

## A Sunday Walk in Antigua.

Last Sunday was a December day.

The cool winds were pressing down from the northern latitudes, and, although these thermometers showed a temperature of <sup>at 10 A.M.</sup> 83<sup>at 10 A.M.</sup> in the shade, the decrease from 86 and <sup>in October & November</sup> 88 ~~to the former figure~~ was a delightful change and <sup>I may say</sup> more keenly felt, <sup>and appreciated</sup> than at ~~Racine~~. ~~a town of wonderful changes where the system is prepared for most anything.~~

An umbrella - always - a piece of plum cake in one pocket and two Baldwins in the other made me feel quite easy for the intended walk to the Crazy Mountains, beginning, some four miles distant. Plum cake, by the way, is a strictly condensed food and most persons will be for me out who have eaten too much of it -

It was only a step from the city into the country - just three feet from the cemetery walls, bounding <sup>part of</sup> the city on the south, into the rustling leaves of a large sugar cane field - a beautiful macadamized road ~~so~~ fenceless - and bounded on either side with walls of sugar cane, led me out,

I met a number of colored pedestrians both shod and unshod tramping their way to the Church in a most solemn fashion. It was "Mornin Marsser" "Mornin backerä" or "Mornin sah" in most every case; and sometimes accompanied with a <sup>fine</sup> courtesy or part drop. Known only to the old ones with a memory for the old slave times;

Some of the younger ones - quite gay <sup>proud</sup> <sup>misses</sup> - Carried bundles ~~under~~ their on their heads which contained no less than pairs of shoes rather under sized for the <sup>whole</sup> flattened feet <sup>and</sup> which were put on at the approach to the city and put off in a fortunate way in the clunch pew.

Sugar Cane; nothing but sugar cane and miles of it; thick as a briar patch and almost as impenetrable - eight-feet high and twisted & turned in every direction and only one years growth. It makes one think of the lush growth of the coal period - An acre of it will give 7000 pounds of sugar 200 gallons of Molasses a number of tons of megass, Canetops enough to feed 100 cattle for a day, and a <sup>depth</sup> foot of trash left on the ground as a mulch for the second crop

A turning of the road <sup>brought</sup> me  
to an open field and a ~~of~~ well used  
path and I left the sugar cane behind  
me. Paths as a general thing mean  
"short cuts across lots" <sup>and</sup> country boys  
~~all over~~ especially bare footed ones, know,  
all the world over, what paths are meant  
for. — Macadamized roads for the system;  
paths, never — country boys <sup>labor</sup> ~~seek~~ for  
the system as little as possible ~~in their~~  
~~recreations~~; their work has plenty of ~~fun~~ about  
it at the best.

This is a country of paths; they are  
innumerable and trend in every direction;  
and are well worn and have been ~~since~~  
for two hundred years; since the coming  
of the slave — My path led me by some  
~~acacia~~ <sup>acacia</sup> trees just starting out from the  
~~deserted~~ <sup>sugar cane</sup> field which I was crossing — They  
take possession when man lets go and  
send a field back to a wilderness of  
low thorny trees in four or five years.

This ~~acacia~~ <sup>acacia</sup> tree has a history for it came,  
no man knows when, from Senegal,  
West Africa, and <sup>no doubt,</sup> ~~on~~ the back of an ox  
was brought <sup>in the seed form</sup> by the means of cattle, ~~no~~  
~~doubt~~, which were imported from that  
country in considerable numbers many

The negroes call it the "Caskie bush"

years ago. ~~This particular variety of the acacia is at home.~~

A lot of gnara bushes with green fruit ~~was~~ also trying to cover the ground

They <sup>gnaras</sup> are very like the acacia in their squatting propensities. On the other hand

I passed a "magur ground" — This term stands for a little patch of ground <sup>The ever present hut was there which is used by the owner when it rains, and when he watches the grounds at night to prevent his neighbor from eating his potatoes,</sup> and in cultivation by some negro, and is mostly devoted to sweet potatoes.

Some different varieties of grass crowd the ground and prominent amongst them

I saw the "devil grass"; a variety which is about as difficult to eradicate <sup>is</sup> as the

Canada thistle at home. At the top of a hill I found a row of cherry trees out of fruit