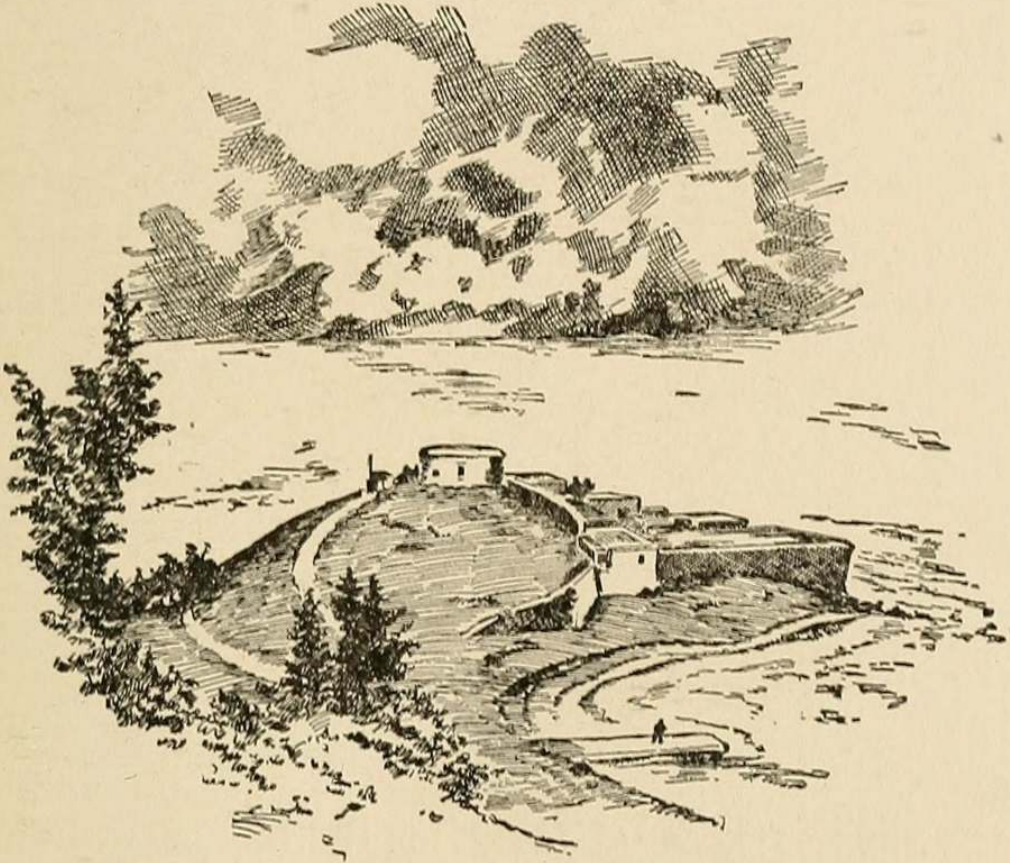


not encouraging. I walked to the window and looked over into the Square. There was a fisherman crossing from the dock and he was carrying a big fish half as tall as



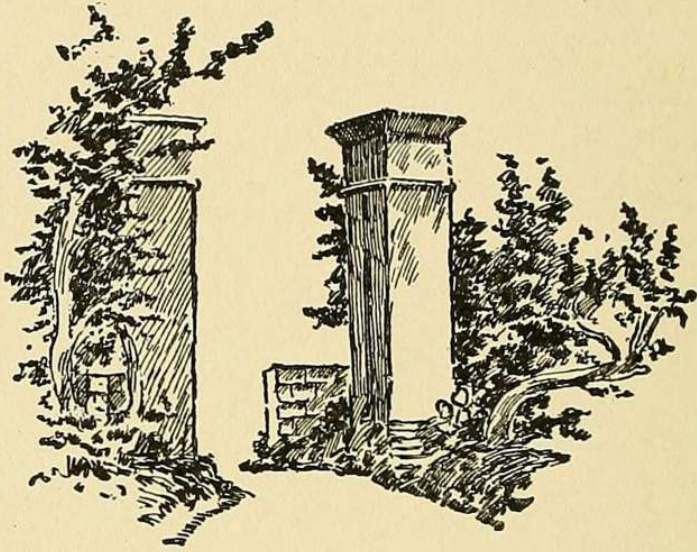
himself. I told the Artist I had seen our breakfast coming, but this did not liven him up much. In due course Thomas served us. An hour later we stood on the shore at Tobacco Rocks, with a brigantine in the offing at anchor. The Artist

sketched in the scene and became conversational, but made no reference to the matter of the girl. We followed the shore around to Tiger's Head



and Fort Catherine. Here he made two more sketches. The rugged beauty of Tobacco Rocks and the Tiger's Head held both of us captive.

The limestone pinnacles of Tobacco Rocks stood out sharply in the morning glow. Flashes of spray glistened in the sunlight as the waves hit the rocks and gurgled and moaned in the caves under

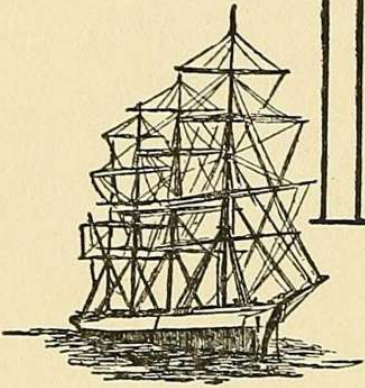


the cliffs. These rocks shelter the bay and while, on the inside, the water was tranquil there was a foaming surf out against the opposing walls. It was a lonely, majestic scene. For a long time we lay on the slope wrapped in the deep and age-old

mystery, nowhere so impenetrable as where seas forever war against the land.

We were on the military reservation and presently followed the straggling roads back to the airy barracks of the Royal Artillery. Farther along, we passed the parade ground and, later, the military church. We climbed the slope to Fort Victoria, resting at the water catches called the Naval Tanks. This is the traditional landing place of Captain Ord's crew.

CHAPTER X



IT is a matter of record in my notes that at this particular stage of our trip its biggest surprise was suddenly sprung upon me. At the noon hour I was idly smoking in front of the Inn, listening to a knot of darkies seated around the flagstaff chatting and joking with one another on the performance at the cakewalk the night before. One of the group was the attendant who had encountered the sailor's fist in the *mêlée*. He was explaining the matter at length. I was laughing at the explanation when the Artist walked up to me.

“We take the stage in an hour for Hamilton.”

I looked him over in stupid amazement.

“What's wrong?” I managed to blurt out.

“Wrong? There’s nothing wrong. We—you and I—are simply going to experience a change of scene. Hamilton, I am told, is extremely interesting, and the neighboring islands are full of excellent sketch material. There isn’t anything to prevent our coming back here if we like.”

I was still looking at him.

“Come on,” he said peevishly, “we won’t argue the matter. I have arranged everything, knowing you would not care.”

But I did care, and, furthermore, we did argue the matter—and at length. I objected strenuously to being hauled about at his convenience, but when I saw he was fixed in his determination I gave in. He gave no explanation that was at all satisfactory to me. Merely seeing points of interest around Hamilton was a lame excuse; certainly there must be more behind the move—but what?

This was the question still on my mind when

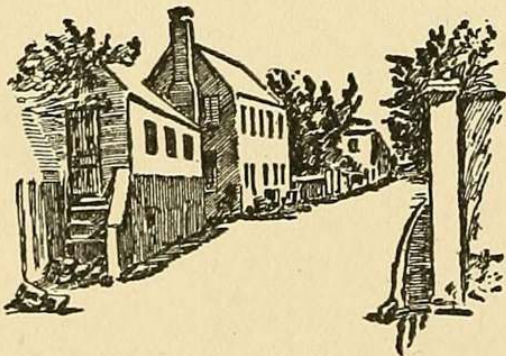
Bill of the Stage landed us in the town late in the afternoon. Most of the unattached dogs that made their homes in the Market Square at St. Georges had followed us up York Street, beyond the turn at Mullet Bay; two of them even escorted us into Hamilton itself. The Artist, who seemed to be in fine fettle, in spite of my ill humor, had selected a hostelry on Queen Street. As the porter carried in our luggage Bill of the Stage said:

“Knowed you gentlemen ’ud git wet on the trip to the Nateral Arch yesterday!”

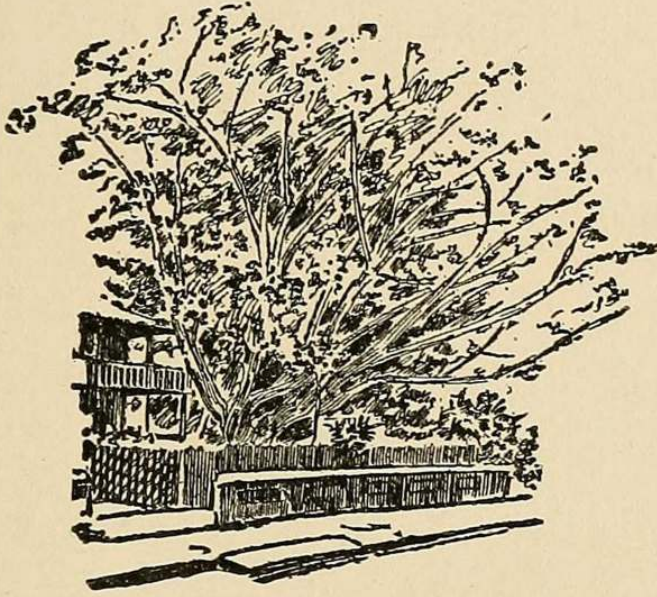
There seemed little in the observation to provoke mirth, yet Bill laughed hugely and rolled his eyes. I replied warmly:

“Now, look here, Bill. You and more folk like you have had heaps of fun at our expense. Believe me, it’s time to forget it.”

He was still looking at me as I entered the hotel.



That night there came into our lives an individual who has left his impress clearly defined, and who for a brief space, at least, contributed something of interest to our ramble. I met him



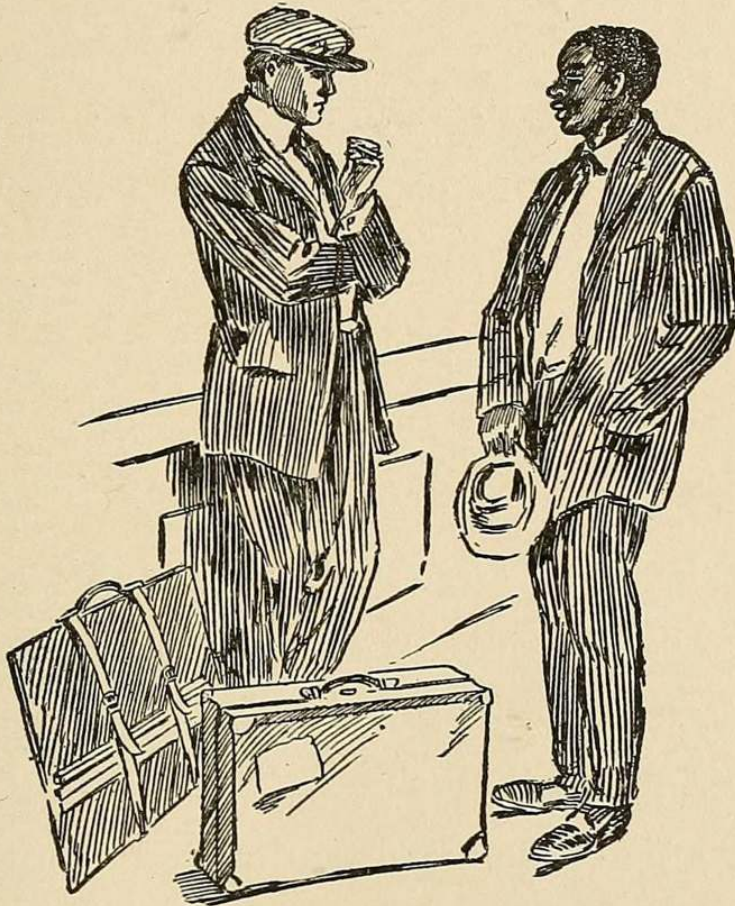
in Queen Street, in front of the museum of the Bermuda Natural History Society; he came to me as I smoked a pipe against the wall, under the wide-spreading branches of the famous rubber tree—planted sixty years ago, a sapling from

Essequibo, British Guiana. The Artist was somewhere up the street in the care of a real barber. I was aware of someone with his hat off, bowing and scraping on the ill-conditioned pavement at that spot. I glanced up and saw a colored gentleman of indefinite age. He was black as the original sin, but his features bore the stamp of intelligence, combined with an air of studious reserve. I looked him over carefully in the half light and nodded by way of greeting. It was a custom of the Islands. Thus encouraged he stepped forward.

“Spec you don’t know it, but folks here calls me the Oracle of the Main, ’cause I knows all ’bout these Islan’s—how to get to ’em an’ the hist’ry of ’em.”

This looked promising, so I said: “Indeed!” in a noncommittal tone. Then he went on: “Yes, Bill, the driver of the St. Georges stage, said he had brought you and a friend over a while ago.

He p'inted you out at the hotel. 'Dan,' he says, 'one of them's an artist, an' he's wastin' his time for he don't know where to go an' see things inter-



estin'. You'll do him a good turn by takin' him an' his friend in hand. You're the man that can do it', says Bill."

My friend in ebony paused suggestively.

“That was good of Bill,” I said.

“Yes,” he replied; “but Bill is that way. So I says all right, Bill, I’ll take ’em both in hand—an’ here I am.”

And that is how it came about that Dan, the Oracle of the Main, became a third member of our party. The final ceremony was not completed until the Artist had looked the Oracle over and we had arranged the terms upon which he consented to act as our personal guide and instructor. We were to leave everything to him, even to the matter of compensation. This item was finally adjusted on a satisfactory basis—to Dan. Up in our room that night the Artist seemed a little dubious about the newly admitted member of our party. He said three people out of five he had asked concerning the Oracle denied they knew him. The other two had only faint recollections regarding him.

“Yet,” said he, “Dan seems a truthful fellow. If we find he is not up to his own estimate, it will be easy enough to throw him over.”

We ate breakfast in a hurry the next morning, for news was brought to us that Dan was waiting in the street. He was better to look at in the daylight. There seemed more fit to his clothes, and more style to his salutation.

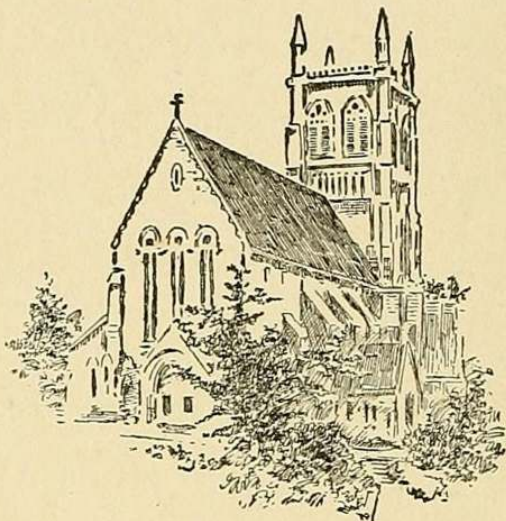
In the night the Artist had mapped out our itinerary for the day. This took in a good many points of interest about Hamilton, ending with a visit to Cathedral Rocks, in Sandys’ Parish, over in Somerset. He was particular about Cathedral Rocks, other points being more or less incidental. The matter was laid before Dan, who shook his head.

“We’ll have to take a carriage to do all that,” he said.

“All right,” said the Artist, “we’ll take one then.”



And we did. The vehicle Dan secured was an ancient trap, much the worse for wear, to which was attached a mule, so tough in places that he seldom flinched when the whip came in contact

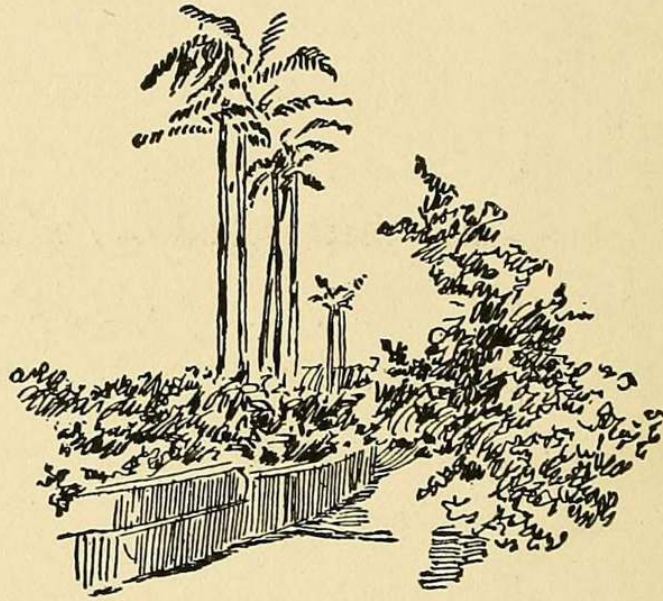


with his hide. We discovered that the outfit belonged to a relative of Dan's and that the beast answered to the name of Job. We over-ruled a suggestion that we take along a lad—one of Dan's relatives—to drive Job. This lad followed us up the hill to the Cathedral, Hamilton's most interesting structure. It is a Gothic edifice and is the

rival of any ecclesiastical pile, so far as beauty goes, this side of Europe. In its making stones were brought from England, United States and Nova Scotia and these have been blended with Caen and native limestone. The Cathedral was begun in 1885, but is not yet completed. Its chief distinctive feature is the massive tower, with battlemented parapet and pinnacles. In our recollections of the place these stand out with particular prominence.

For some unexplained reason, Dan appeared disinclined to linger about the Cathedral so, after the Artist had made a sketch in outline, Job was forced to move. Dan's small relative stood in the roadway, keeping back the tears by a prodigious use of his hands and shirt sleeves. Our way led out toward Paget, at the head of Crows Lane—a fanciful name given to that part of the harbor. It was here that Job got his second resting spell, while the Artist sketched

the royal palms at Pembroke Hall. These trees stand almost on the water's edge, serenely majestic in their stately alignment. Dan said they had been there ever since Governor Henry Hamilton



gave his name to the town in 1790. He told us that Hamilton succeeded St. Georges as the seat of government in 1815. The Oracle spoke disparagingly of the Town Cut proposition at the northern end of the Islands. He was still talking

of the doomed ambitions of the St. Georges folks when we entered Paget. Here Job unexpectedly responded to the persuasive appeal of the whip and actually ran down the hills to Hungry Bay. Dan described the scenery here,



telling us something of the wild commotion when nature is in her stormy moods. It was a calm day with the wind southeast and the boilers, or coral atolls, were frothing in a weird, fascinating manner. Each boiler is a circular cup, with a rim of foam around the edge. The surf beat in over

these obstructions and foamed in the caves and hollows at the head of the bay. The inlet gets its name from the fact that the tidal rush has a subterranean outlet, so that the immense force of the waves creates a suction which carries wreckage in large quantities over the outer fringe of reef into the jaws of the caverns inside. At East Elbow Bay, Job secured another rest. To reach it we passed through some delightful scenery. This whole parish is thickly wooded; the vegetation along the way rich and luxuriant. We paused again at St. Paul's, the parish church. Dan was strong on church lore and told us this edifice, or portions of it, dated back to 1796.

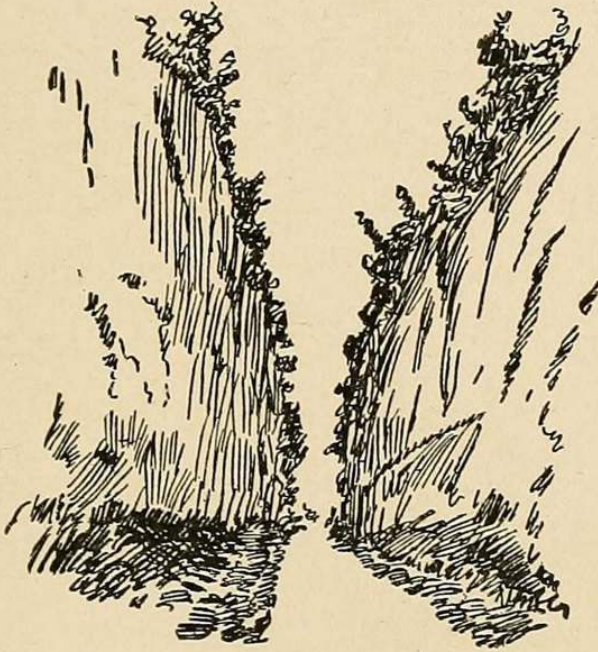
The course laid out for Job took him where the going was a little heavy. In the sand hill section of Paget we lightened his load, by tramping beside the trap for a mile or more. The hills themselves proved more attractive to us than anything we had seen since Hungry Bay. The

high sand mounds told us how all of Bermuda's hills were formed. The mounds we looked at lay well back from the coast line and are the work of the wind. The composition of the drifts is tiny shells ground to powder by the action of the waves on the shore. In the exposed places the wind gathers the particles in the form of dust, drifting it among the undergrowth and trees farther inland. These obstructions hold the accumulations and in time the dunes harden. Dan pointed out in one of the hills the chimney of a house peeping from the top. He said the structure had been buried thirty years. The destructive encroachment of the sand at this point appears to have been stopped, for the whole of the dunes are covered by trailing sea-side vines and bushes. In time, it is said, these dunes will harden into rock.

Along the coast in Warwick Parish Job was given little opportunity to study natural scenery. The torpid beast was forced into a gallop down

some of the small hills by the weight of the trap pressing upon him from behind. The land all through this parish is undulating, while along the South shore the coast is rugged. It was a two mile walk down the parish. Along the entire length deep scars have been made in the shore line by the rude force of the Atlantic surge. At Sinky Bay the Artist got busy with his art materials. This elliptical rim of sand is guarded by high brown cliffs, against which there was a fierce dash of spray from the barrier reefs. At Heron Bay we made a wide *détour* to avoid Warwick Camp. We were in the stray bullet zone and Dan said that the soldiers at the camp might be on practice; if so, he wouldn't like to risk Job's getting a half ounce of lead in him. If that happened, he said, we might have to walk back to Hamilton. Dan's solicitude for Job was most touching. The animal took the cross road. Meanwhile we came at length to the Khy-

ber Pass, the wonder spot of Warwick and the deepest cañon in the Islands. It is a military cut and rather grim and forbidding in appearance. In it Job took fright at a small commotion up



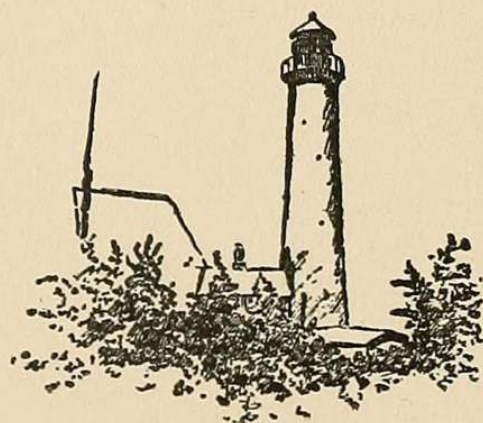
at the high point and actually ran a few yards again. Following this performance, he was allowed to rest while the Artist completed a picture of the Pass.

At this place Dan offered his first suggestion

on the trip since the royal palms. It was that we drive over to Port Royal and take the cross road to Gibb's Hill Lighthouse. This we did. Up to the present we had seen few people along the road. Now and then we had passed a native boy, or man. These had looked scowlingly at our company in the trap and then commiseratingly at Job, torpid and toiling. We had gathered from these actions that they regarded Job as an over-worked beast, so on the way up to the lighthouse I suggested that we walk. I did this not so much out of compassion for Job, as because it looked more dignified to be afoot. Dan rode up the hill.

We climbed to Bermuda's Answering Beacon—a matter of three hundred and sixty-two feet above high water. At the top we ran across several members of the tourist party we had met on the trip to St. David's a few days before. Among them were Gracie and George; the

Brewer from Flatbush, U. S. A., and his wife. The latter was plaintive; bewailing the fact that she could never—never get down to earth again without assistance. The bridal couple were making a topographic survey of the low islands sprawling in great disorder in the Great Sound. George was snapping his camera in all directions. The Artist, with the Keeper of the lighthouse at his elbow, was getting information. He told us the height of the gallery from the concrete base is 105 feet nine inches. The light is a revolving flash, burning oil with an illuminating power equal to 99,930 candles, and is visible twenty-seven miles in clear weather. He said it was lighted on May 1, 1846, but a new lantern was installed in 1904. The Keeper was most interesting. He pointed out the parish church at St. Ann's by the sea, in the Port Royal district. He told us that the only music the congregation in that church had any use for in the



long dead past was the howl of the wind and the roar of the surf on the bald beaches. People in the old days, he said, knew no occupation save piracy and wrecking. They took to the latter when the former was banned by law. In those days—this was before the lighthouse—distressed ships were made welcome and when one drifted in over the reefs, she was practically made a captive. The unfortunate skipper frequently lost ship and cargo in satisfying the demands of the wreckers. The bay at that point is called Church Bay, with the South West Breaker Bar opposing its barrier to the Atlantic roll.

At the base of the tower, down which we had labored in the wake of the Brewer's wife, her bulk blocking the passage of the stairs, we gave Dan an order to drive to Church Bay. Job worked prodigiously along these roads in Southampton Parish. Ever and again he would stop to look back into the trap, mutely and reproachfully.

He was a stubborn, though patient, animal and minded not the Oracle's use of the whip. To Dan, Job seemed a sore spot in the day's trip. He was forever adjuring him to mend his pace. We began to lose a good deal of confidence in Dan and I could see by the set look on the Artist's face that the Oracle's term of usefulness in our service was likely to be abridged. Out of compassion for Job we rested a while at St. Ann's Church and here the Artist industriously plied Dan with questions relative to the history of the place. These efforts to probe were not very productive. Dan did tell the story of a long forgotten rector of St. Ann's, who, while preaching one stormy Sunday, saw a man enter the church and whisper in the ears of several members of the congregation. These, he noted, reached for their hats. Instantly surmising that something was afoot, he asked directly: "Bill Jones, what's to do?"

To this Jones is said to have replied:

“There’s a ship on the South West Breaker!”

This was in the days of the wreckers and Jones’ declaration upset Sabbath decorum. The rector held up his hand, saying:

“All here will remain seated until I take off my surplice, and then, boys, we’ll start fair!”

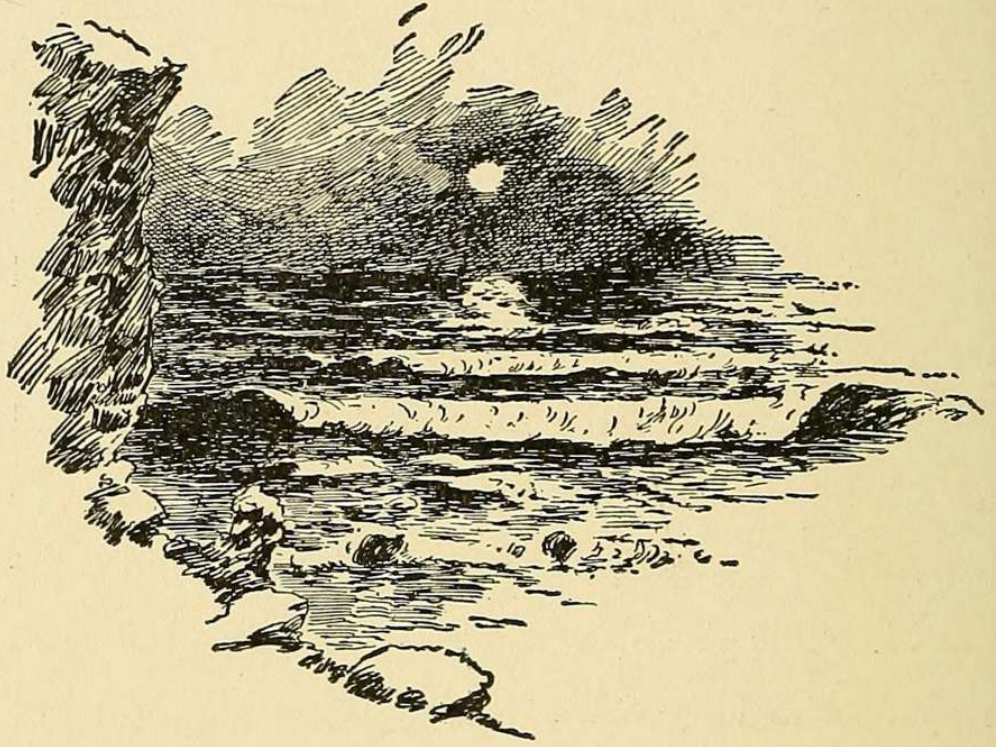
CHAPTER XI



DAN was longer in telling this story than I have been in setting it down. There were parts of it, too, that seemed funny to him, for he laughed in their recital in an absurdly constrained sort of way. When he had finished he looked about for those signs of approval and appreciation a good story should command. The Artist was gazing out into Church Bay at the long roll of the surf on the Breaker Bar, unsmiling and preoccupied. I was leaning with my back against the church wall watching the antics of the long tails down on the sandy beach at Great Whale Point. Dan hitched over a little nearer to the Artist.

“Yes, sir, he didn’t want none o’ them men to get any start o’ him!”

“Is that the end of the story?” asked the Artist.

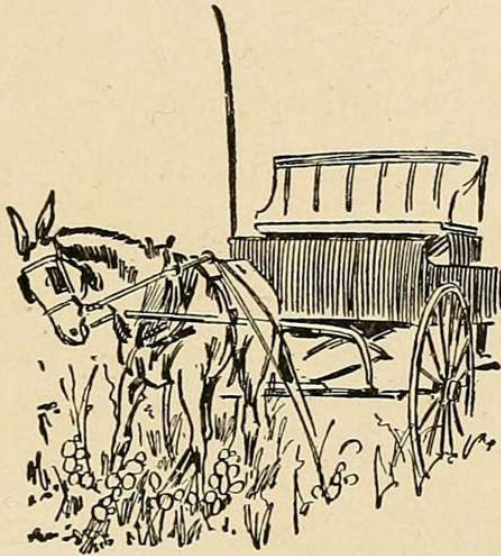


The Oracle looked about him doubtfully, hesitated and then said reluctantly:

“Y-e-s, leastways I don’t recollect my granddad tellin’ any more to it.”

The Artist continued to seem much occupied with the landscape.

It was some time after that when we moved back to Job, who by this time was wedged in a



tangle of seaside vines and cactus. How he got into the cruel mess was a mystery to all of us, but a greater mystery lay in the fact that he was extracted without loss of epidermis, nor did he flinch when the savage barbs entered his flesh, as many of them seemed to do. The Artist hastily

sketched him in this sore predicament. The patience of this particular Job was sorely tested, but it was found wholly equal to the occasion. Dan was the chief sufferer, evidently; many a hollow 'Mudian oath finding audible expression in the course of the task of untangling Job.

Following a careful examination of the dial of his watch, the Artist appeared a trifle impatient, and he remarked meaningly to Dan, when we were once more under way:

“Don't stop anywhere this side of Somerset Bridge.”

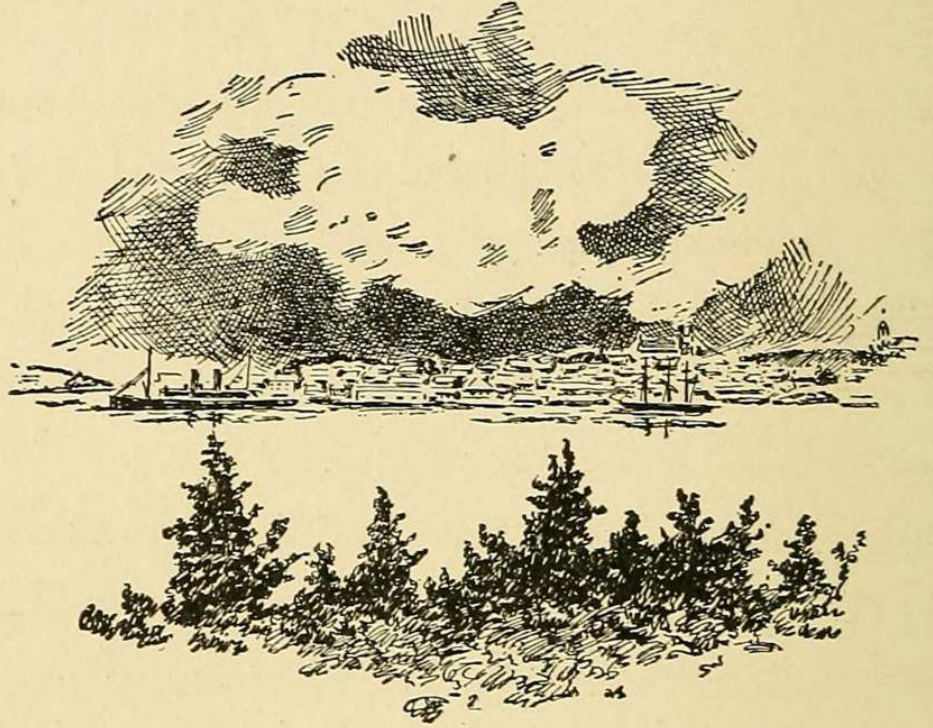
Under Dan's manipulation of the whip Job trotted amiably down the military road until we came to the borders of Sandy's Parish—so named in honor of Sir Edwin Sands, one of the original Bermuda adventurers. We were moving through pleasant farm lands, planted with onions and potatoes, with now and then a glimpse of banana patches and the slender, stately paw-paw over

the roadside walls. It wa a beautiful country and, but for our unseemly haste, we could have assimilated its restful charm with considerable pleasure. Along the way we passed a road leading north to Bassett's Caves. Defying instructions, Dan drew up. The signboard bore the legend of the locality in plain English. Dan was explaining the attractions of the Caves, when the Artist cut in sharply:

“I told you Somerset Bridge!”

There was no mistaking the note of impatience, so Dan made no further protest. A half mile farther along we drew up at Sandy's Narrows and the Bridge. To tell the truth the Bridge wasn't much to see, but it did have an unusual feature in the shape of a trap door. This, when raised, gives room for the masts of boats passing in from the Great Sound to Ely's Harbor. It was a long look to Hamilton from the bridge over across the Sound, dotted with islets and islands. The Art-

ist was busy with Dan, so I walked the length of the bridge and up Scaur Hill. At this point, looking south, I secured a fine view of Wreck Hill, over Ely's Harbor. My eyes followed the shore line,



rugged and deeply indented, back to the bridge, and there I received a start that caused me to run down the hill to where I had left our outfit. In one hurried glance I had seen the figure of Dan on

the trap headed east along the road we came. The Artist was standing on the bridge amid his sketching materials.

“What’s the matter?” I shouted.

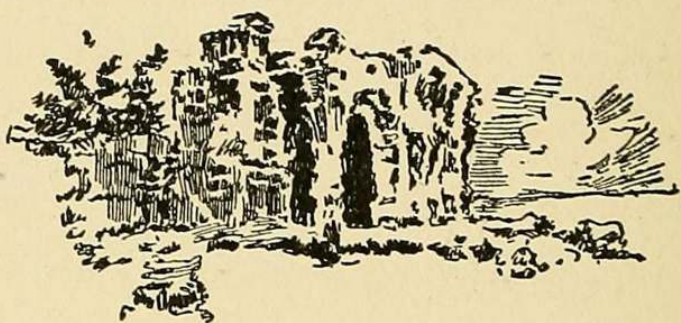
He grinned at me in fiendish glee. “Well, it’s this way. That treasure you picked up under the rubber tree in the city yonder is an impostor, a fake. He is no guide and he has proved to me that he knows no more about this country than his mule—which is precious little. So I told him to vamoose—to vanish; that we would find our way back from here by the ferry. Now, you are going to ask me what he said. Well, he said he would see us again in Hamilton and that if he could talk with you everything would be all right. Dan knows how easy you are, eh?”

“It would seem so,” I said.

“Sure, he does—most any one can take you in!” was his comforting retort.

This sudden severance from Dan and Job, to-

gether with the Artist's assured manner, puzzled me a good deal; in fact, I had not straightened out the tangle when we climbed down a steep, boulder-strewn path and came suddenly plump upon the "Love Well" damsel and a dozen others of a tourist party at the Cathedral Rocks. Miss



G—— and the Artist shook hands for all the world like real old friends. They were certainly a couple of dissemblers, as I began to see. Baldy of the Ship and the lanky youth who took the love potion at Lunn's Well looked us over somewhat contemptuously, I thought. There were several women in the party and the guide. The latter had an excessively tired and bored appear-

ance. He was the same individual who had toured Walsingham and Tucker's Town.

I soon lost interest in the Artist and his methods in a rapt contemplation of the wonders of Cathedral Rocks. The massive grandeur of this sea-hewn temple, its imposing arches and caverns, cast a spell over all of us, as we stood and looked and wondered. It is an achievement of many windy years and stupendous surges, and is, perhaps, the most remarkable example of erosion to be found anywhere. There was about it a majesty unapproached by the storm-washed rocks on the North coast. The Artist was busy with his sketch pad. Standing near, Miss G— watched him pencil in the beautiful cliff and occasionally offered suggestions. It appeared to please him, too, which to me seemed quite singular, in view of the fact that he had more than once expressed a rooted dislike about having any one meddling with him while at work. On one occa-

sion—that of my last offense, in particular—he had ordered me savagely to “cut it out”. I was near enough to hear him tell Miss G—— about Dan. It pained me a little to note that he dragged me into the story, explaining that I had picked Dan and Job up in the streets of Hamilton. I was easily imposed upon, he assured her. As if to clinch his estimate of me he told of the silver cup and the pike head and the circumstance of their purchase.

I moved away to the music of Miss G——’s laughter, and barely caught the words: “How credulous!” uttered in slightly mocking tones of amusement by the “Love Well” damsel.

Over against an arch of rocks stood the Guide, Baldy of the Ship, and the lanky youth whom his intimates addressed as Phil. They were in close consultation and, moreover, were looking side-wise at the Artist and his companion. The party broke up as I drew near. The Guide was the

last speaker. He concluded his tirade in this wise:

“I’ll do what I can.”

Not being privy to what had gone before I could not tell to what he referred, but I surmised it had some connection with our intrusion. For an hour or more these rocks held us captive. I assumed from what I knew of the Artist that we would make an addition to the tourist crowd and in this I was correct. When the Guide ordered his party on, we joined it as the most natural thing in the world. At Wreck Hill we climbed the rise in straggling formation, the Artist surrendering his sketch pad to me so that he could be free of hand to assist his companion over difficult places. She appeared to require a vast deal of help. All these little attentions did not escape the notice of Phil and Baldy of the Ship. In the progress of our jaunt they drew together frequently and spoke one to the other in low tones.

I contrived to form a slight acquaintance with another member of the party—a lady from Missouri, who persisted in seeking light on many points of interest from the Guide. Wreck Hill gave us a bold view of the South West Breakers. Here we learned from the Guide that this portion of the sea coast has been the scene of many a disastrous wreck. The long shoals and coral reefs constitute the sea's burying ground for hundreds of ill-fated ships. Here, even on calm days, the surge thunders stupendously and ceaselessly, roaring inward over the beaches.

The Guide led us back to Somerset Bridge and along a beautiful road to St. James' Church. This edifice, he told us, was built in 1789, on the site of a structure which had been practically wiped out by a storm. In those days, the roof was palmetto thatch and the walls rough hewn stone, insecurely placed. It has a remarkable curiosity in the shape of an organ which, the

Guide said, was built according to plans furnished by a convict, a full hundred years before. This proved mighty interesting to Miss G—— and the Artist, but Baldy of the Ship and Phil were bored and indifferent. Presently they took counsel with the Guide and it was due solely to their persuasions that he ordered the whole party to Watford, Boaz and then to Ireland Island. Watford is a military station of some importance. Boaz is also a military headquarters. Through its various buildings and grounds we moved in straggling array to the frequently unconcealed amusement of sentries and lounging "Tommies". Boaz, we were told, formerly was the convict headquarters, the scene of many an attempted escape. Our last call on Ireland Island was at the dockyard. The buildings here are more imposing than in St. Georges, because they are constructed of limestone. They looked solid and had an imposing air of warlike stability that was

impressive. The whole atmosphere was British. In the care of a sentry we were shown the bell, in a niche of one of the buildings. This, our Guide asserted, once belonged to H. M. S. *Shannon*—a vessel that played a part in the war of 1812. In the Cambre we inspected the floating dock, but felt impelled to sit down suddenly when we were told it could lift 17,500 tons.

Returning to Watford, where we were to take the ferry for Hamilton, the Guide led us around by way of Cross Island. He appeared to have something on his mind. Finally he asked me if we—the Artist and I—knew that his party was a private affair. I said I had no idea that it was, but that if he wished to be certain he should ask the Artist. My reply was decidedly unsatisfactory as I could see. Subsequently he went forward to join the conspirators—Phil and Baldy of the Ship—who had put him up to this assumption of authority. Half way over the island we gath-

ered about the Guide to hear his imperfectly remembered story connected with the legend of the hidden treasure buried there by shipwrecked Spaniards, before Bermuda was settled. We got from him again the same old story of a stone pile, a yellow wood tree and a brass plate. Cross Island owes its name to the fact that a wooden cross was set up there with one arm pointing toward Spanish Point on the Main, the other to the location of the obliterated stone heap. Several of our party at once began to dig for the treasure trove. Chief among these were Miss G—— and the Artist. I was forced again to admit, a little reluctantly perhaps, that his companion was pleasing to look upon. She had a style and grace that were extremely charming. Her hair had a way of blowing about her face in the wind that called for quick little attentions from her hands. This gave an unusual sprightliness and vivacity to her manner. Moreover, she

would sit or stand looking over the Artist's shoulders at his sketches in a studious, critical way that gave one the impression he was the student and she the instructor. The girl was rarely ever still and on the Island ramble seemed to require a great deal of assistance, in climbing over the rough places. All the little attentions she commanded were received as her due. For the rest it is hardly necessary to say Miss G—— was not a favorite with other members of her sex in the party. She didn't seem to mind that, however.

In our room that night there was enacted a scene not pictured in the sketch material supplied by the Artist. We stood face to face, not arguing a proposition, nor yet conversing with any undue excitement. I was merely seeking a little light. In the progress of search I had occasion to refer, with brutal directness, to a matter appertaining to the state of his feelings in connection with a

certain young lady mentioned frequently in the foregoing pages. He—a friend of long standing—owed me consideration; we were bound together by mutual interest on this trip. In the light of certain recent events I decided I had not been treated fairly. He had deliberately fostered the intrusion of a third party, to say nothing of others, and it was beginning to look as if the third party had secured a claim. I was led to this conclusion by the fact that at Watford, after Cross Island, he had been so attentive to Miss G—— he had hardly once looked my way. She was palpably his lodestar. Phil, the lanky youth, and Baldy of the Ship had been snubbed innumerable times by the engrossed pair, but I did not complain so much of this. But I did take umbrage at the fact that, when we docked at Hamilton after the ride across the Sound, he, the Artist, had ordered me to carry his sketch pad and other incidentals up to the hotel. This, in addition to the circum-

stance that he didn't even take the trouble to see that I did it, was like a thorn in my flesh.

I proceeded to heap maledictions on the people who had come upon the site of the "Love Well", or Lunn's Well, as it is called, and upon the silly legend about the efficacy of the water as a love potion. The stuff was working in his case, all right enough, or seemed to be. If not, what could possibly have caused him to forsake his interest in the trip, as he appeared to have done? It was this or some other contributory cause that had been the means of keeping him until far into the night. His entrance awoke me from a disturbed slumber and my grouch rapidly accumulated to his droning hum of the opening stanza of a long forgotten poem:

"I lov'd a lassie, a fair one,
The fairest e'er was seen;
She was, indeed, a rare one,
Another Sheba Queen!"

It was then I arose and spoke my mind.

“Are you quite through?” he asked.

I said I was. There was no doubt of my real opinion now.

“Good! then we will go to bed. In order that my affairs may not trouble you unnecessarily I will make this statement:—The matter of which you complain shall not interfere with our interests in the ramble. There are certain features in this connection, however, that are my private concern. We are not going to discuss them now.”

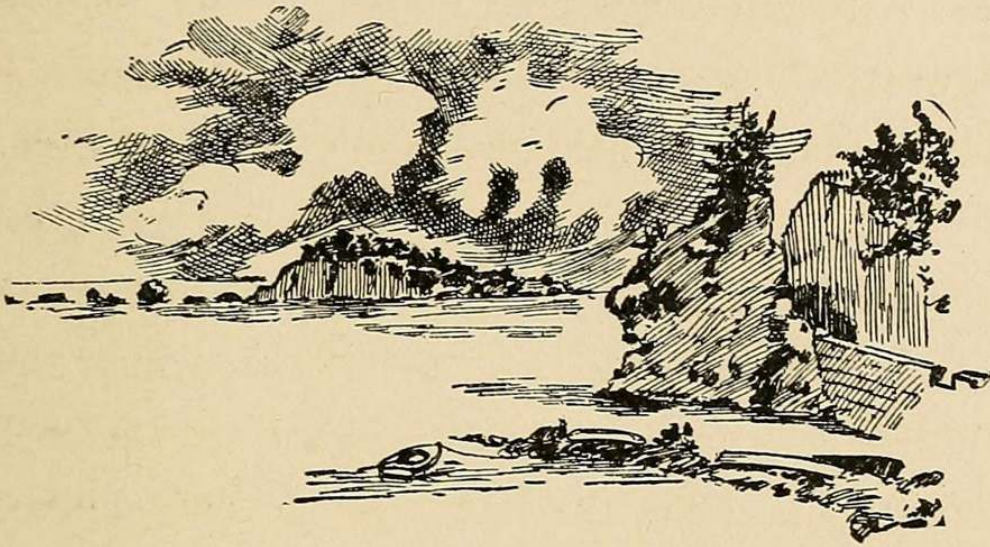
That was all I could get out of him.

“This is the place where the common scold and the witch were given a bath in the old days.”

It was the Artist who said this and he was explaining a story connected with the spot known as the Ducking Stool. It was afternoon of the next day and our party, which now included Miss G——; Phil, the lanky youth; Baldy of the Ship and the other people identified with the Cathedral

Rocks expedition, had reached the Ducking Stool, following a trip out from Hamilton through what is known as the Fairyland district. We had inspected the gardens and estates by the way and the ladies of the party had raved ecstatically over the regal poincianas, with yellow and crimson flowers; the sago palms, screw pines, loquats and palmettos. The big geraniums, strong looking and tall, had excited much admiration. We had roamed, in straggling formation, to Mangrove Creek and had noted the manner in which this curiously formed swamp tree closed up the sheltered inlet. Phil, the lanky youth, had climbed out on the strong shoots and had penetrated into the thicket for the special pleasure it seemed to afford Miss G——. Further along we climbed Clarence Hill, the winter residence of the Admiral of the North Atlantic Station. It was only a short walk from there to Spanish Point. The whole party had speculated on the story of the

buried treasure and the legend of the Cross, on Cross Island over by Boaz. It was toward this point that one arm of the cross was directed. Baldy of the Ship was willing to bet a good cigar that we were standing on the spot where the



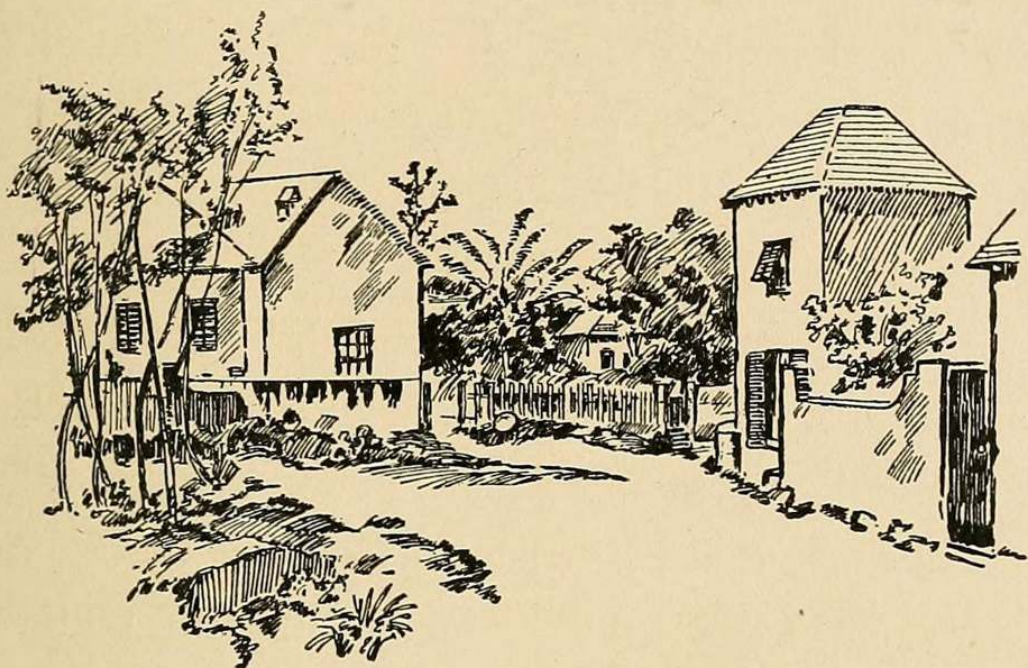
Spanish pirates hid their hoards of tarnished spoil. There was a splendid view of the Great Sound from the eminence of the Point. Our next stop was the Ducking Stool.

There wasn't much to see, that might suggest the uses of the contrivance designed for the pun-

ishment of witches. A quiet pool enclosed by gaunt rocks and the quaint name attached to the place were all the visible signs at the spot. The young lady from Missouri was fain to be shown, but, as we were not equipped with the required outfit, she was obliged to be content with the story. It was a steep climb through a cut in the hill to Mount Langton, the residence of the Governor. We were unprovided with permits so had to take the beauties of the place somewhat for granted. The entrance to the grounds was a blaze of color, with the blossoms of the purple bougainvillea and hibiscus, intermingled with the scarlet stars of the poinsettia. There was a wild profusion of English heath and a wonderful vista of foliage in the region beyond the gates.

We came down by St. Johns, the parish church, a venerable relic of the days of 1621. Like St. Peter's in the North, the graves, in the moulder-

ing churchyard, are scattered and in a good deal of disrepair. Old graves seemed to affect the Artist greatly, for I heard him recite two stanzas



from Gray's Elogy for the edification of Miss G——.

The next pause was at Prospect Hill. From this vantage point we could see away off to the South Gibb's Hill Lighthouse, glimpsing many of the islands on the Great Sound. We returned

through Happy Valley, the playground of the soldiers and thence by easy stages into Hamilton. Every member of the party was exceedingly weary. The Artist and Miss G—— were so tired, in fact, that they stopped to rest on a bench in that pretty flower garden called Victoria Park. Others of the crowd were scattered promiscuously over the close cropped lawns.

In the town I met Dan and Job; the latter attached to a rickety cart laden with native stone.

“You folks want me to take you in tow again?” asked Dan, clambering down from his perch on the cart. I pointed over in the direction of the Park.

“The leader of our party is over there. No; I do not believe he needs you any more, Dan. He is in tow of someone else now or I am much mistaken.”

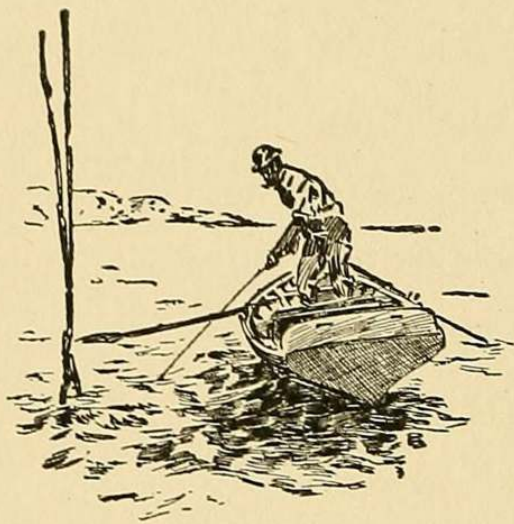
I patted Job, who looked around in sleepy surprise.

“Are you folks stayin’ long?” inquired Dan, laboriously mounting the cart again.

I couldn’t answer him definitely, and said so.

It was the tenth day following our arrival in Hamilton and we had seen much of the Islands. The Artist had also seen much of Miss G——, and the other tourists. We had been thrown with that party on half a dozen different excursions to places of interest, as far north as the Devil’s Hole and the Spanish Rock in Smith’s Parish. At the latter place we had been in sight of the sand hills at Tucker’s Town. On this occasion we had seen on Spanish Rock the nearly obliterated initials F. T. graven on the stones, with the cross and date, 1543. Our guide on that trip was an old inhabitant of the Parish and he said the cross on the rock was a warning against evil spirits; that even in these days few seafarers care to pass the place at night alone. Buccaneers knew the Bermudas as the Isles of

the Devil. It is supposed they earned the title because of the many sea disasters that occurred in this region before the charts came into general use.



We followed the trail of the tourists closely in these days. All through them I had noticed a disposition on the part of the Artist to resume his sketching. He became extremely morose and uncommunicative. I had noted, too, that Phil, the lanky youth, was more to the fore with Miss G—— and that on a number of occasions we had not been members of the crowd on little excursions in the neighborhood of Hamilton. I was not thinking seriously of any of these things, however. It was on my mind that in two hours' time the big boat down at the dock on Front Street would steam out through the winding channel, in

Grassy Bay, with the Artist and I as passengers, and then a long good-by for the sunny isles that had held us captive for so brief a space. We were sitting at a late breakfast and were strangely silent. I imagined my companion was thinking of much the same things that I have set down.

“Here ends a real holiday!” I said regretfully.

He looked over at me across the table. “Your observation is trite and commonplace; furthermore, it is not strictly true. Our holiday does not end until we land in New York.”

This nettled me, so I said:

“Oh! I presume you expect to be well and have a good time aboard ship. No doubt a certain captivating lady is going back by the same boat.”

I seemed to have inadvertently touched a sore spot. He looked at me queerly, his mouth set in grim, unsmiling lines. When he spoke it was like the breaking of icicles, so frigid was his tone.

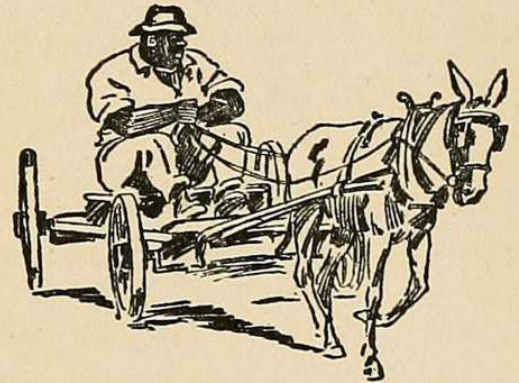
“One thing I want you to remember—it is this—I simply won’t stand for any ill-advised references to what you are pleased to regard as an episode. The captivating Miss your exaggerated sense of humor has conjured into heaven knows what is not going back on this ship, but we are. Now kindly drop the subject, if you please.”

I was certainly left in no doubt as to his state of mind on the matter. I was, however, left a victim to all sorts of speculation as to the cause of his temper. Later we passed out into Queen Street, in the wake of a porter carrying our traps to the dock.

“Look!” said the Artist.

Toiling up the hill was a small horse attached to a low, flat, four-wheeled vehicle resembling in appearance a buckboard. It was not the conveyance that caused the Artist to exclaim, but what it contained. Seated in the center, and crushing with his weight the springs supporting the low

body of the trap, was the biggest and fattest human being I ever saw outside a museum. He must have weighed four hundred pounds, if he tipped the scales at an ounce. The toiling beast in the shafts could scarcely keep the rig in motion. As we watched, the Artist laughed loudly and busied himself with a rough sketch to fix the thing in his mind. He was hard at it when I saw something else come into the picture. This time it was a man and a girl. They stepped off the curb across the street, opposite the famous rubber tree, and walked over just behind the slow moving conveyance. The pair were the "Love Well" damsel and Phil, the lanky youth. She was laughing perhaps at the thing that held our attention, and her mirth seemed as spontaneously free and gay as anything I have ever heard. The Artist wheeled suddenly at the sound, folded up



his sketch hastily, turned to me and said sharply:

“Come on!”

This gave me more cause for speculation. By the time we boarded the ship I had arrived at the conclusion that the vaunted potency of the water in the famed Lunn’s Well—“Love Well” we called it—had been seriously impaired by the long centuries that had elapsed since its discovery.

That is to say, so far as it bore upon the destiny of the Artist. He braced up to the age-old challenge in the question put to verse by Withers:

“Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman’s fair;
Or make pale my cheeks with care
’Cause another’s rosy are?”

THE END.



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