

CHESTER ELIPHALET JACKSON

1845-1930

Foreword

Uncle Dick (Richard Chester Bates) usually prepares these prefaces to family history volumes, usually written in the 1990s, but none is found with this large collection of Chester Jackson material. I can't add anything substantive independently to what is found within. I've done my usual reformatting, and included several more photographs of Chester than had been included in the original collection — and better reproduced, too. Of course, several of the individual monographs have been published separately and are available as individual PDFs. (I've included the low-resolution version of Chester's "Orinoco Diary"; the high-resolution version was made available for download, but if you don't have it just let me know.)

I have added the "love letter to Lizzie" (Chester Jackson's Journal/Letter to Lizzie Keys — 3-4/1879) discovered among my mother's (Emily Josephine (Bates) Haynes's) effects. Also added are 1) several consular dispatches from CEJ's time as U.S. Consul on Antigua, recently come to light via the Internet, Google and the Google Books project; 2) Samuel Jackson's Will; and 3) Testimonials to Chester Jackson's Efficacy as U.S. Consul.

I have also completed revised and replaced the genealogical information just following the Table of Contents, incorporating additional information gleaned through Ancestry.com research and family papers that have come to light in recent months.

Other material not reflected herein will be found on Chester Jackson's web page, at http://www.shaynes.com/EJH/history_cej.htm.

Finally, where appropriate, I've footnoted the text with addenda or corrections, again based on recent research and documents.

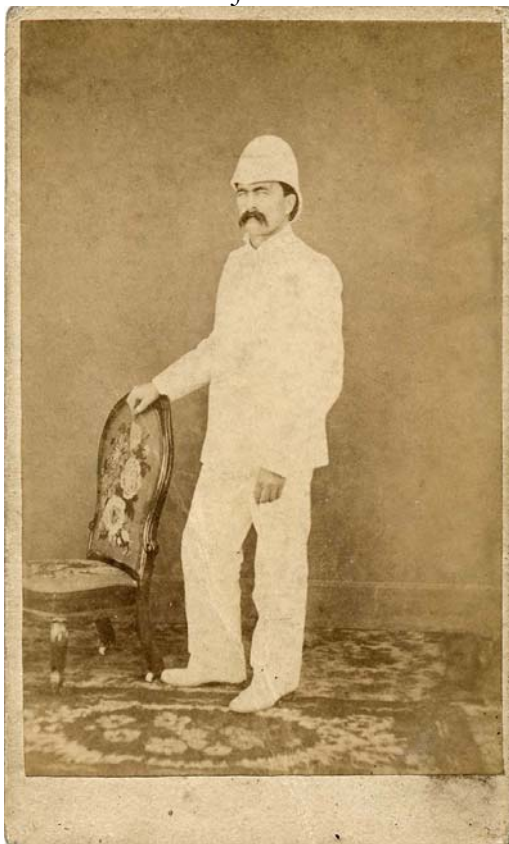
Stephen Haynes
haynesmn@ix.netcom.com
Minneapolis, MN
April 2012



Chester E. Jackson – 1897



Chester E. Jackson - 1878



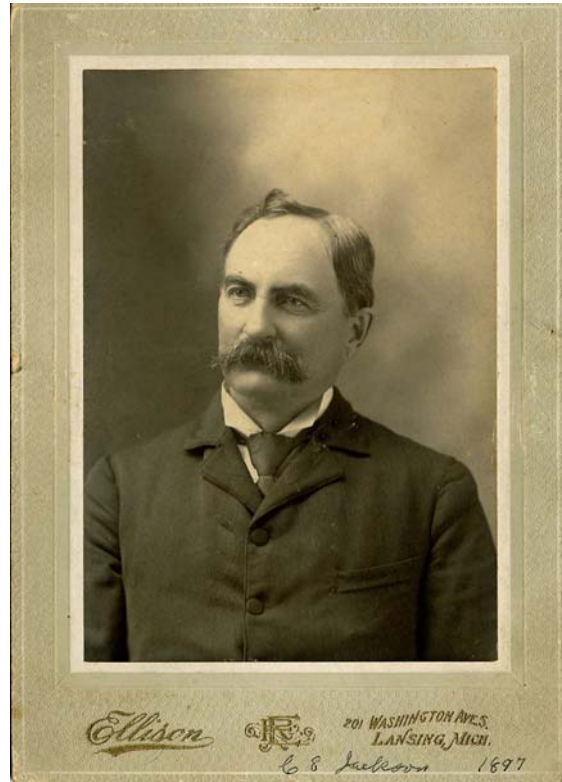
Chester E. Jackson – U.S. Consul to Antigua, B.W.I.



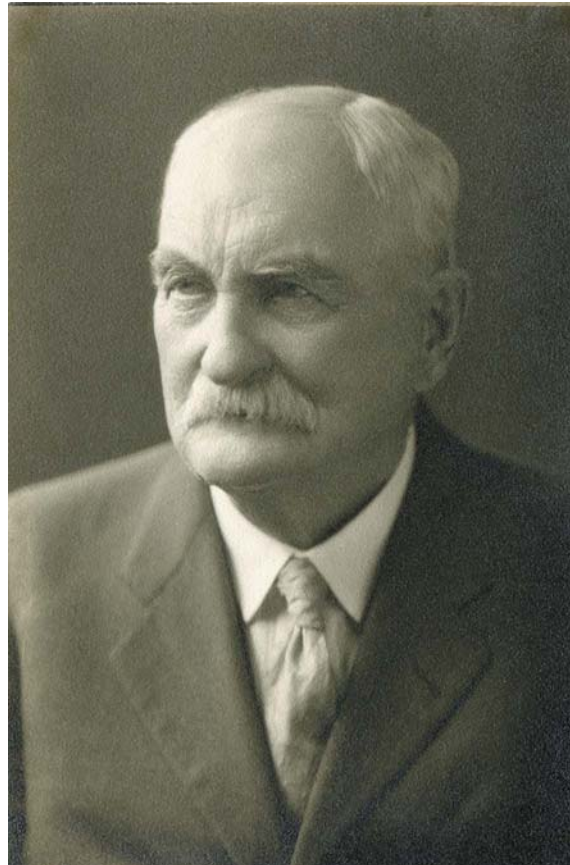
Chester E. Jackson - 1870



Chester E. Jackson - 1920



Chester E. Jackson - 1897



Chester E. Jackson – last formal portrait

Table of Contents

Jackson Family Tree	v
Summary Table	v
The Goodrich Line	vi
The Button Line.....	vi
Descendants of Joseph Button.....	vii
The Jackson Line	viii
Descendants of Henry Jackson, 1606-168?.....	viii
Descendants of Ebenezer Jackson Sr.	ix
Descendants of Abraham Jackson Jr	xi
The Jackson Family Lineage.....	1
Henry Jackson's Will	3
Samuel Jackson's Will.....	5
Memories of Jacob Jackson	6
Biography Of Chester E. Jackson.....	14
Incidents of Boyhood.....	15
Tales Of Three Grandfathers	22
Butter And Plug Hats On Jackson Farm In 1866	23
Study In Natural History On The Jackson Farm	24
Early Days In Wisconsin, 1864.....	25
The Jackson Bull	26
A Pike River Picnic	26
Playing Tag With Levi.....	27
Some Yellow Jackets On The Jackson Farm.....	28
The Jackson Farm Jack-O-Lantern.....	29
The Assassination Of President Lincoln.....	30
Recollections of the Orinoco Expedition.....	31
The Orinoco Diary.....	44
Hornaday's Letter Reporting on the Orinoco Expedition	82
Diary of Chester E. Jackson – 1878-83	88
Chester Jackson's Journal/Letter to Lizzie Keys — 3-4/1879.....	91
Chester Jackson's Consular Dispatches	103
Introduction by Jerome Smith.....	103

Addendum by Stephen Haynes	110
Second Addendum by Stephen Haynes	118
Testimonials to Chester Jackson's Efficacy as U.S. Consul.....	125
An Account of Myra Jackson's First Years, by Chester Jackson.....	131
Old Ballad of C.E. Jackson, recorded by Wilma (Jackson) Bates.....	134
William Hornaday letter to CEJ - 11/25/1899	135
CEJ's Description of Visit to Bermuda's Crystal Cave	137
C.E. Jackson Account of Trip to England to Sell Stamps	140
Caribbean Cruise: St. Thomas to Barbados — 1919	160

DAY	BEEBE	SPALDING	HUTCHENS	KEYS
	Alexander			
	John I	Edward I		
Robert	John II	John		
John I	Samuel	Edward II	Nicholas	
John II	Jonathan	Edward III	John	Ebenezer
Benjamin	William	Stephen	Ezra	Steward
Lydia	Asa	Davis	Abigail	Daniel
	Paphiras	Alma		Ezra
	Alethea			Horatio
				Eliza
				Wilma
				Chester
		Fanny		Jacob
	Asa		Mary	Abraham II
	Elisha		Joseph	Abraham I
	William II		Peter	Ebenezer
	Ephraim		Mathias	Samuel
	William I		Thomas	Henry
		GOODRICH	BUTTON	JACKSON

THE GOODRICH LINE

Edward Goodrich

John Goodrich (about 1465 -) b: Abt. 1465

Richard Goodrich b: Yorkshire, England

John Goodrich (about 1575 - 1632) b: Abt. 1575 in Suffolk, England; d: 21 Apr 1632

William Goodrich (1622 - 1676) b: 13 Feb 1622 in Heyesett, Suffolk, England; d: 14 Nov 1676 in Wethersfield, CT

Ephraim Goodrich (1663 - 1739) b: 02 Jun 1663 in Wethersfield, Hartford, Connecticut; d: 27 Feb 1739 in Wethersfield, Hartford, Connecticut

William Goodrich (1697 - 1787) b: 21 Feb 1697 in Rocky Hill, Hartford, Connecticut; d: 16 Sep 1787 in Glastonbury, Hartford, Connecticut

Elisha Goodrich (1734 - 1789) b: 27 May 1734 in Glastonbury, Hartford, Connecticut; d: 02 Oct 1789 in Glastonbury, Hartford, Connecticut

Asa Goodrich (1765 - 1819) b: 10 Mar 1765 in Glastonbury, Hartford, Connecticut; d: 28 Mar 1819

m. **Ruth Stratton** (1771 - 1807) b: 1771 in Glastonbury, Hartford, Connecticut; m: 12 Sep 1790 in Glastonbury, Hartford, Connecticut; d: 1807

Fanny Goodrich (1805 - 1902) b: 03 Jun 1805; d: 17 Feb 1902 in Racine, Wisconsin

m. William E. Wolcot

m. **Jacob Jackson** (1787 - 1871) b: 27 Feb 1787 in Wallingford, Vermont; m: 1848 in Racine, Wisconsin; d: 01 Mar 1871 in Mount Pleasant, Wisconsin

THE BUTTON LINE

Thomas Button b: 09 Dec 1558 in Harrold, Bedfordshire, , England; d: 23 Jun 1617 in Harrold, Bedfordshire, England

m. **Mary Price** b: 1562 in Harrold, Bedfordshire, , England;; m: 1582 in Harrold, Bedfordshire, , England; d: 1621 in Deventer, Bedfordshire, , England,

Matthias Button b: 11 Oct 1607 in Harrold, Bedfordshire, , England; d: 13 Aug 1672 in Haverhill, Essex, Massachusetts

m. Lettyce unk b: Abt. 1610 in England; m: Abt. 1633 in Haverhill, Essex, Massachusetts;; first wife; d: 1633 in Haverhill, Essex, Massachusetts,

m. Joan or Joane Thornton b: 1609 in Harrold, Bedfordshire, , England;; m: 03 Jun 1639 in Ipswich, Essex, Massachusetts;; 2nd wife, 2nd husband; d: 1647 in Haverhill, Essex, Massachusetts,

m. **Ann Teagle** b: 1630 in Haverhill, Essex, Massachusetts; m: 1648 in Haverhill, Essex, MA; d: 04 Feb 1663 in Haverhill, Essex, Massachusetts

Hannah Button b: 11 May 1652 in Haverhill, Essex, Massachusetts; d: 14 Nov 1676 in Deerfield, Franklin, Massachusetts

Sarah Button b: 11 May 1652 in Haverhill, Essex, Massachusetts; d: 1690 in Haverhill, Essex, Massachusetts

Capt Daniel Button b: 10 Apr 1654 in Haverhill, Essex, Massachusetts; d: 18 Sep 1675 in Bloody

Brook, MA, killed by savages

Abigail Button b: 16 Jun 1656 in Haverhill, Essex, Massachusetts; d: Apr 1667 in Haverhill, Essex, Massachusetts

Elizabeth Button b: 10 Jan 1659 in Haverhill, Essex, Massachusetts

Peter Button b: 17 Jul 1660 in Haverhill, Essex, Massachusetts; d: 11 Oct 1726 in Westerly, Washington, Rhode Island

m. Sarah Crandall b: 1654 in Newport, Newport, Rhode Island; m: 30 Oct 1682 in Westerly, Washington, Rhode Island; d: 1696 in Stonington, New London, Connecticut

m. **Mary Lamphere** b: 09 Nov 1668 in Westerly, Washington Co., Rhode Island; m: 24 Apr 1687 in Westerly, Washington, Rhode Island; d: Jul 1727

Peter Button b: 01 Jan 1688 in Stonington, New London, Connecticut; d: 25 Mar 1763 in Stonington, New London, Connecticut

Mary Button b: 06 Oct 1689 in Stonington, New London, Connecticut; d: Sep 1752 in Windham, Connecticut

Joseph Button b: 1692 in Westerly, Connecticut; d: 20 May 1750 in Westerley, Washington, Rhode Island

Matthias Button b: 16 Jan 1692 in Stonington, New London, Connecticut; d: 04 Jul 1759 in Plainfield, Windham, Connecticut

Eliphall Button b: 16 Dec 1694 in Stonington, New London, Connecticut; d: 03 Nov 1781 in Preston City, New London, Connecticut

Jedediah Button b: 1696 in Westerly, Washington, Rhode Island; d: 1760 in Groton, New London, Connecticut

Samuel Button b: 1697 in Westerley, Washington, Rhode Island; d: 1778 in Groton, New London, Connecticut

Cyrus Button b: 1700 in Westerley, Washington, Rhode Island; d: 1774 in Hopkinson, Rhode Island

Elizabeth Button b: 1704 in Stonington, New London, Connecticut; d: 1725 in Hopkinton, Washington, Rhode Island

Patience Button b: 01 Jun 1662 in Haverhill, Essex, Massachusetts; d: 30 Oct 1662 in Haverhill, Essex, Massachusetts

Descendants of Joseph Button

Joseph Button b: 1692 in Westerly, Connecticut; d: 20 May 1750 in Westerley, Washington, Rhode Island

m. **Abigail Rhodes** b: 13 Dec 1719 in Voluntown, New London, Connecticut; m: 22 Dec 1737 in Hopkinton, Washington Co., Rhode Island; d: 20 May 1750 in Westerly, Washington, Rhode Island

Elizabeth Button b: 1737

Charles Button b: 17 Apr 1739 in Westerly, Washington, Rhode Island; d: 23 Jul 1790 in Clarendon, Rutland, Vermont

Elisha Button b: 05 Jan 1742 in Westerly, Washington Co., Rhode Island; d: 28 Mar 1809 in Clarendon, Rutland Co., Vermont

Stanberry Button b: 27 Jun 1744 in Westerly, Washington, Rhode Island; d: 1844 in Prob, Rhode Island

Joseph Button Jr. b: 15 Jul 1746 in Westerly, Washington Co., Rhode Island; d: 22 May 1750 in

Lived in Danby

Mary Button b: 25 Aug 1750 in Westerly, Washington, Rhode Island; d: 19 Oct 1826 in Arcade, Wyoming, New York

m. Joseph Kinne b: 27 Jun 1747 in Preston City, New London, Connecticut; d: 1778 in Glasgo, New London, Connecticut

m. **Abraham Jackson Jr.** b: 10 Jul 1751 in Sharon, Litchfield, Connecticut; m: 1781 in Wallingford, Rutland, Vermont; d: 09 Aug 1833 in Arcade, Genesee, New York; from consumption

Olive Button b: 1751 in Westerly, Washington Co., Rhode Island; d: 22 Aug 1809

THE JACKSON LINE

Descendants of Henry Jackson, 1606-168?, arrived in the “Elizabeth and Anne”, 1635.

Henry Jackson b: 1606 in London, England; d: Bef. 21 Jun 1686 in Fairfield, Conn.

m. **Mary Abbott** b: 1608 in England; m: 1637 in Fairfield, Connecticut; d: 04 Feb 1689 in Fairfield, Fairfield, Connecticut

John Jackson b: 1640 in Rye, Westchester, New York; d: 11 Nov 1689 in Fairfield, Fairfield, Connecticut

Samuel Jackson b: 1645 in Fairfield, Fairfield, Connecticut; d: 12 Feb 1714 in Fairfield, Fairfield, Connecticut

m. **Jedidiah Higbee** b: 1647 in Fairfield, Fairfield, Connecticut; m: 24 Oct 1672 in Fairfield, Fairfield, Connecticut; d: 1701 in Stratfield, Fairfield, Connecticut

Samuel Jackson b: 1673 in Fairfield, Fairfield, Connecticut; d: 1678

Nathaniel Jackson b: 06 Mar 1675 in Fairfield, Fairfield, Connecticut; d: 1678

Hannah Jackson b: 17 Mar 1677 in Fairfield, Fairfield, Connecticut; d: 15 Apr 1709 in Connecticut

Deborah Jackson b: 08 Feb 1678 in Stratford, Fairfield, Connecticut; d: 1753 in Stratfield, Fairfield, Connecticut

Henry Jackson b: 1679 in Fairfield, CT; d: Bef. 17 Mar 1717 in Stratfield, Fairfield, Connecticut

Daniel Jackson b: 1684 in Fairfield, Kings Lynn, Connecticut; d: 1734 in Dover, Dutchess, New York

Rachel Jackson b: 1686 in Fairfield, Kings Lynn, Connecticut; d: 1774

Abigail Jackson b: 1688 in Newton, Fairfield, Connecticut; d: 07 Nov 1772 in Woodbury, Litchfield, Connecticut

Jonathan Jackson b: 21 Jul 1695 in Fairfield, Fairfield, Connecticut; d: 21 Jul 1695 in Wilton, Fairfield, Connecticut

Joshua Jackson b: 16 Oct 1698

Ebenezer Jackson Sr. b: 16 Oct 1698 in Newton, Fairfield, CT; d: 17 Jun 1766 in Sharon, Litchfield, Connecticut

m. Lydia Crippen b: 17 Mar 1713 in Colchester, New London Co, Connecticut; m: 10 Jan 1750 in Sharon, Litchfield, Connecticut; d: 14 Jun 1766 in East Haddam, Middlesex, Connecticut,

m. **Esther Abbot** b: 1700 in Norwalk, Fairfield, Connecticut; d: 1781 in Sharon, Litchfield, Connecticut

Bethia Jackson b: 11 Nov 1701 in Fairfield, Fairfield, Connecticut; d: 1795 in Fairfield, Fairfield, Connecticut

Laura Jackson

m. Phoebe Lyon b: 1646 in Fairfield, , Connecticut; m: Abt. 1707; d: 12 Feb 1715 in Fairfield, , Connecticut

Moses Jackson b: 1646 in Fairfield, Connecticut; d: 13 Nov 1712

m. Deborah Hyatt m: 24 Oct 1672

Joseph Jackson b: 1649 in Fairfield, Fairfield, Connecticut; d: 31 Oct 1681 in Fairfield, Fairfield, Connecticut

Hannah Jackson

Mary Jackson

Descendants of Ebenezer Jackson Sr. and Esther Abbot

Ebenezer Jackson Sr. b: 16 Oct 1698 in Newton, Fairfield, CT; d: 17 Jun 1766 in Sharon, Litchfield, Connecticut

m. Lydia Crippen b: 17 Mar 1713 in Colchester, New London Co, Connecticut; m: 10 Jan 1750 in Sharon, Litchfield, Connecticut; d: 14 Jun 1766 in East Haddam, Middlesex, Connecticut,

Daniel Jackson b: 26 Oct 1751 in Sharon, Litchfield, Connecticut

m. **Esther Abbot** b: 1700 in Norwalk, Fairfield, Connecticut; d: 1781 in Sharon, Litchfield, Connecticut

Mary Jackson b: 03 May 1717

Ebenezer Jackson Jr. b: 02 May 1719 in Wilton, Fairfield, Connecticut; d: Aft. 10 Dec 1781 ; Will dated 12/10/1781.

m. Abigail Tyler b: 24 Mar 1726 in Branford, New Haven, Connecticut; m: 02 Feb 1744 in Sharon, Litchfield, Connecticut; d: 22 Oct 1799 in Sharon, Litchfield, Connecticut

Esther Jackson b: 06 Jul 1745

Abigail Jackson b: 20 Sep 1747 in Sharon, Connecticut

m. Ichabod Squire m: 21 Aug 1766 in Sharon, Connecticut

Ebenezer Jackson III b: 14 Apr 1750 in Sharon, Litchfield, Connecticut; d: 11 May 1801

m. Ammi Johnson b: 05 Mar 1760 in Sharon, Litchfield, Connecticut; m: 1782; d: 22 Jun 1818 in Johnston, Trumbull, Ohio

Hannah Jackson b: 07 Jul 1752 in Sharon, Litchfield, Connecticut; d: 13 Mar 1837 in Cornwall, Litchfield, Connecticut

m. Edward Rogers b: 12 1736 in Branford, New Haven, Connecticut; d: 24 Jul 1813 in Cornwall, Litchfield, Connecticut

Elias Jackson b: 22 Feb 1754 in Sharon, Litchfield, Connecticut; d: 1795 in Sharon, Litchfield, Connecticut

m. Elizabeth Hutchinson b: 14 Nov 1754 in Sharon, Litchfield, Connecticut; m: 1774 in Sharon, Litchfield, Connecticut; d: 1815 in Sharon, Litchfield, Connecticut

Hulda Jackson b: 1755 in Sharon, Litchfield, Connecticut; d: 29 Dec 1803 in Canfield, Trumbull, Ohio; Canfield Village Cemetery, Section B Row 06

Ephraim Jackson b: 24 Jul 1764 in Sharon, Litchfield, Connecticut; d: 03 Oct 1838 in Nelson, Madison, New York

m. Molle June Johnson b: 12 Jun 1767; m: 1790 in Connecticut; d: 03 Apr 1848

Charles Jackson b: 1765 in Sharon, Litchfield, Connecticut; d: 16 Oct 1854 in Connecticut

m. Abigail Andrews b: 26 Apr 1770 in Wallingford, New Haven, Conn; d: 05 Oct 1851 in Connecticut

Joshua Jackson b: 12 Jan 1719/20

John Jackson b: 05 Apr 1723 in Wilton, Fairfield, Connecticut, USA; d: 1823 in Sharon, Litchfield, Connecticut

m. Elizabeth Smith b: 1640 in Hartford, Hartford, Connecticut; m: 1749 in Sharon, Litchfield, Connecticut; d: 1680 in Fairfield, Fairfield, Connecticut

John Calvin Jackson b: 06 Oct 1750 in Litchfield, Connecticut; d: 07 Nov 1820 in Sharon, Litchfield, Connecticut

m. Delight Foster b: 08 Sep 1755 in Sharon, Litchfield, Connecticut; m: 24 Nov 1773 in Sharon, Litchfield, Connecticut; d: 25 May 1839 in Sharon, Litchfield, Connecticut

Abraham Jackson Sr. b: 19 Jan 1725/26 in Wilton, CT; d: 18 Sep 1791 in Wallingford, Rutland, Vermont

m. Delena Ashworth

m. **Eleanor Bumpus** b: 08 May 1729 in Rochester, Plymouth, Massachusetts; m: 25 Oct 1750 in Sharon, CT; d: 1791 in Wallingford, Vermont

Abraham Jackson Jr. b: 10 Jul 1751 in Sharon, Litchfield, Connecticut; d: 09 Aug 1833 in Arcade, Genesee, New York; from consumption

m. Jerusha Steele b: 06 Apr 1746 in Hartford, Hartford, Connecticut; m: 1770 in Cornwall, Litchfield, Connecticut; d: 1780 in Wallingford, Rutland, Vermont

m. **Mary Button** b: 25 Aug 1750 in Westerly, Washington, Rhode Island; m: 1781 in Wallingford, Rutland, Vermont; d: 19 Oct 1826 in Arcade, Wyoming, New York

Jedidiah Jackson b: 04 Feb 1753 in Sharon, Litchfield, Connecticut; d: 11 Jun 1818 in Nelson, Madison, New York

m. Elizabeth Betsey Swift b: 26 Dec 1759; m: 1775 in Vermont; d: 13 Nov 1820 in Nelson, Madison, New York

Asahel Jackson b: 1754 in Wallingford, Rutland, Vermont; d: 29 Apr 1827 in Nelson, Madison, New York

m. Lovina Unknown b: 1756 in Litchfield, Connecticut; m: Abt. 1775 in Wallingford, Rutland, Vermont; d: 17 Aug 1817 in Cazenovia, Madison, New York

Jethro Jackson b: Abt. 1758 in Cornwall, Litchfield, Connecticut; d: 1825 in Richmond, Ontario, Canada

m. Zelicia Coggeshall b: 1765 in Middletown, Newport, Rhode Island; m: 13 Jan 1781 in Newport, RI; d: 1800 in Ontario, Canada

Chloe Jackson b: 21 Jan 1766 in Cornwall, Litchfield, Connecticut; d: 06 Feb 1849 in Nelson, Madison, New York

m. Ebenezer Lyon b: 15 Apr 1764 in Cornwall Bridge, Litchfield, Connecticut; m: 11 Nov 1785 in

Wallingford, Rutland, Vermont; d: 04 Apr 1829 in Nelson, Madison, New York
 William Jackson b: 1768 in Sharon, Litchfield, Connecticut; d: 15 Oct 1842 in Dorset,
 Bennington, Vermont
 m. Susanna Cram b: 1770 in New Hampshire; m: Abt. 1796
 Joanna Jackson
 Eleanor Jackson II
 Joseph Jackson b: 1731; d: 1793 in Wallingford, Rutland, Vermont
 m. Margaret Campbell
 Stephen Jackson b: 1731 in Wilton, Fairfield, Connecticut; d: 29 Jan 1794 in Wallingford,
 Rutland, Vermont
 m. Lydia Quitarfield b: 1735 in Colchester, New London, Connecticut, USA; m: 17 Jan 1754
 Isiah Jackson b: 1763 in „, Connecticut, USA; d: 27 Mar 1829 in Meridith, Delaware, New York, USA
 Stephen Jackson Jr b: 1755 in Sharon, Litchfield, Connecticut; d: 1810 in Wallingford,
 Rutland, Vermont
 m. Desire Brace b: 1754 in Hartford, Hartford, Connecticut; m: 19 Nov 1778 in Sharon, Litchfield,
 Connecticut; d: 1820 in Wallingford, Rutland, Vermont
 Daniel Jackson b: 13 Apr 1778

Descendants of Abraham Jackson Jr

Abraham Jackson Jr. b: 10 Jul 1751 in Sharon, Litchfield, Connecticut; d: 09 Aug 1833 in Arcade, Genesee,
 New York; from consumption
 m. Jerusha Steele b: 06 Apr 1746 in Hartford, Hartford, Connecticut; m: 1770 in Cornwall, Litchfield,
 Connecticut; d: 1780 in Wallingford, Rutland, Vermont
 Peter Jackson
 Isaac Jackson
 Hugh Jackson b: Wallingford, Rutland, Vermont
 Jerusha Sarah Jackson b: 1768; d: 1864
 Lydia Jackson b: 1780 in Wallingford, Rutland, Vermont
 Eliphalet Steele Jackson b: 17 Mar 1775 in Cornwall, Litchfield, Connecticut; d: 04 Jun 1847 in
 Cazenovia, Madison, New York
 Nelson Jackson b: 1778 in Wallingford, Rutland, Vermont
 Jedidah Jackson b: 1772
 Loraine Jackson b: 1770
 Jacob Jackson b: 1778
 m. Mary Button b: 25 Aug 1750 in Westerly, Washington, Rhode Island; m: 1781 in Wallingford,
 Rutland, Vermont; d: 19 Oct 1826 in Arcade, Wyoming, New York
 Joseph Jackson b: 1782 in Wallingford, Rutland, Vermont
 Abraham Jackson III b: Abt. 1782; d: 19 Oct 1816
 Charles Jackson b: 1785 in Vermont; d: 1813 in Buffalo, Erie, New York
 Jacob Jackson b: 27 Feb 1787 in Wallingford, Vermont; d: 01 Mar 1871 in Mount Pleasant,

Wisconsin

- m. Millicent Parker b: 03 Aug 1787 in Westford, Middlesex, Massachusetts; m: 04 Dec 1808; d: 27 Jul 1844 in Racine, Racine, Wisconsin
- Eliza Jackson b: 23 Jan 1810 in Arcade, Wyoming, New York, USA, d: 12 May 1895 in Mt Pleasant, , Wisconsin, USA
- Mary Jackson b: 16 May 1811 in Arcade, Wyoming, New York, USA, d: 22 Aug 1841 in Mt. Pleasant, Racine, WI
- Addison Jackson b: 27 Jan 1813 in Arcade, Wyoming, New York; d: 20 Mar 1835 in Arcade, Wyoming, New York
- Lucretia Jackson b: 01 Jun 1815 in Sandusky, Cattaraugus, New York, USA, d: 03 Nov 1865 in Sandusky, Cattaraugus, New York, USA
- Lorenda Jackson b: 05 May 1817 in Arcade, Wyoming, New York, USA, d: 08 Jan 1907 in Ortonville, Big Stone, Minnesota, USA
- Angeline Jackson b: 11 Apr 1819 in Arcade, Wyoming, New York, USA, d: 11 Aug 1898 in Ortonville, Big Stone, Minnesota, USA
- Lydia Jackson b: 13 Dec 1820 in Arcade, Wyoming, New York, USA, d: 09 Feb 1823 in Arcade, Wyoming, New York, United States
- Abraham Jackson III b: 15 Sep 1822 in Arcade, Wyoming, New York, USA, d: 20 Jun 1894 in Ortonville, Big Stone, Minnesota, USA
- Cornelia Jackson b: 19 Apr 1824 in Arcade, Wyoming, New York, USA, d: 28 Jan 1916 in Crandon, Forest, Wisconsin, USA
- Andrew Parker Jackson b: 04 Apr 1826 in Wyoming, New York, United States, d: 08 Oct 1895 in Ortonville, Big Stone, Minnesota, USA
- Salome Jackson b: 17 Apr 1828 in Arcade, Wyoming, New York, USA, d: 06 Mar 1838 in Arcade, Wyoming, New York, USA
- Sally Emeline Jackson b: 11 Sep 1830 in Arcade, Wyoming, New York, USA, d: 29 Sep 1899 in Hartford, Washington, Wisconsin, USA
- Harriet Newell Jackson b: 17 Dec 1833 in Arcade, Wyoming, New York, USA, d: 17 Oct 1850 in Racine, Wisconsin, USA
- m. Fanny Goodrich b: 03 Jun 1805; m: 1848 in Racine, Wisconsin; d: 17 Feb 1902 in Racine, Wisconsin
- Chester Eliphalet Jackson b: 19 Nov 1845 in Racine, Wisconsin; d: 21 Apr 1930 in Ovid, Clinton, Michigan
- m. Eliza Frances Keys b: 27 Apr 1853 in Holley, New York; m: 15 Apr 1881 in Holley, New York; d: 07 Apr 1949 in Ovid, Clinton, Michigan
- Myra Elizabeth Jackson b: 16 Nov 1882 in Antigua, BWI; d: 30 Aug 1981 in Ovid, Clinton, Michigan
- Wilma Josephine Jackson b: 23 Aug 1884 in Antigua, BWI; d: 21 Aug 1981 in Ovid, Clinton, Michigan
- m. Bion LaMott Bates b: 04 Oct 1884 in Elsie, Michigan; m: 21 Jul 1909 in Ovid, Clinton, Michigan; d: 04 Mar 1975 in Ovid, Clinton, Michigan
- Emily Josephine Bates b: 23 Jan 1911 in Ovid, Clinton, Michigan; d: 08 Aug 2011 in Beulah, Benzie, Michigan

m. Ellsworth Dils Haynes b: 28 Jun 1909 in Canton, Stark, Ohio; m: 24 Feb 1945 in New Orleans, Louisiana; d: 25 Dec 1975 in Beulah, Benzie, Michigan

Barbara Louise Bates b: 17 May 1914 in Ovid, Clinton, Michigan; d: 11 Apr 2010 in Ann Arbor, Washtenaw, Michigan

m. Russell Allan Smith b: 12 Apr 1913 in Lansing, Michigan; m: 07 Nov 1936 in Angola, Steuben, Indiana; d: 09 Jun 1968 in Lansing, Michigan

Jackson Wilmot Bates b: 28 Jun 1917 in Ovid, Clinton, Michigan

m. Janet Louise Kelder b: 13 Mar 1919 in Petoskey, Michigan; m: 30 Jun 1945 in Ovid, Clinton, Michigan; d: 25 Jun 2009 in Grand Rapids, Kent, Michigan

Richard Chester Bates b: 21 Feb 1921 in Ovid, Clinton, Michigan

m. Signe Hegge b: 08 Feb 1926 in Oslo, Norway; m: 10 Jul 1948 in Ann Arbor, Washtenaw, Michigan; d: 20 May 2001 in Okemos, MI

Beulah St. Clair Jackson b: 13 Dec 1885 in Antigua, BWI; d: 12 May 1980 in Ovid, Clinton, Michigan

Charles Jacob Jackson b: 12 Oct 1848 in Racine Co, Wisconsin; d: 01 May 1941 in Maryland, Maryland

Jerusha Steele Jackson b: 21 Mar 1790; d: 08 Jan 1863

THE JACKSON FAMILY LINEAGE

Henry Jackson came from London at age 29 on the ship “Elizabeth and Anne” in 1635.* He settled in Watertown, Massachusetts where he was a “Lessee of Fishing Rights” for six years. He then moved to Fairfield,[†] Connecticut in 1640 and bought a mill in about 1648.[‡] A copy of his will is attached.

His son, John, was born about 1640 and married Elizabeth Smith. They lived in Eastchester for a few years and then returned to Fairchild. He built a mill on the Uncowag River.

The second son, Moses, married twice and had three children from the second marriage.

Next came our progenitor, Samuel Jackson, who had 11 children from his first wife, Jedediah,[§] and one from his second wife who had two previous marriages ended by death and married a fourth time after Samuel died.

Samuel's eleventh, Ebenezer, Sr., was baptized on October 16, 1698. He married Esther Abbott in 1698. They lived in Norwalk, Connecticut and had six children.

Their fifth child was Abraham, Sr., born in 1726 in Wilton Connecticut. He was the first legal

settler of the town of Wallingford, Vermont, having moved there in 1773 from Cornwall, Connecticut with 10 children at the age of 48. He owned 1000 acres of land, was the first deacon of the Congregational Church, first town representative and first town clerk. In 1778 he was chosen selectman, tythingman, treasurer and “lister brander” as well.

Subsequently, he acquired a considerable tract of land which became known as “Jackson's Gore”. He settled there in 1791; the land was later organized into the town of Mt. Holly.**

In July, 1776 he attended the Convention at Dorset, and every important convention thereafter to 1791.^{††} He was the first representative to the meetings of the Committee of Safety and Correspondence, the start of organized government. He was moderator of the first town meeting of Wallingford after Vermont became the 14th state.

* - SLH Note: Henry Jackson is mentioned on printed list of Freemen in Massachusetts Bay Colony, 1630-95, which suggests he arrived in Massachusetts (now Connecticut) earlier than 1635. (The latter date is a conclusion in *Fairfield Connecticut* by Schenck, 1889, vol. 1 — see <http://otal.umd.edu/~walt/gen/htmfile/1084.htm>.)

† - SLH Note: Called at the time “Stratfield.”

‡ - SLH Note: Subsequently discovered research shows he sold the mill to a Thomas Morehouse. According to research commissioned by Chester Jackson in 1917:

Thos Morehouse bought a tide mill upon the creeke of Henery Jackson, and sd Thos agrees to do as sd Henry had agreed with the town Feb 2 1648 and sd Henry is freed from any damage for he agreed to grind the corn for the town for 1/16 part.

Aug 6 1653

§ - SLH Note: One of Samuel's sons was another Henry, 1679-1717, a copy of whose estate inventory we have.

** - The geographic relationship between Wallingford, Belmont (where is found Star Lake, formerly known as Jackson Lake) and Mt. Holly, previously Jackson's Gore, may be seen in a [map](http://maps.google.com/maps?q=jackson+gore,+vt&hl=en&ll=43.434224,-72.851372&spn=0.192217,0.308647&sll=43.440185,-72.89926&sspn=0.192198,0.308647&hq=jackson+gore,&hnear=Vermont&t=m&z=12) (<http://maps.google.com/maps?q=jackson+gore,+vt&hl=en&ll=43.434224,-72.851372&spn=0.192217,0.308647&sll=43.440185,-72.89926&sspn=0.192198,0.308647&hq=jackson+gore,&hnear=Vermont&t=m&z=12>).

†† - This modest sentence understates the importance of the event. It was called the “Convention at Dorset, Vermont,” or, usually, simply “The Dorset Convention,” of which [Abraham was signer No. 6](#) of 49, signed on July 24, 1776, twenty days after the Declaration of Independence. The Convention resolved, “We the subscribers, inhabitants of that District of Land commonly called and known by the name of the New Hampshire Grants, do voluntarily and Solemnly Engage under all the ties held sacred amongst Mankind at the Risque of our Lives and fortunes to Defend, by arms, the United American States against the Hostile attempts of the British Fleets and Armies, until the present unhappy Controversy between the two Countries shall be settled.”

He is said to have been a “splendid example of the early settler, upright and industrious. He commanded the respect of all who knew him.” He died September 18, 1791 at age 65, and is buried in Wallingford, Vermont.

Four of his sons, Abraham, Jr., Asahel, Jedediah, and Jethro, were soldiers in the Revolutionary War.

The second child, first male, of Abraham, Sr. was given his father’s name upon his birth in Sharon, Connecticut on July 10, 1751. He, too, was active in civic affairs, but the available materials suggest that some of his history is that of his father. Abraham, Jr. served with Seth Warner on an expedition to Canada during the Revolution as one of the “Green Mountain Boys”. He inherited part of the “gore”, served as a captain in the Vermont militia after the war, and was a justice of the peace. He built the town’s first saw mill. In 1810 he moved to Arcade, New York, then known as “China”. He owned nine sections of

land and lived in a log cabin. At the first town meeting of “China”, Abraham, Jr. was chosen moderator. His son, Jacob, was named assessor and pathmaster.

After 12 children from his first wife, Abraham, Jr. sired Jacob in Wallingford, Vermont on February 27, 1787. He died March 1, 1871 and is buried in Mound Cemetery, Racine, Wisconsin. Like his father, he, too had 12 or 13 children from his first wife and then two from his second, Chester and Charles. He was 58 when Chester was born, and Chester was 26 when his father died at age 84.

Chester has left us his recollections of his father, “Deacon Jackson”, and we have stories of the childhood of one of his great-grandsons who played with Chester and Charley as a boy on their Racine farm. Jacob married Milly in 1808 and Fanny Goodrich in 1844. He migrated to Racine by covered wagon in the summer of 1842; his first wife died two years later.

HENRY JACKSON'S WILL

Vol. 3, pg. 200-201

I, Henry Jackson inhabitent of Fairfield now in my perfect senses doe make this my last will and testament inform and manner as following: I commit my soul into ye hands of my Redeemer, my body to a comely Christian burial and my worldly goods to be disposed of as followith:

1. I doe give my son Moses Jackson my housing at Poquanock with ye lott that was Mr. Ludlowes (except one acre next to Sammels orchard square of by that piece of ground) alsoe ye five acres meadow in the Indian ffield which was sometimes Thomas Whelers also the new alottment in the Indian ffield adjoining to ye said meaddow alsoe one fourth part of the ou land (viz) the pasture lott building lott and long lott. This I give unto my son Moses and to his male heires forever and for default to male heire then to ye next male heire of my generation paying such Legacies as here after shall be mentioned (viz). Three pound pr annum to my wife as long as she lives after my decease in such pay as she shall be most suitable for her at the time of paying alsoe to Phillip Galpins children that he hath by my daughter Hannah to those that are now in being so each of them five pounds as they come to eighteen years of age this takes place after my decease.

2. My son Samuel having his land granted and Recorded already — Its my will that he have added theunto a parcell of land at the rear of Mr. wards lott and a parcell of land at ye rear of Mr. Harveys lott and a parcell at ye rear of Buckleys lott all these being of Buckleys lott all these being bounded on the Southeast by Richard Hubbells meadow on the Northeast by his own land all along; Alsoe the reare of Mr. ffrosts lott being seventeen acres they having but 10 acres on the Southeast side the remainder I doe give my Son Samuel — though the full quantity be not there yet he must take it as it is allso two parcels of meadow being about two acres bounded on ye Southeast by Matthew Sherwood and ditch on all other sides by his own land and ye creeke also the acre of land joyning to his orchard to be taken out of Ludlows Lott as it is Excepted in Moses his Legacy alsoe one fourth part of the out land (viz) pasture lott, building lott, an Long Lott. These lands I doe give him and his male heirs forever and for default of male heire then to ye next male heire of my generation he paying to his mother as long as she lives after my decease three pounds per annum in such pay at shall be most suiatable for her at ye time of paying.

3. I doe give to my grandchild Moses Jackson foure acres and a halfe at ye place commonly called Tryes field bounded Northwest by the huhway that goes through the field Southwest. John Roots Southeast by the Indian field Northeast by the land that was ffowles. I doe also give him my alottment at Compa (Compo) these Lands are to him and to his male heirs forever and for default of male .heirs to the next male heire of my generation. I doe give my son John Jackson one fourth part of my out land (viz) pasture Lott building lott long lott To him and to his male heirs forever and for want of male heire to ye next male heire of my generation I doe give to my grand child Samuel Jackson my Looome with all things belonging.

4. I doe give unto my wife the best fetherbed with bedstead, curtains and valliams with all the furniture Thereunto belonging also ye biggest Kettle that is at my house at town, and the least Kettle the middle Iron pott the bell mettle skillet and the red cove that I have at town and her Calfs if it come to light and the little churne alsoe the third part of all the pewter dishes spoons and beer vessells that I have in this house also the great chest and her owne chest also the use of the housing and lands at town with the tablestools and chairs as long as she lives an not to meddle with anyother the household Estate Except the axe that is commonly called Dinahs Axe this I hope with the six pounds per annum to be paid by Moses and Samuel will be a comfortable living for her and if she be left alone.

I will that she have the old Negro Woman to be with her and and a third part of all my Table linin I give my son Josephs five children five pounds which my son Samuel to have the over sight of and to take out of my visible Estate I will that it be equally divided between my son John my son Moses my son Samuel and my daughter Hannah save only twenty pounds in money for ye use of ye overseers to Improve ye worke that they have to doe and to pay themselves their wages I doe chuse Major Nathan Gold and Mr. Josiah Harvey overseers of this my will It is to be noted yt if the portion that is due to ye relike of my sonne Joseph that her father godwins will bee duly paid unto ye estate of my sd son Joseph Jackson then my will is yet after my wifes dower my housing and land at town with the tables stools and chairs shall be divided to ye five children of my sd Joseph allowing to ye Eldest son a Double portion or if other way they are to divide to ye next heir males Enterlined before saying these words my housing & land at town with ye table stools and chairs & on ye line near under it this word: Son: in witness wherof I have herunto set my hand this Eleventh day of Novembr 1682.

Henery Jackson

Test Daniel Burr
 James Buro

Inventory June 21, 1686
Vol. 3, Pg. 202

Proved Sept. 22, 1686
Vol. 2, Pg. 201

SAMUEL JACKSON'S WILL*

In the name of god amen the thirtyeth day of August, in the yeare of our Lord, 1712, I Samuel Jackson in the "town of" Shatfield being sick & weak in body but of perfect mind and memory thanks be given unto god therefore calling to mind the mortality of my body and knowing that it is appointed for men once to dye doe make and ordaine this my Last will & testament that is to say: principally and first of all I give and Recommend my Soul into the hands of God that gave it hoping thro the merits death and passion of my Saviour Jesus Christ to have full and free pardon and forgiveness of all my sins and to inherit everlasting life and my body commit to the Earth to be desently Buried at the discrecion of my Executer here-after named nothing doubting at the general Resurrection; shall Receive the same againe by the mighty power of god; and as touches such worldly estate wherewith it hath pleased God to bless me with in this life; give, demise and dispose of the same in the following manner and form that is to say:

First, will that all those Debts and duties as i do, owe in right or conscience to any manner of parson or parsons whatsoever shall be well and truly contented and paid or ordained to be paid in convenient time after my decease by my Executer here after named.

I give and bequeath to Pheby[†] my loveing wife the sum of fourty pounds in pay out of my moveable Estate for her Dowery

Item: I give all the Rest of my moveable estate unto my Loveing dafters Laura and Debora and Rachall and Abygill to be equally to be divided amounghst them. Laura and Debora allowing what thay have already had by way of portision I having all Redy ordered and disposed of my land to my sons by deedes of gifts according to my best judgement. Also I don likewise first constute mak and ordane my loving wife my only and sold executor of this my last will testament in whittness whereof I have hereunto sett my hand this thirtyeth day of Aguast in year 1712.

Signed and witnessed
in the presence of us

John Bagley

Danne Adams

Samuel [his mark] Jackson

Will proved Dec 1, 1714.

I

* - Handwritten copy made by Chester Jackson and found in his papers handed down via the Great Aunts and Emily Haynes; transcribed by SLH. Some of Chester's writing is indistinct, so there may be errors in the transcription.

† - Until now family records show Samuel having only one wife, Jedidiah Higbee. This clearly indicates he remarried after her 1701 death. As the updated genealogy record reflects, "Phoebe Lyon" is one of the possible names for his second wife.

SOME NOTES IN MEMORY OF MY FATHER, JACOB
JACKSON, JUNE 24, 1923, BY HIS SON, CHESTER
ELIPHALET JACKSON, BEING NOW NEARLY 78
YEARS OF AGE.

I have in mind how almost priceless some notes would be if my father had set them down for the entertainment of coming generations, and with this in view, I hereby begin.

My father was born in the township of Mt. Holly, Rutland County, Vermont, right in the Green Mountain country, on the 29th of Feb., 1788 or 1787. His father, Abraham Jackson, had moved into this region from Wallingford a few miles to the west where Abraham Jackson, Sr. was the first legal settler and landowner, and who with 29 others left there, 'tis said, on account of the "cussed flies and mosquitoes" having been granted some 9700 acres of land in gore shape, called "Jackson's Gore" to this day, and who divided up this great tract among themselves and cleared up the land and built their houses. Great-grandfather Jackson was the leader, seemingly, of the colony. Grandfather Jackson's farm, where my father was born was situated on a small lake known now as "Jackson's Lake," but called "Jackson's Pond" in the olden time. This lake is high, if not dry, for it has an altitude of about 1800 feet above sea level. of course, the country of that period was one of heavy, dense forest, principally composed of beech and maple, and thoroughly infested by bears and wolves. It was a cold and frosty country indeed, and a fitting place to breed strong men and women, of which there were many, for the families were large and hard-working. The axe was the leading instrument of agriculture, developing lusty sons; and weaving and spinning, most lusty daughters.

"Jackson's Gore" reached to Ludlow Mountain to the east, of which I have heard my father speak many times. In one instance he told us of the mad race of a hawk and peacock, the former having visited the farmyard in quest of prey, when the peacock made chase after him and drove him over the top of Ludlow Mountain, a distance of some five miles. Inasmuch as the peacock honked about every flap of his wings, the hawk must have

been scared away quite effectually. Imagine the sight of a great peacock in all his beautiful plumage rushing through the air like a meteor!

In my early years when around the old fireplace of a winter's evening on the old homestead at Racine, Wis., Father used to regale us with long yarns about his life and adventures when he was young in Vermont and New York. Only a very few have lodged in my memory because I was young. In his later days, he seemed to be taken up more with present-day affairs.

It is quite natural for a boy to remember the high spots, and one occurrence of the Vermont life of Father stood out vividly, to wit, how that one night a rumpus in the barnyard was heard, and the menfolk rushed out when eighteen big, grey wolves were counted as they jumped over the fence enclosing the yard and escaped.

Father was adept at imitating the howling of beasts and the songs of the birds, and had a lot of pride about it. When he struck up the howl of a pack of timber wolves, it made small boys look a bit wild-eyed.

He imitated the several kinds of owls perfectly and right here it would be well to jot down his experiences with an old hooter owl, when he was returning late at night from "courtin'", through the dense, dark woods of Vermont. The stillness, of course, was impressive. It must have been spooky. He was alone, of course. Without a sound or sight, his cap was snatched from his head and dropped on the ground. He could see nothing, nor could he hear a bit of sound. He picked up his cap and returned it to his head and proceeded a few steps, when "biff" away went the cap again. Again he replaced it, and one can imagine how the cold chills were chasing each other up and down his back. Only a few steps more, and away went the cap, but this time he saw the figure of an owl making his way up into the tree tops.

Apparently, the owl had a nest full of young owls hard by and made the mysterious attack on their account. An owl's flight is without sound. We have a man in this town whom I can name who had a like experience.

My father was the only person I ever heard who could imitate a bobolink with the natural voice, and by the way, he wrote some verses on the bobolink which we thought especially fine. Of course, they were lost. He was a great trapper of bears, wolves and foxes, and made great "dead falls" to catch bears. A dead fall is made by placing a log on the ground and another above it, leaving a space between that a bear might squeeze partly through after bait, and when pulled, set off a spring, which dropped the heavy log on the bear's back and pinned him down tight, and when the trapper came, he had an easy time dispatching Mr. Bear.

But Mr. Fox — the common red fox of commerce — gave the trapper something to do. It was cunning against cunning. First, a bed was made of chaff or other fine material, say five feet in diameter and four inches thick. Upon this bed was scattered toasted cheese, just the finest stuff to tempt the palate of a fox. The first night or two the fox would not attempt to pick up the cheese, only just look the bed over and let his mouth water.

Growing bolder, at length, he would stretch his neck and get a morsel, but still very suspicious. After a few nights — say a week or two — the fox would clean off the bed. Then the trap would be smoked in the fireplace chimney so that all odor other than smoke might be eliminated. Father was then ready to set the trap carefully concealed in the chaff. More cheese would be strewn on the bed, and then to wait. A young fox with little experience might fall, but an old fox often gave great trouble. Mr. Fox was that cunning that he would carefully hunt until the trap was found and then would run his paw under the laws of the trap and spring it. The danger now being passed, he would eat all the aromatic cheese on the bed and go off laughing. To overcome this smartness of Mr. Fox, the trap would be set in the bed wrong side up. This ruse would work sometimes, but

quite rarely. Sometimes two traps would be set, and Mr. Fox having found one would get caught by the other, not looking for two traps. Again, the trap might be set on a little knoll hard by, and hidden by a little dead grass. Sir Reynard, full of suspicion of the bed, would strive to get an overlooking position which the knoll offered, when "Biff!". Father said he caught one old rascal who tried to befoul the trap and was found dead, just grieved himself to death.

Father caught otter and beaver in plenty. The otter was caught generally at the foot of a toboggan slide where he had his fun. The trap was set in the edge of the water, and when Mr. Otter slid down the bank he met his Waterloo.

In very early times, pigeons were in wonderful quantities, and he told of secreting himself, and when the immense flocks flew over, low down, he would knock pigeons down with a long pole. Fancy getting a meal so cheaply and easily. This was in the "Jackson Settlement", now Arcade, N.Y.

My father was brought up in the Quaker faith, but at the age of about twenty he joined the Free Will Baptist Church and became an active worker there. I imagine the Quakers were too slow to suit his optimistic disposition. His father was a Quaker, and I am very sure his mother was a Quakeress. I never heard my father mention his father in any amount. One thing has stayed by me, and that is that Grandfather in giving some parting advice to his son Jacob, said, "Jacob, don't thee ever turn a stranger from thy door." In ye olden time, this advice was godly and befitted a Christian who maintained to keep all the commandments. Times have changed. Father saw the change before he died in 1871. I remember well the cold, stormy night in early December, just at the close of the Civil War about 164 or '65, when the front door came slamming in and a rough-looking character fell on his knees and lifted his hands and said, "Oh, my Fodder who are in hebbin, hallote be Dy name, Dy kingdom come, Dy will be done," on and on; "Can I stay here to-nide?"

"Yes, my good man," said Father, "Walk right in; get up to the fire, and warm yourself. A cold stormy night outside."

"Yaw," said the stranger.

"Now, Mother," said Father, "Get the good man something to eat, for we know he is cold and hungry." The stranger edged up to the fire, saying nothing but "Yaw" when spoken to. Soon the meal was prepared and Father said, "Now, my good man, haul up to the table and get something to eat."

"Yaw," said the stranger, and he laid to and took everything he could lay his hands on, in short, made a square meal. He arose at last and wobbled back to the old, wide fireplace, but the warm glow and full stomach made him quite sleepy. There was danger of his falling into the fire or on the floor, so Father said, "Do you want to go to bed now?" and the stranger cried, "Yaw." Then Father said, "Well, pull off your boots." The stranger tried his right boot and couldn't budge it. Then he turned his attention to the left with no better success. Father came to the rescue and gave one of the boots a good yank, when down came our visitor flat on the floor. "Well, that's too bad," said Father in a kindly manner. "Yaw," said the stranger, and then the problem appeared how he could be put to bed. Mother's face wore a look of distress, a sight to see, while Father grew stern and graver than usual. Finally, Mother fished out two old woolen sheets from the old family chest, (I have the same old chest) and put them in a bed upstairs at the farther end of the chamber, and Dutchy was told to follow, Father preceding him with a candle. Those big cowhide boots fell heavily on the floor as the owner tramped along, and so he piled into bed, boots and all, never removing any of his clothing. The snow fell heavily that night; in fact, it had snowed most of the day preceding. Father saw our guest well tucked in — kind old man was father — and turning with his candle, said, "Goodnight."

"Yaw," said Dutchy.

In the morning our company was routed out and brought down to breakfast — and a hearty meal it

was, and much enjoyed by the traveler. He soon wended his way down the road, staggering along through the heavy snow. Mother went upstairs to make Dutchy's bed, but quickly she came running down the stairs, screaming "Father, Father, what do you think? The bed is full of body lice!" Father's face was a study. A new era had come in.

The German tramp had arrived — and the first contingent was followed by many, because we lived between Chicago and Milwaukee which was a regular runway for tramps. "Don't thee ever turn a stranger from thy door," was only a memory and a kind of heirloom to be laid away. After that experience, the Dutchies never got another chance at Mother's beds.

According to our old family Bible, Father was married to Millicent Parker (Milly, for short) on December 4, 1808, following the journey from Mount Holly, Rutland County, Vermont that same season by Grandfather Jackson and family, together with Silas Parker and family to Jackson Settlement, now Arcade, Wyoming County, N.Y. Eliza Jackson, the first child of Jacob and Milly, was the first child born in the new colony.

In 1842, Father and family — a wagon full — left Arcade and journeyed by ox team to Mt. Pleasant, near Racine, Wisconsin, where I was born. Before this, Father made a journey from Buffalo to Chicago by boat, and to Racine, where he and Alson Felch made purchase of the old homestead farm from the U.S. Government at Washington. The office of the Government was then situated at Milwaukee, Wis. The deed was made on the 10th of December, 1840 and is a rare old instrument which I prize. I remember Father telling me that, while waiting for a boat to return to Buffalo, he worked two weeks as a mason on the first large warehouse built in Chicago. Another deed shows the sale of Alson Felch's interest in the old farm to Father, August 10, 1842.*

Right here, I think I had better make a copy of a narrative written by Susanna Bones Frey to me,

* - Both deeds are now held by Stephen Haynes.

describing the settling of the Bones and Jackson families upon their arrival at Racine in 1842.

March 13, 1912 Narrative of moving from old Kaintuck to the present farm of the Bones family.

Left old Slate Furnace, April 28th, 1842. Reached Racine May 28th, after a four weeks journey across the country. There was such a houseful of us, it seemed necessary to look for a place as soon as possible. Mr. Lewis and Father went to look at a quarter section known to be for sale nearby and soon bought it of Mr. Thomas Dyer who was second holder from the Government. On it was a log house of one room. The second floor was reached by a ladder. The house had a great fireplace with chimney made of sticks held together by a liberal supply of mud, nowadays called concrete. By that fireplace we had to do all our cooking and baking. The biscuits and corn dodgers were baked in a tin reflector. A pile of good food was baked, but it did not take Father a very longtime to get materials together and build an old-fashioned oven wherein were baked loaves of bread by the ton, and such bread and "punken" pies as make me hungry to think of them. Corn was planted the 8th of June and yielded the finest crop Father ever raised on the old farm.

There were no fences and our one cow, "old Mooly," had to wear a bell; it made the most melodious sound one could wish to hear, particularly when one was thinking of that lovely bread and milk; but old Mooly did not stray far, as she thought too much of her friends. She had been tied to the back of the wagon all the way from Kentucky.

We had not long to live alone in the neighborhood, as the First of August Mr. Jacob Jackson came with his family to settle on the farm directly across the road to the west of us. They soon built a nice

log house of hewn logs. Deacon Jackson squared the logs himself, and being one of those who were squared physically and mentally and morally, could not help being a good, square neighbor and a good brother of the mystic tie.* The family of Deacon Jackson could hardly find shelter in the one room of the Bones family, but had quite a mansion to begin with. Their family consisted of about ten in all. If I remember, their children were Abram, Andrew, Angeline, Lucretia, Emaline, Cornelia, and Harriet. Mary (Mrs. Barrows) died, leaving a number of small children. One, Charlie, always lived with Deacon Jackson's family, and a nice little boy he was, and good as the best as long as he lived.

Well, the Jacksons proved to be good neighbors and Father and Mother were glad to welcome them.

Within a year or two after they came, Mrs. Jackson died, July 27, 1844. She and our brother, Henry, seven years old, who died August 1st, 1843, with what would now be called diphtheria, were the first to be buried in the little grave yard on the hill on the farm next north of the Jackson farm. Both now rest in Mound Cemetery near Racine. Henry was such a lover of flowers that there were fresh rosebuds in the house that he had brought in, where he lay dead.

During the winter of '42 and '43, the new neighbors got together and started a school, having a man known as "Old Barnes" for teacher. They found a little shell of a building that stood on what was known as the Hughes farm, then owned by Mr. Wainright. Old Barnes knew nothing about teaching anything else but meanness, so Mrs. Bones and Mrs. Jackson had an indignation meeting at our house and called together the school

* - Refers to being a member of the Masonic Lodge.

board and discharged the old heathen. He had pulled the ears of some of the boys and that raised the ire of the mothers who could not endure such treatment. The old fellow gave the mothers a great setting out. He said that "the whole town was run by ill-tempered women."

At the meeting, Father and Deacon Jackson tried to quiet the indignant mothers, but Mother said, "We won't be quiet, for the old scamp must go." And so he did, and reported he was kicked out by the ill-tempered women. Then the school was given up till Spring when a new school house was built on the site where the present building stands and that was where our boys and you received your early training. I believe the first teacher for the new school house was a man by the name of Carter, who chopped wood at our house for his board. The first lady teacher was Mary Ann Daniels. You, Chet, may remember her, a good mathematician.

Then a man by the name of Connor, a connection of the Pierce family, was teacher. He was a good teacher and was studying for the ministry. Then came Tyke who lifted the boys by their ears. Then there was a riot among the boys and teacher. Our Jim was a peaceable boy, usually, but warlike when he met Tyke, and the fellow was glad to get out alive and whole.

(The above was by Susanna Bones Frey, my first school teacher.)

But we will return to the early history of Father and his connection with the War of 1812.

Western New York was especially alive to the situation of danger of invasion by the British from their point of vantage, the Niagara River. The whole country was alive with militia or minute men drilled and armed and trained by the code called "General Training." Every community had its company. They met en masse and formed

regiments. The Jackson Settlement had a company commanded by one Amasa Kilbourne. The Jacksons were represented by Jacob, my father, and his brother, Charles.

The British and Indians (Senecas) were active in the Buffalo region with Fort Erie as a base, and the Kilbourne Company, with others, was called to the defense of the border. This was in December, 1813. My father's story ran as follows: They marched from home to Black Rock near Buffalo, just below, and made camp. A big ball was in operation, mostly Masonic, when they were surprised by the enemy. They grabbed their arms and made a fight, but were routed. Father was shot through both thighs and crawled into a patch of currant brush in a garden to hide from the Indians who were busy scalping the dead and wounded. Close by him was a British officer, also wounded. An Indian appeared with his tomahawk and scalping knife, and was about to finish the work of the British bullet when the British officer commanded the Indian to move on. It seems the officer recognized that Father belonged to a Masonic order, from a Masonic emblem which he had worn at the ball.

He was picked up and carried across the Niagara River as prisoner of war with a number of others, where they were transferred to ox sleds and started for Montreal. The journey lasted over two weeks. Winter had set in. The bullet was not extracted at that time, and was carried a number of years. It was extracted at Racine by Dr. P. H. Hoy in about 1864.

It weighed fully an ounce and became an heirloom; we used to play with it as a marble. I swallowed it one time, I distinctly remember, but it was not lost. Finally, it naturally was missed and thoroughly lost, and probably lies buried or is groveling in the dust 'round about the old homestead at Racine this very day. One hundred dollars in gold would I pay for its recovery.

One can fancy the misery of a journey of that kind in winter to one so badly wounded. Upon arrival in Montreal, the prisoner was put in prison with other prisoners, and kept 'till April, when he was exchanged and came home unexpectedly, for

he had been mourned as dead. His brother, Charles, was killed in the same battle.

I visited the site of the old prison barracks in Montreal in 1903, but it was occupied by the Canadian Pacific terminal and not a vestige left.

One incident of his prison life, I remember well. His blankets were stolen from his bunk, and he learned that they had been taken by a big Kentuckian soldier and fellow-prisoner not far away. Father marched over and demanded the return of his blankets. The Kentuckian drew his knife and invited Father to come right in and get his blankets, whereupon Father jumped into him and as the big knife descended, the hand was caught and the arm and hand so wrenched that the knife flew across the room and Mr. Kaintuck yelled with pain. Father secured his blankets and had no more trouble from that quarter.

Father was a frontiersman of the purest and best type, and, as a woodsman was rarely equaled and that I know. The use of the axe was carried to the highest state of perfection in his case, and of which he was justly proud. By the axe, the woods fell in windrows, then were burned that the land might be turned to the use of husbandry, which is the sum of all prosperity in this great wooded part of the United States.

He cleared the major part of his father's farm in Mt. Holly, Vermont; then a farm of his own near Arcade; then the Jackson Settlement, Wyoming County, New York; then the farm or old homestead near Racine, Wisconsin, which was occupied in 1842 and settled upon. This farm was quite heavily timbered, as I can testify.

The clearing of land was a trade of itself, and no healthier trade ever existed, to develop muscle and strong, quick judgment. The elements of the brain wherein lie form, distance, weight, time, balancing power, alertness of hand to eye, quick decisions, were in his case developed to a high degree.

The muscular part, combined with the iron nervous system, were above the fear of pain and scoffed at any show of distress by pain. "Grin and

bear it" was the slogan cry of ye olden time. In his later days, sciatica attacked him so badly as to put his left hip out of joint entirely, and a socket had to be formed in the muscles next the hip joint for the use of the leg. Very little emotion was ever shown in the painful operation of this great change. I have to believe that the direct cause of the sciatica was a probable injury to the left hip joint when a young man, through a fall from a building. I remember his words relative to this fall:

"We were raising a frame barn and I stood on the plate, which was icy, when my feet slipped from under me and I fell on my left hip, a distance of about sixteen feet, upon the frozen ground. I had an axe in my hand, but threw it as I was falling, so that it would not cut me. I struck heavily, but saved the fall somewhat by throwing out my left hand. I jumped up, cracked my heels together twice, and remounted the building and finished my part of the job."

Anyone familiar with the task of raising barns of heavy squared timber knows the danger of putting on the plates and rafters of a large barn. One has to walk on these plate timber, say eight inches in width, high above the ground, with axe or beetle in hand, and nothing to hold onto. In danger, it exceeds the reefing of sails on a square-rigged vessel at sea, even in a storm, for there one has a rope to catch and cling to in case of need.

The forming of a new joint meant the shortening of the left leg by an inch, and this necessitated the use of a cane, but it never interfered with the uprightness or erectness of his figure.

He was a swift runner. One time at Racine, he was worried by a neighbor's span of horses which persisted in jumping the road fence and helping themselves in a piece of oats. One fine Sabbath morning, he found the pair in the oat field when he cut a good hickory gad (an old-time expression for a pole), of about ten feet in length, and after driving the horses onto the road, he sailed into them and threshed them on the dead jump for a distance of forty rods. His temper was up, but although slow to move, it was mighty when in action. I have seen him grab a kicking cow by the

leg when she kicked the milk pail over and started to run, and hold her despite her lunges, and then set her leg down and finish the milking with a thoroughly reformed cow and no show of his temper only a highly inflamed face and a look of strong determination.

I remember well his telling of chasing a bear with an axe and his gaining on the bear insomuch as to just lose him in his disappearance in a tamarack swamp. He threw the axe at him, but missed.

Right here I can mention his climbing a tree and finding two bears in a hollow, chopped them out and knocked them in the head with his axe, and threw them out to find the ground as dead bears. This event came off in New York or Vermont, I can't remember which.

I heard him tell of his conquering a bull, which for daring, parallels the daring of any matador in his dispatching of the hull in the arena at Mexico City.

In Vermont, great-grandfather had a bull confined in a pen which was thoroughly mad and dangerous. Great-Grandfather said, "Jacob, can't thee conquer that bull?" Whereupon Jacob possessed himself of a sledstake and jumped into the arena. The bull instantly charged and Jacob struck him in the left eye, blinding the bull on that side, when he whirled and charged again. Father changed the club in his hands and struck him in the right eye which thoroughly blinded him and he was conquered.

I think the greatest act of father's life was when the Asiatic cholera visited the United States in 1856 and 1857. I remember it well, being at that time eleven or twelve years old. The epidemic was a fearful one and took twelve of our neighbors, one a half sister of mine, by name Saphronia Wolcott.

A neighbor of ours, an old German shoemaker who lived quite alone, was seized with the cholera and nobody offered or ventured to care for, or go near him. When father heard of the old man's predicament, he hurried to the house and stayed to the end and saw him through. It was a most

infectious disease and the rich and poor suffered alike. It was virulent and few rode out the gale. In thirty-six hours, the work was done.

Another neighbor of ours, a German also, Mr. Ostsealoo, was taken and it became by that time "Drive like h-ll, or you are a dead man", and Dr. Teegarden sent for some three miles at the top speed of a saddle horse. The doctor possessed a fast and valuable horse which was put at top speed and dropped dead before the doors of the old German farmer. His life was saved and a certain party sympathized with the doctor over the loss of his horse, when the doctor said, "well, I don't care but I saved the dam old Dutchman, anyway."

My father was one of the real pillars of the church where ever he abided, and was one of the liberal kind, insomuch as to join in and help build up and maintain any struggling neighborhood church whether Methodist, Baptist, or Presbyterian. He was especially active in time of revival as an exhorter and singer and a ready giver of the needful when called upon. He was known far and wide as "Deacon Jackson", an inherited term from generations back, when "Deacon" meant something more than a lay figure such as we enjoy (?) these commercial days.

Great grandfather Abraham Jackson, a deacon of the Congregational Church at Wallingford, Vermont, provided and maintained a minister for the church for a term of years, so history has it. Great-great grandfather Ebenezer Jackson of Sharon, Connecticut, was known as "Deacon Ebenezer" and is so denominated in the history of Sharon.

In the good old time the most prominent and influential man in the community combined the offices of "Deacon" and "tavern keeper", which corresponds to the cashier of the bank and postmaster of the small town in the present effete time. A deacon was held in higher esteem than the minister himself, for he not only had to fill the pulpit when the minister was absent, but he had, and was expected, to hold up the organization with the necessary cash mostly provided by

himself. The Deacon was supposed always to “head the subscription”.

Deacon Jacob Jackson held up the church as far as he was able and sometimes when he was not so able. He used to remember the poor people of the church with substantial gifts from the farm; and he enjoyed in apple time, to put in a good supply of apples in his buggy when he journeyed to the city, and would scatter them amongst the children as he met them. Apples were a great treat in early times.

In its proper place, I should have noted one fact that I heard my father tell, i.e. that his father, Abraham Jackson, was a great Bible reader, and kept his place in the Bible by sticking a pin through the leaf. Before he died, the Bible was full of pin holes. I have made a long hunt for that pinhole Bible, but alas! I find it not.

In politics, father in his later life was a Republican, strong and hard, and took up the cause in the party's earliest inception. He died March 1, 1871 of an attack of the flu and was buried with Masonic ceremonies in the old part of Mound Cemetery at Racine, Wisconsin.

BIOGRAPHY OF CHESTER E. JACKSON

Old age having settled down upon the three daughters of Chester Eliphalet Jackson, deceased, it would seem timely that they provide for future generations the written story of the life of their illustrious father. My sisters, Myra and Beulah, having lived in the Ovid home while I was bringing up my family elsewhere, are providing the material, given them largely by word of mouth, regarding the early life of Chester E. There is no other record but names and dates in a family Bible. Father was a reticent, sensitive man who feared these old tales might be tiring to hear, otherwise there would have been countless other incidents to relate. I, Wilma, am the second daughter, counting my part in the telling as a most pleasurable duty.

To antedate the arrival upon the scene of action of the subject of our biography, let us have a bit of Jackson family history as gleaned by granddaughter Emily Bates in 1939 in conversation with her uncle, Charley Jackson, at his home in Henderson, Maryland:

The first settlement of Jacksons was at Watertown, Massachusetts. Here came Henry Jackson from London in about the year 1635. After a brief stay in this village, where he was lessee of fishing rights, Henry moved to Fairfield, Connecticut. Here he harnessed the tides for power for his mill; said mill and dam were still standing when Uncle Charley and brother Chester visited Fairfield. They also saw in the courthouse, at that time, Henry Jackson's will.

The family moved to Wallingford, Vermont where Ebenezer, (grandson of Henry), had a mill. An old millstone from this is used today as a step in front of an Inn there. He wished to found a town on top of a mountain but was unable to get fresh water, so the site was moved down the mountain and named Sharon. A William Jackson moved west to Arcade, N.Y. Jacob, father of Chester and Charley, joined the Army in the War of 1812; was wounded twice in the legs; was left upon the field and made prisoner of the British. His brother, Charles, was never heard from after a battle of this war.

We have no record of the advent of Jacob,* great grandson of Ebenezer, into the wilderness state of Wisconsin, but here it was, near Lake Michigan, and about four miles north of Racine that Jacob Jackson had built upon a frontier farm a log house for a youthful bride,[†] Millicent Parker. Thirteen[‡] children were born to this union. The wife died and Jacob married Fanny Good-rich, much younger, who was to bear him three more children: two sons and a daughter. The first one, Chester, arrived in 1845 and, three years later, when the father was 58 years old, was followed by Charley. The baby girl died in early infancy.

The big woods came close to the house providing not only an ideal setting for interesting play, but big logs that could be rolled into the huge fireplace for day and night fires. There was little heat, otherwise. Boys slept in the loft where in winter snow sifted down upon them through the cracks.

The mother went to town twice a year, a jug of molasses being the prize purchase of this trip. There was a crock of cherry preserves in the cellar which little boy, always fond of sweets, recalled sampling by sticking in a finger. Rings of dried pumpkin and apple hung from the rafters. The water supply came from a well half way 'round the house.

Jacob was a Deacon in the Baptist Church, but in early life, a Quaker. This faith led him to house any traveler who came along because he might be "an angel unaware." Sometimes the guests were Indians, but mostly they were tramps who frequented this route from Chicago to Milwaukee. One tramp made an Aeolian harp from horsehair which, when hung in the window, was later located by the sweet sounds it emitted. To another, grandma gave a bed and good wool blanket, only to find everything infested with lice

* - Note by Emily (Bates) Haynes (hereafter "EJH"): great granddaughter of Ebenezer.

† - EJH: Millicent Parker

‡ - EJH: Fourteen

after he had departed! That was the end of the tramp saga.

Incidents of Boyhood

The setting of farm, woods, creek and big lake furnished unlimited opportunity for roaming. Perhaps it fostered the life-long desire to travel that carried "Chet," as he was called, to faraway lands. On the farm next to theirs lived Ben Bones and brothers. This alert boy was a close companion of Chet and a life-long friend, a man who shared his extensive knowledge of nature as he developed. A brother of Ben became a prominent figure in Washington, D.C. and was influential in helping my father secure the consulate at Antigua, B.W.I. in 1878.

One day, while yet a small child in dresses, Chester was discovered crawling upon a log that crossed the swollen creek. Half-brother Andrew saw him, but fearful he might cause him to fall if he spoke, waited until he was well over. The adventure ended successfully. These half-brothers tried to prevent him from wandering into the woods by hiding behind trees and imitating the growls of bears. Little Chet jabbered back at them. There was no scare in him. Later, his father forbade him to go alone to a deep swimming hole in the creek but temptation carried him there one day. There were well-directed whacks on the rear by his father as he fled for home -an early lesson in discipline.

In the spring, the creek provided activity in fishing for suckers. "When did you learn to swim?" daughters asked him in later years. He couldn't tell: One of his half-brothers pushed him into the water, he said, and he had to swim or sink. This same swimming hole, father recalled, was lined or faced at times with slimy algae which boys had carried in to make a quick slide for naked fellows who lay on their bellies for easy immersion.

Hunting coons became one of the favorite pursuits. He told how many big trees he and his companions climbed in a day. It was astounding! Without doubt it was on these expeditions that he learned how to go up a tree, then fling his body upside down on the side of the trunk so that he could descend head first. This he did to astound us all at family picnics when he was in his fifties.

He went to a circus in town wearing his mother's shoes. Probably such incidents as this ingrained in him, as a youth, a feeling of inadequacy of proper attire. He had dreams all his life of finding himself in a public place with clothes that were partially or entirely missing!

It was a yearly custom for the parents, along with Chet and Charley, to drive in a buck-board drawn by two horses to visit a half-brother upstate. One time in going over a bump both boys fell backward into the road! Chet recalled in later years that in passing a farmhouse on one of these trips, they saw a woman dash out therefrom pursued by a man with axe in hand! They never learned the outcome.

There was no mention of school in father's reminiscences, but we know that he attended ninth grade in Racine, walking the four miles into the city. It was here, no doubt, that he met the boys whom he invited out to his home for a unique form of entertainment. On the farm was a cross old ram. The boys would drive a rail, to the end of which was attached a brightly colored cloth, into one side of a straw-stack. One boy sat close to the stack and jiggled this, mockingly. The maddened ram charged, driving the rail into the stack. One day, when a suitable cloth was lacking, a fellow wound his beautiful hand-knit scarf around the rail. Exit scarf!

At the age of sixteen, Chester took over management of the farm due to his father's poor health. He learned the old-country methods of truck gardening from Danish farmers who had come to the vicinity in large numbers.* (This

* - Wilma Jackson writing Emily Bates in March 1942:

"I went for a second time to see the great movie 'How Green is My Valley,' ['How Green Was My Valley -- 1941, by John Ford w/ Walter Pidgeon and Maureen O'Hara] receiving an uplift in thought not to be measured by the 22 pennies I paid for admission! Aunt My & I enjoyed it together at the local cinema. Crowds were there, way into the street. The old Welsh discipline & the wholesome family life is a good lesson for today's youth. Grandpa Jackson would so have enjoyed it, since he was brought up with Welsh neighbors in Racine & often told us of their wonderful singing voices. [Emphasis added.]"

knowledge served him well in later years when he moved to Ovid, Michigan and bought a farm there.) Strawberries were an important crop. The fruit was picked by loads of workers brought out from Racine, and was then shipped to Chicago, then a thriving city of some 80,000 inhabitants.

A bit of romance entered his life when he became enamored of a black-haired Irish girl, Beulah Frairy by name, who clerked in a Racine store. We have no details of the courtship but learned that she died young. In 1885, after he had married Eliza Frances Keys of Holley, N. Y. and become the father of two girls, he named his third daughter, Beulah.

As has been said, Chester's father was not well but still he could hold things together in the farm in winter. Then it was that the roaming propensities of the son found expression in trips to distant points. He went to New Orleans (and had his money stolen), to the West Coast on a freight train, to Arcade, N.Y. where he spent a winter with Beebe relatives and recovered from a stomach ailment, probably ulcers. His mother, Fanny Goodrich, became mentally deranged in mid-life but continued to retain her sweet disposition. It was a cruel blow to father who never spoke of her to us. We never saw her, though she lived to the age of 95. She was buried in 1902 at Mt. Hope Cemetery, Racine, where also lies the body of her husband who died in March 1871, at the age of 84.

We have no knowledge of the exact date when Chester gave up farming as a livelihood: possibly it was not until he accepted his consulate appointment in July, 1878.

All of his life he yearned for travel to distant places where civilization hadn't reached, where he could indulge his love for exploration of new horizons. "If your grandfather," he wrote in later years to one of my children about to take a trip, "were a roamer over the vast and yeasty deep, Whose very blood seethed in the joy of exploration and adventure, is it any wonder this inheritance stirs the Red Gods' appeal to granddaughters and grandsons?" Not every man of limited resources, may I add, can cater to the needs of a family and indulge this passion. His wife, my mother, was an interesting person who

never discouraged him from these flights out of boredom into the realm of the unknown.

He went to England in 1903 to sell his Virgin Island stamps, to the West Indies in 1919, to Bermuda in 1920, then in later years, to relieve winter boredom, sought out lonely expanses on the eastern coast of North Carolina and the mountain areas of the Smokies, there to live with hospitable and remote people for days at a time. Thus he appeased this unquenchable desire to roam. A quiet, kindly man of high ideals, a great reader of good books; Charles Dickens was his favorite author. His fund of knowledge, especially in geography, was unlimited -- yet seldom forced upon even his family. He had a keen sense of humor, noting the eccentricities of humanity but never in an unkind way. He was a most charitable man.

May I return here to pick up the thread of his earlier years and weave them into a second romance? We have mentioned his good neighbor and friend, Ben Bones, who lived upon an adjoining farm. Across the road, and down a distance from his place, lived one Huron Beebe, his wife Selma,* and four children: Charley, Collie, Lucy and Eleanor. A niece from Holley, N.Y., Miss Eliza Frances Keys, a stylish, vivacious, bright school teacher of Cleveland, Ohio, came to visit these Beebes. It was always a stimulating atmosphere that the Beebe family afforded young Chester who would hesitate upon the doorstep of this house before entering, wishing to share their home but feeling his inadequacies. He met this attractive girl, and the resulting friendship ripened into an engagement and, later, marriage, in April, 1881. He took his bride to the island of Antigua, British West Indies, where he was U.S. Consul at that time, for nine years of residency.

Why the attractions of this far-away place and what the circumstances leading to life there?

"It was on the first day of January, 1875, that I had wandered down to the fish market at Key West, Florida," as he recalls, "there to see the fishing boats come in." Then follows in his

* - SLH: Recent genealogical research shows Huron's wife to have been Nancy Henderson, and they had five children, the four listed plus Henry.

journal of '78, the fascinating story of an association with young William Temple Hornaday, destined to become one of the great figures in the world of natural science. "Here the boats were rocking lazily with their boxes alive with fish, all mixed together, ethereal moonfish alongside the dark-stained grouper, plenty of red snappers, the barracuda, Spanish mackerel, kingfish being cut into strips and hung to dry, mayhaps a great Jew-fish of three or four hundred-weight, then turtles of different sizes and kinds -the green turtle, the loggerhead. In the shade of the market near the wharf, a large loggerhead lay on his back with an energetic young man taking off his carapace or breast plate. I thought him a fisherman at first, his working clothes and occupation making me think so. I watched him a moment, then asked if he knew of the boat that intended to make its accustomed trip to Biscayne Bay. He said he did and intended to take passage on her, himself. I told him I planned to do the same. Nothing further was said. I left, only to meet him the following day, when I learned he was from New York and an aspiring naturalist. That afternoon we went to Old Fort Taylor 'hard-by', for a recreation he said was the first he had taken since leaving Rochester in October.

"The good talk we had on the parapet of that never-to-be forgotten pile of masonry lives in our hearts to this day, and shall continue through thick and thin, wet or dry, cold or hot. We both were bursting for congenial companionship and from the first, we had confidence unlimited that has stood firm and is growing firmer each day. In age, he was about 20, short in stature, roundly built with an upright head set upon square shoulders, very dark hair, brown eyes, quick, deep, bright, an expression overall of untiring energy, probity, determination, strong nerves backed by confidence in self and desire to make the most of everything. He looked fully five years older than his age, a man's face with a boy's body, as it were."

I include in this biography the above detailed description because it was Chester Jackson's good fortune to team up with this young man for two later adventures. Even in those days, at the age of

29, Chester recognized the qualities that make men great.

A day or two after their first meeting, the two men set sail for Biscayne Bay on the 16-ton schooner "Liberty." They lived in company for about five weeks, sharing everything alike, living in a tent, searching for specimens. Miami in 1874-75, consisted of three houses in which lived two families and a half-dozen laborers who had come to build the town. These workers captured a big diamond-backed rattlesnake which they turned over to the hunters for their collection. No specimens of worth were found for several days during which time they hired a small boat and rowed up the bay to Arch Creek, north of Miami. Here they heard rumors of a big alligator. Next day they had gone about a mile down the creek when they saw the reptile. He was gray and had a sharp snout from which protruded a long tooth. He didn't look at all like the flat-nosed black Florida alligator. Could this be a crocodile? No, not in Florida nor anywhere else in the United States — but it was!!! The enormous beast vanished into the water, so the hunters gave up pursuit until the next morning. Neither time nor space allows the telling of the capture by bullet and spear of this 14-foot monster. At last, the weary beast allowed himself to be cornered in a shallow inlet where he died. Hornaday skinned the crocodile perfectly and later that year proudly saw it sold to the U. S. National Museum for \$250. It was displayed at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. Hornaday wrote an article about it for the *American Naturalist* and created a sensation in the zoological world with this discovery of the first crocodile known to inhabit the North American continent.*

Henry Ward, a Professor at the University of Rochester, N.Y., headed a Natural Science Establishment that recruited promising young men interested in zoology and kindred subjects to collect zoological specimens from all over the world. Young Hornaday at 19 was recommended by Professor Bessey at State College, Ames, Iowa, to join the group. Now, after the episode of the crocodile, Ward said he would be happy to send

* — (See Hornaday unpublished autobiography.)

his protégé to the West Indies and South America the very next month. Chester Jackson, having proved his competence and having nothing better to do, went with him.

The two men parted after the Biscayne episode and the decision to make the trip to South America in order that Chester could return to his Wisconsin home to make ready. Hornaday, at a later date, said he had two streaks of good luck, i.e. when he met Jackson, and “when he captured the Boss Crocodile.”

The hunters met again when they were invited to the elegant home of Dr. Ward to talk over plans for the trip. Time was short for they had found a sailing vessel that was bound for the island of Barbados and would leave on January 26th, 1876. After receiving advice as to supplies needed from fellow technicians, securing a chest for heavier articles, and petitioning passports from Washington, the 4:15 train of the 21st bore the two to New York City, bag and baggage — “We said ‘goodbye’ to old Rochester,” writes Chester in his diary, “as we whirled out of it and beyond into the country. We were intensely happy, yet there was a shade of apprehension: We might never come back. The wild freedom of it all, however, made our pulses throb in anticipation.”

In speaking of equipment, an article written later by Hornaday described the gun Chester had ordered made for himself. None of his friends had ever seen its like, nor had he, for that matter. “It was a double-barrelled breech-loader of which the right hand barrel was for shot, the other a rifle.” Hornaday had a beautiful Maynard rifle and a double breech-loading 12-gauge shot gun.

The account of their three-day stay in New York City is of interest: They visited Astor Library to get points from Schomberg and Humboldt; they joined the throng on Sunday that had come to Henry Ward Beecher’s church to hear that eloquent cleric preach. The sermon was based upon the Scripture reading from I Peter, chapter 2, verse 4 — “Unto you, therefore, who believe, He is precious.” “Of course it was the greatest magnetic eloquence,” wrote father, “I had ever heard. The multitude was swayed.”

And now the great day had come! Professor Ward arrived to say farewells and assert “he would give

one of his fingers for the chance to go with us.” “There she lay just below the New York New Suspension Bridge, The Golden Fleece, a baroque belonging to Henry Trowbridge and Sons; not exactly an inviting-looking craft but useful in the sugar trade; cargo this time of corn, beans and hay for Barbados. There were several horses aboard. At the office tickets were purchased for \$30.00 apiece! A side-wheel tug, the Sethlow, came along on this morning of January 25, 1876, to guide us out to sea. We were off at half after ten, past the great ships at anchor, past the forts, the quarantine, the Heights of Abraham, out into the rough Atlantic where a nor’wester made the sea heavy.” Followed hours of misery as the boat pitched and rolled. “We ate dinner, but no supper. O! dear, how sick we both were!” Tossed like a cork, the merchantman howled through the sea at a fearful gait; the air cold; no fire in the bunk room, but a noxious smell that further sickened the travelers who were being sorely tested for courage. “We felt sorry for the poor horses with the seas dashing over them.” Next day was a little better until the wind stiffened at sun down to blow a gale. All night long our old boat pitched as mountainous waves threatened to tear her to pieces. “We held fast to our bunks until bones ached; we could hear the men at the pumps. Might the boat be sinking?”

Welcome daylight came at last and, with it, pleasant weather. They had reached the Gulf Stream about 600 miles from New York. ““Oh day most beautiful, most serene!”” father quotes, ““The day so mild is heaven’s own child/ With earth and water reconciled.”” “Our first specimen was brought to us — a flying fish which had landed upon the deck. It was only five inches long, a curious little wonder whose fins were long enough for wings.

“Then passed great patches of Sargasso sea weed, saw a bird, caught on a hook a three-foot dolphin, heard, at last, those electric words — ‘Thar she blows’ and saw, for the first time, a black whale. Again on the port side, only a stone’s throw away, loomed up another, looking just like pictures in the old geography book.”

A beautiful night on a calm tropical sea is described, followed on the next by a heavy sea that brought terror to our travelers’ hearts. From

the latitude of variable winds they had come to the area of the trade winds that blow from N.E. to E. The ship took water plentifully at times, but the next day dawned clear. Another day and night passed; then, on February 8th at 4:00 P.M. were heard the welcome words sung out by the Captain from the masthead, "Land Ho." Barbados, farthest east and British-held island of the West Indies, had been reached. It was morning, however, before passengers with bag and baggage disembarked.

It is a temptation, at this point, to give a word-for-word description of first impressions, as recorded in father's diary, of this jewel of the sea, its hoards of black people (for these islands were more than 90% inhabited by the negro race) its lush tropical verdure, its narrow macadam roads, the buildings, crops, weather — cool by night, constantly sunny and pleasant by day but our collectors were bound for the continent of South America and must be on their way. They did stay long enough to obtain four varieties of coral, a rock "stick-tight", a small shark which Hornaday skinned, a file fish (unusual), a sea-porcupine and "sea-coconut," very rare.

At 4:00 P.M. on Saturday, February 19th, the two put things on board the Ocean Traveller, a small vessel of not over 40 tons, and were on their way to South America.

There were "niggers" aboard as well as freight, goats, pigs, dogs, monkeys. The sea was rough and everybody sick. "We slept on the hard deck plank, were glad when morning came."

Into the delta of the Orinoco our hunters rode, making a stop of a few days at Ciudad Bolivar to collect specimens, first of which was a huge six-foot crocodile killed after a combined rifle attack by both men. Soon a smaller, five-footer, was obtained. Then, after a difficult row of an hour, they landed upon a sand bar to sight an old fellow ten feet, eight inches long. It was a vigorous struggle to subdue and capture this specimen but well worth the effort. The story of this portion of the expedition was written up by Hornaday for the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle. The interesting account of the balance of the 23-day expedition appeared in five chapters in the Youths' Companion, copies of which articles (also

written by Hornaday) have been preserved by father and pasted into a scrapbook. They tell of the capture of more crocodiles, a tapir, a puma, a jaguar; also an adventure in dangerous diving for Chet when his beloved gun had fallen into the river. There was an experience with quicksand that threatened death to Hornaday.* The hunters slept by night in hammocks, lulled to slumber by howling monkeys.

Finally, the expedition came to an end. After an absence of 23 days, as we have stated, the party was landed safely at Sacupana and gladly welcomed by the hospitable Venezuelans. After spending a week in packing up their collection, the two secured passage on a passing schooner going up to Barrancas where they boarded the *Heroe* on its next trip to Trinidad.

While on this island the two made a side-trip to visit the cave-home of the vampire bat. The hunters entered by rowboat, saw thousands of these blood-sucking bird-animals clinging to the sides of the caves, to the ceiling and to each other. Interest in this amazing sight absorbed too much of our hunters' time. As the tide came in, they came out on the last big wave, thereby, as they figured, saving their lives. No account is given of any specimens secured.

"Chet" was ill all the way to New York, a seventeen-day voyage. "Got in the last day of July," he writes. "Went to the Centennial, then Cattaraugus and home, Sept. 1st 1876. Was 'dang' glad to get there and perhaps lucky."

In the year 1878, September 19th, Chester E. Jackson writes "Am going out to sea once more, bound for Guadeloupe on the brig "Princess Beatrice" — (British.) In the meantime, a consulate appointment had been granted on July 18th to Chester Jackson by the U. S. Secretary of State. It was counter-signed by Queen Victoria. We hold the original paper to this day. He was to represent the U. S. upon this British-held island of Antigua and also to serve consular agencies at

* - Comparison of those accounts with Chester's record in the Diary strongly suggests that some of the Youths' Companion episodes were invented, a fact that Hornaday apparently conceded later in life.

Dominica, Montserrat, Nevis and Anguilla. His yearly salary was to be \$1500 to begin July 1st!

After a 20-day journey by sea, he landed at Pointe-a-Pitre, Guadeloupe on September 9th, thence to Basse Terre. Just as he was nicely settled, a sloop came in with passage for Antigua, where next morning he arrived after a two-days' delay because of a calm sea. On the 19th, he called upon the Governor and was recognized as Consul and given permission to act as such. "St. Johns," the capital where he would reside, "is a fine place," he said. He was delighted with it. There was an excellent bay, a picturesque old fort, a large cathedral costing \$150,000 English money. All the people, except the colored folk, spoke English. "It's the happiest town I ever saw," he wrote.

On Dec. 18th, he set sail from Antigua for the U.S., subsequently visiting Washington and returning to Antigua, then leaving again for the States in the interests of settling a labor dispute. He called upon his betrothed in Cleveland at the time of this first trip. Then in late June he stopped in Holley, N.Y., went on to Racine and out to San Francisco where he made arrangements to hire Chinese, if necessary, to solve Antigua's labor troubles. Nothing came of this.

On April 15th, 1881, after setting out from Antigua on March 19th, he married Miss Eliza Frances Keys of Holley, N.Y., aged 27, and after a honeymoon of a few days in Rochester, then a trip to St. Johns, Michigan, then to Wisconsin, Illinois and Ohio, the happy couple set out on July 7th, 1881 for New York, there to take passage for Antigua, arriving July 16th. A new life opened up for these two. The island, British held, comprised 108 square miles. It was, and is, one of the most delightful small islands of the Leeward group in the Caribbean Sea. Visited by Columbus on his second voyage, it was named Santa Maria la Antigua (pronounced An-tēē'-ga) for a church in Seville, Spain. Generally rounded in shape, its coastline is beset with many bays that are excellent harbors. The deepest and safest was called Nelson's Dockyards of English Harbor. This was badly neglected when my husband and I visited in 1937, but is beautifully restored now. The principal industry was, (and still is) the raising of sugar cane, though tourism threatens to crowd

this out. Wealthy Americans seeking privacy have found the island a natural setting for their desires. The capital city is named St. Johns, a small center of business activity. Its harbor has very recently been deepened to allow the entrance of ocean boats.

In the year 1881, social contacts centered upon Government House where lived Governor-General Bennett and his delightful family. Royalty were entertained lavishly, the Prince of Wales being a visitor upon one occasion. The U. S. Consul and wife were included in the guest-lists. Church attendance in the Cathedral, double-walled as insurance against hurricanes, was a "must." The family of the U. S. Consul had its own brass-labeled pew.

The residence of the Hon. C. E. Jackson and wife was a large, frame house with a broad piazza, galleries and many shuttered windows. The consular office was situated across the lawn and was connected to the residence by a walk. There were several trusty negro servants provided to labor in the home (among them Oswald Nichols, seamstress, who in after years found her way from New York where she visited a friend, to our Ovid house!). Subsequently three babies were born: Myra (originally registered as Edith), in 1882; Wilma, 1884; Beulah, 1885. There were three boat trips to the States for the mother and one or more of the children.

Activities for the Consul, besides regular duties of office and supervision of the four dependent islands, consisted of athletic pleasures. He played much tennis; enjoyed sailing in his boat named The Wilma; and tramped, seemingly, every square foot of the island. One day, wearied by the walk, he lay down in the cane field for a nap. He roused to find a burly negro, knife in hand, standing over him ready to kill! A convict had escaped and this must be the man!

He took part in the presentations of operettas, mostly Gilbert and Sullivan, singing a fine tenor, Mother at the piano. Seemingly, for him, life was ideal. In the year 1889, however, the toll of climate, social activities and the bearing of three children in quick succession affected Mother's health to the extent that a change was advisable. Father resigned his post and came to the States.

(The Consular position was formally discontinued Dec. 30th, 1948). At the National Archives and Records Service in Washington, D. C., as of today, there are three reels of microfilm consisting of father's dispatches from the island.

The little family came to Mother's birthplace, Holley, N.Y. for an interim stay of one year before an opening in a business seemed provident in Ovid, Michigan where Uncle Horace N. Keys was Cashier of the bank. The venture proved unsuccessful. However, an opportunity presented to purchase from Ezekiel DeCamp a 100-acre farm situated at the northwest edge of the village. Papers were signed on May 9th, 1893. Father was returning to his early occupation. Two large barns and a sheep barn were on the property but the residence was retained by Mr. DeCamp. For fifteen years the Jackson family rented a seven-room house directly across the road from the farm and within village limits for \$9.00 a month. This still stands and is within view as I write -- a memorial to a happy girlhood for the three daughters.

In August 1903, father made a trip to England there to sell last-edition Virgin Island stamps he had procured upon leaving the West Indies. The net amount secured from this transaction was \$4324.50, a sum that helped finance the building in 1908 of a large Dutch Colonial residence on the hill for the Jackson family. Concentration upon raising truck crops on the new farm seemed to be the best choice for the operator who, as a boy, had worked with Danish farmers in Wisconsin. The city of Lansing, about thirty miles distant by dirt roads, proved a ready market for the sale of produce. Melons, in season, were a specialty crop as well as apples from a 40-acre orchard that he had set out.

Summers provided steady employment, winters a break-away for a bit of travel. The coastal area of North Carolina was a favorite spot where he could live in with these kindly and unlettered folk, yet be free to roam as he pleased. He even thought of naming his farm holdings "Ocracoke,"

meaning "Haven of Rest," after a favorite spot on the North Carolina outer banks.

As a highly respected member of Ovid community he was elected in 1897 to serve a term as Representative in the Michigan Legislature.

Treasured memories abound of a home that was enriched by the presence of a father with a kindly disposition, free from faultfinding and irritability. Winter evenings were spent around the dining table covered with a spread, children with their school lessons, father with his "Outlook" magazine and his books. He was a great reader, the works of Charles Dickens, Joseph Conrad and Stevenson being quite the favorites. One could always find a Dickens novel upon his reading table. With decided literary talent, he kept up a lively correspondence with old friends and new. He wrote to his daughters in college and school-teaching years. Some of these letters are priceless. A verse of a poem follows, written in lighter vein and illustrated — "The farmer needs no pity, The farmer needs no boost, When his squash is in the squash house, And the rooster's on the roost."

He was a lover of animals, tiny pigs his favorites in barnyard citizenry. There was always a Collie dog to trail its master and lunch upon the cookies that Mother grudgingly provided. His last years, in spare time, were spent upon the search through correspondence of genealogy data of the Jackson family. These findings were never compiled.

Failing eyesight due to cataracts plagued and discouraged him as his years came to a close. A very cold winter and no helper available for the farm chores contributed to a gradual decline of a still-rugged constitution. In the spring of 1930, on April 21st, he left us.

Thus ended the eventful life of a great man whose children count their memories as priceless. His burial place is in the Mausoleum of Maple Grove Cemetery of Ovid, Michigan.

Wilma Jackson Bates
Ovid, Michigan
April, 1976

TALES OF THREE GRANDFATHERS

James Albert Perham

Chester Jackson's father, Jacob, 1787-1871, had some 13 or 14 children from his first wife, Millie Parker. Their second daughter, Mary, 1811-1841, married Laprelate Barrows. Their daughter, Lydia Barrows, 1830-1887, married James Monroe Perham who died in the Civil War. Their son was James Albert Perham, the author of these stories of his childhood. He was a contemporary — a playmate — of Chester, 1845-1930, and his brother, Charley, 1848-1941, who were the late issue of Jacob and his second wife, Fannie Goodrich, the children of his great grandfather!

These stories are selected from a larger collection because (except for the last essay) they relate to Chester and Charley.

Emily Bates Haynes has the whole collection.*

* - Newspaper clippings reflecting only a few of the stories were found among Emily's effects.

BUTTER AND PLUG HATS ON JACKSON FARM IN 1866

This farm, some four miles south of Racine on the Lathrop Road, was not the most lonesome place in the world while the two sons, Charley and Chester, were about 15 and 18 years of age. The writer was some years younger. There was something doing all the time. This was one reason why the Bush boys, Roll and Cash, were so fond of visiting the farm at each opportunity. (They lived in a house which is still standing on College Avenue, facing the park.)

One of the favorite performances was to bell Levi, the Merino ram. This just made him furious, a veritable raging demon among the other farm animals. He was bad medicine at any time, but with the bell on, he was more belligerent than usual.

Usually, the first thing after being released he made desperate efforts to get after his tormentors who had to flee to the tall timber a fence, or the feed rack in the yard. Failing in not getting back at us, his next move was to go through the flock, hunting anything that stood still an instant, or looking for Rudolph. That was another Merino ram, not as pugnacious as Levi, but able to stand up to him for about three rounds, after which he would make a run for safety. I surmise he had been injured in his head or neck at some time so that, although heavier, he could not stand up to Levi.

Now Deacon Jackson, my mother's grandfather, almost always wore a high hat, as was customary in those times. President Lincoln wore one of the same kind. This hat was just to grandfather's liking, and he wore it on any occasion.

On the afternoon I have in mind the cows were in the stable, and the sheep in the yard, and all unbeknown to us, the boys' father had gone in at the north door of the stable and had started to milk, having on, of course, the plug hat. We boys had got the sheep huddled up in a corner so there was no room for Levi to fight. We got hold of him, the cow bell was strapped on, and I made a jump for a feed rack: there was not an instant to spare. Levi came against it with a crash. Then he went looking for Rudolph, butting anything he could reach, until he found him. They squared off and charged, head on. My! What a bump they

gave each other, but Rudolph got all he needed and ran.

We were having a whole quart of fun watching the excitement, when the wind blew the east stable door open. Rudolph, with Levi right behind, ran right in where Grandfather was sedately milking the cows in their stanchions. He rushed in behind the cows and then to the other end of the stable. Being cornered, he turned to fight it out. The cows did not seem to approve of the program, and began kicking. One foot came up and got into the milk pail which was slammed against the side of the barn. The next instant, the foot caught grandfather behind his neck, throwing him with the stool bang up against the fighting rams. The plug hat, pail, stool, and the rams made a great setting for the aged patriarch, veteran of the War of 1812, deacon of the church. It was some mix up, and that cow bell was going strong all the time.

Of course, when the rams went into the stable, we followed as far as the door but halted aghast when we saw the turmoil with the deacon in its midst. As far as I was concerned, it was no place for us. The Bush boys left, too. The Jackson boys went in and separated the various articles, animated and otherwise. The hat came through in fairly good condition, which was more than could be said of the milk pail and grandfather's temper. I do not remember seeing this most excellent man angry, but this affair was almost too much for him.

The Jackson boys went about the next few hours bearing sedate countenances, and their father was not singing his usual "'Tis the old time religion, and it's good enough for me".

--But the hat did service for many a day after being in a mix-up with the "butter".

STUDY IN NATURAL HISTORY ON THE JACKSON FARM

It seems as though there never was such an opportunity for the study of wild life as there was in the summer of 1867, especially in the hay field. There was no limit to the creeping, flying, stinging, buzzing, jumping, gliding, running things.

We sometimes read about a general gathering of all the wild things. Well, this was one such a case. Perhaps a constitutional convention or ecumenical council was being held in that hay field. In the work of getting the hay off the ground, I feel safe to say that at least every sixty seconds, some live thing was in evidence.

There were meadow mice with bob-tails at one end, and little half-hid eyes at the other. Now and then there were house mice, and deer mice — sometimes called kangaroo mice — with a little white belly and a long tail. They jumped like big grasshoppers. There were frogs, green or moss-colored, little fellows with stripes, big ones with spots and stripes, all cold, wet, and clammy. There were hoptoads and snakes, striped snakes, beautiful emerald green ones, and water snakes whose homes were in the small creek that is crossed by the road half a mile south of the Beebe school. The snakes were in the grass after the frogs and mice. Some of the water snakes were quite large. Perhaps they were milk snakes. They were yellow and brown.

One time, I saw a very dark brown one which had a white ring around his neck, going like blazes with his head held nearly a foot high.

These were the conditions when we went to rake up the hay.

This was before horse rakes were in general use, and we went after the hay with hand rakes. It was spread out, covering the ground thickly, and it was good and dry. Was haying hot work? Well, yes. The writer, the kid in this case, taking the first place, was barefooted, and dressed in short Kentucky jean pants, a hickory shirt, a straw hat, and a coat of tan. I raked what I could at one rake, throwing the raking, a small windrow, to

Charley, sixteen years of age, who also was without shoes, and who wore long loose pants, a hickory shirt, a straw hat and a smile. He in turn, raked his hay and mine, to Chet, eighteen years of age.

Now Chester was more particular than we were, and wore a pair of shoes. He was that finicky that he did not want to have mice and snakes crawling over his bare feet. Some folks are so particular!

Then came my great grandfather, bare footed wearing jean pants, a hickory shirt, and a stovepipe hat, just such a one as President Lincoln is often pictured as wearing. He always wore it to church at Mygatt's Corners, to prayer meeting at the Lake Shore Church, to Racine, to milk the cows, or to dig potatoes.

Well, here we were, all lined up when what must have been the bishop of the synod came along. He was a whopper. I had raked him up to Charley. His snakeship crawled partly through Charley's windrow, right over his bare feet, and passed on. Charley made a slash at him, regardless whether he broke his rake or not. All at once, Charley let out the most agonizing howl I have ever heard. He dropped his rake, made a grab for his lower pant leg, gave another yell, made a grab for higher up.

This is what had happened: A great cold, wet, clammy, spotted frog had made a jump, and had landed up this loose pant leg. Charley, not seeing it, thought, of course, it was a snake. He became somewhat excited, evinced his emotional nature, and yelled some more. He seized his leg below the frog, which gave the batrachian a good vantage point from which he made another jump, cold and wet. The frog went up across the parallels of latitude promptly. A yell! There was enough sound to make several welkins ring if any were around, but who could blame Charley! Across the Tropic of Capricorn went the frog. More ejaculations! Up to the Equator! Oh, oh, and at this time the way that young man proceeded to arrive from the interior of those jeans was most abrupt, to say the least.

Of course, we were all frightened at such yelps and howls, for Charley was not given to such emotional acts, and nothing short of something serious could induce him to such a performance. But when that cold, wet thing jumped out we all felt better. So much so, that Chet just lay down, regardless of consequences, and rolled and

screamed. Grandfather's stove pipe hat came off, and was waved as only a man loving a joke could wave it. I got my tee-hee in, and Charley made a kick at Chet, made a pass at me, and wanted to know what I was laughing at. He seemed to be peeved at something as he lit out for the house.

EARLY DAYS IN WISCONSIN, 1864

The Jackson farm was located one-half mile south of the Beebe School on the Lathrop Road. The house was built about 1842 by Jacob Jackson who was the writer's great-grandfather. It was built of logs and was boarded inside and out.

The outstanding feature of this house was the fireplace at the south side of the living or main room. The cook stove stood just opposite. As a boy, I often wondered if the stove was to keep the fireplace warm or vice-versa. The fireplace was a great heater, and different from most grates, it scarcely ever smoked. It was my duty to lay in the night's supply of such small wood as I could handle, but the getting in of the back log was a man's job. Sometimes it was so large that it took several men to handle it. The back log could not be larger than a flour barrel or over four feet long. The other wood could be five or more feet long.

Such a place to crack nuts, (we could sweep the shells right into the fire) and to pop corn. Parched sweet corn, apples, and sometimes other vegetables were roasted.

"There was the low beamed
ceiling.
In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted hospitality.
Great fires up the chimney roared,
The stranger feasted at its board."

The stranger in one case was a tramp, the first one I ever saw, There was a foot or more of snow on the ground. This was New Year's Day, 1864. On this day, it was quite warm in the sun when the tramp came along, and we boys were out in the barn playing "High Spy". The barn stood near the road at that time. It was a warm and sunny forenoon and the cows, pigs, and a flock of sheep were enjoying the bright sun to the utmost. The

king of the bunch of sheep was Levi. He was the most ornery, vicious beast that ever wore horns. He was to be looked out for, and such a wallop as he carried, believe you me, I know.

When the tramp came out and went south down the road past the barn, we boys stood in a small door overlooking the yard and indulged in some more-or-less personal remarks to him. He, being a wise man, refrained from giving any response. Then John Fletcher jumped down into the yard, ran to the lower end of it, threw a clod at the wanderer, and started back on the run, completely forgetting Levi. This was a sad case of overlooking a prime factor, for Levi just gave him a good one square in his lap, or it would have been his lap if he had been facing the other way.

Oh my! The impact was soul satisfying, that is, to Levi. It sent John about ten feet towards the small opening under the barn where, at the moment, several pigs were enjoying their siesta. I'll never forget the look of amazement on his face as he got onto all fours. Levi wrinkled up his nose, made another pass, and caught John just at the center of gravity. This collision put John head and shoulders under the barn just as he ejaculated his one byword, "Godfrey".

John started to back out among the pigs, but he noticed Levi backing up, wrinkling up his nose and saying, "Maaaa" in a most significant tone; not very loud, but well-filled with meaning, so he made up his mind to stay there for a time. There was no other opening so he had to remain. It was a good thing his head did not strike the sill, or that Levi had not given him a blow on his head.

Of course, we had to rub it in on John.. We called, come on out, John. He won't hurt you. He is only playing. Come on and play "High Spy", I'll

blind, come on.” But John seemed to like it there and the invitations all brought the answer, “I donwanna”.

It was a case of Horatio holding the bridge.

THE JACKSON BULL

Old Taurus was a most gentlemanly, well-bred bull. He was of a good family; therefore, he could be nothing else.

One day he disappeared. Nobody knew when or where he had made his getaway. He was away several days, and all inquiries failed to locate him. But one night, just before dark, sister Alice came running in with “Grandfather! There is a bell a-bullering up the road”.

It proved to be Taurus, but that was not the story I was going to set down.

How coincidences will work out at times!

No 1.: The herd of cattle were lying down in the woods; the bull was standing up.

No 2.: A number of walnuts about the size of hens’ eggs — just the right size to throw — had fallen from the trees.

No. 3.: A great hornet nest — the size of a peck measure was about eight feet up in a tree, right above the bull’s head.

No. 4.: The hornets had just reared a brood of young, so that there was a lot of family, and they were all at home.

No. 5.: Just then, Charley Jackson and I came along.

No. 6.: Charley’s aptitude for grasping and acting upon conditions.

The cattle were taking their siesta, some lying down; some standing, all chewing their cud, switching their tails to keep the flies away and, at times, swinging their heads to drive the flies off their shoulders. Just a scene of bovine contentment. The warm early fall air, the shade of

We fooled around a while and then went into the house, had dinner, cracked and ate some nuts on the hearth and finally went out to investigate the prisoner, but he had made his escape.

the beautiful woods, the ruminating herd — and Satan came along in the shape of two boys. Of course, the writer didn’t do it, but those walnuts were the right ammunition for Charley. Taking a few, he — or perhaps, I — got up as close as seemed safe, and commenced shelling said nest.

Taurus stood with his head behind a tree from us so that he couldn’t see us and was all unconscious of anything brewing.

But when Charley made a center shot — a bull’s eye right through the middle of the nest — the scene changed considerably. Through the hole a stream of hornets just rolled out, and Taurus got something that made him give a bellow, a snort and a roar. How he did tear around for a half minute before it occurred to him to run! Sticking his tail over his back, he lit out for a more salubrious climate. The other cattle got up and this called the attention of the hornets to the moving objects. Immediately, they got theirs. Some of them ran one way and some another. I tell the present generation that there was some commotion in that neck of the woods!

Taurus wanted to fight and just rared around, evidently looking for something to charge at, but finally followed after the rest of the cattle, and we boys escaped scot-free by simply staying there for a time and then walking quietly away. I do not know what might have happened if Taurus had got a sight of us in his rampaging around before he ran.

But the lumps on those cows were a sight when they came up at milking time. Taurus had the most lumps. They were about the size and shape of a halved hickory nut, and there were a lot of them.

A PIKE RIVER PICNIC

Pike River was a most beautiful stream, running through woods of heavy timber, cultivated fields and pasture lands.

In 1865, Chester Jackson and Ben Bones decided to have a picnic at a point where the electric line used to cross the stream. This was on the farm of Henry Linstroh. Ben escorted one of the Pierce girls — either Anna or Phoebe — while Chet took Eleanor Beebe. There was considerable undergrowth, some of which overhung the stream at this particular place. One thorn tree leaned well out over the river. It was rooted quite near the bank, which was a number of feet above the water. It was overrun by a thrifty, strong grape vine which made a perfect mat all over the tree. This vine was of such density that one of the boys walked out on it in perfect safety. After a while, Eleanor thought she would like to do likewise.

Remember that this was in the sixties, when it was the style for the ladies to wear hoop skirts that almost swept the ground. The ladies' feet were barely seen, and the ankles, never. It was scandalous, preposterous, awful, shocking a breach of good manners, for a man even inadvertently to observe such things as ankles.

Well, Eleanor got along nicely until she got well out over the water, when she made a misstep. Both feet were shoved through the vines so that she sat like a clothes pin straddling a strong branch of the tree, her nether extremities waving around in the balmy breezes of the June day. Her hoop skirt was up around her ears. Such a situation! And, to make things more interesting, the tree was settling towards the water; the roots were pulling out of the bank. No one could go to her for fear that the whole tree would go down. A stick or pole could not be passed to her because she was facing away from the bank.

A situation? Well, yes. She leaned forward and the tree took a dip toward the water and mud. She was Chet's particular sweetie, so it devolved upon him to rescue the distraught maiden. Although of the stuff heroes are made of, what a wrench it must have been to his bashfulness to rush down under the tree through the mud and water and release the struggling lady! I do not know how he did it, and he would not tell, but it was a most bedraggled, disarranged sample of crinoline that made a rush for the cover of the thickets with Miss Pierce in order to make repairs, while Chet did the same elsewhere.

PLAYING TAG WITH LEVI

Levi was a little lamb — ONCE, probably about four years previous to making the writer's acquaintance on the Jackson farm in Mt. Pleasant about 1865 or -6. He was a blooded Merino ram, and valuable, but what a disposition he had! He would fight on the slightest provocation, or on none at all. He was the grand Pooh-bah of the premises. What a help he would have been in the degree work of the Free and Independent Order of the Kalethumpai! He would thump to the queen's taste, or the candidates, either.

The Jackson boys, Chet and Charley, about 16 and 18 years of age, had educated him to perform one certain stunt. They would place one end of a fence rail horizontally into the compost heap, about two feet or less from the ground, and put an old teakettle on the other end, and how Levi would punish it!

One day, the two Bush boys, living in Racine, gassed up their hay burner, and came out to this

farm. The Jackson boys, considering it to be their duty to provide entertainment, trotted out Levi. It was good practice to let him alone if in the pasture, but this particular day the sheep were in the yard, so by milling them around, this pugnacious brute was cornered, a cow bell strapped on him, and he was convoyed out into the farm yard. The rail was placed, Roll got astraddle of it about four feet from the front end over which an old boot had been slipped, and Levi was brought into range. A shaking of the boot and rail was enough to stir his ire, and how he would swat the target!

Roll got to laughing, got careless and lifted the rail too high, and Levi shot under it. By this time the rail had been driven into the compost pile so far that Roll was only a few feet from the end. The two horns of the furious beast caught him across his legs half way up from his knees, pitching him over in front, right onto Levi's back. In order to

save himself he grasped hold, and, a la Mazeppa, reversed, he was carried out into the open. When he fell off, he foolishly tried to run. But the impact of the horns on his legs had about paralyzed them, and before he could get away, Levi got him again, knocking him down. He made a second attempt to run, but Levi hit him again, knocking him in under a bobsleigh and rack upon which he crawled, but he was effectively treed.

I fail to remember just how we rescued him, or how we captured the ram, but the next act in the entertainment was where I became the chief actor. Some heavy boards had been set up to dry at an angle of about 45 degrees, and up this incline we would push Levi as high as we could, and then let him slide or roll down in all sort of postures, and catch him before he could unlimber his catapult.

It was great fun for us boys, but Levi's fury was terrific. Like the ancient mariner, he usually had a cold and clammy eye, but conferring this degree seemed to grate on his nerves. Every move he made, as well as his demeanor, plainly said: "Just you wait!"

We didn't have long. The older boys had gotten their heads together, and when Levi came rolling and tumbling down the incline, a bundle of hate and fury, the three older boys skiddooed. Roll was out of the game at this stage, so little me was left alone with the infuriated terror. I

Levi turned around a time or two, getting his bearings, wrinkled up his nose and shook his head. Believe you me, I shook a leg, but to no avail. As I cut for the house, Levi was between me and any refuge. He came for me head down, going two feet to my one, as I watched out of the corner of my eye. In about a half second, he arrived in juxtaposition with yours truly. I landed about eleven feet away on the side of my head. It seemed as if I had torn up a large section of the door-yard turf — at least I got a lot of it in my ears, eyes, and down my neck. I was bumped by a coal cat in a switching train once, but that was nothing to the avalanche of mutton that collided with me. It made a lasting impression.

It was unwise to get up and run again, and it nearly failed, because as I ran around the corner of the house, Levi all but got me again. For once, he missed his aim because he caught the corner of the house with one horn. This whirled him around so that he struck me with his broadside. Before he could recover, I got into the door of the City of Refuge.

Within an hour, one of my ears had assumed the size and shape of one of grandmother's salaratus-and-sour mild biscuits

Strange to say, though decidedly interesting at the time, this experience has remained a pleasant memory.

SOME YELLOW JACKETS ON THE JACKSON FARM

The summer of 1867 stands out in my memory as a season in which there was more creeping, crawling, stinging life than I had ever seen before. The hay fields on the old farm southwest of Racine were overrun with small life, and in order to keep peace in the field, it was the habit to throw a bunch of freshly cut grass over the nests of the yellow jackets and burn them after the hay had been hauled off.

There were three of us boys who lived at the Jackson Farm: Charley and Chet Jackson, sixteen and eighteen, and the writer, aged twelve, who was the great-grandson of Mr. Jackson. At the Ben Bones farm across the road lived Niel Fletcher who was about 15.

The last full load of hay was hauled to the barn one afternoon. After supper, Niel came across the road to spend the evening and, like most boys, did his best work for the neighbors. So he, too, took a hand rake, as I did, and went after the last half load.

I saw Chet and Charley with their heads together, which always warned me to mind my eyes. They had a habit of making things interesting for us younger ones, sometimes in a manner now called "roughhousing".

Arriving at-the back lot, Chet stayed on the wagon; Charley pitched on the hay, and Niel and I. gathered the scattered hay with our rakes.

I noted a signal of some kind between Chet and Charley. I threw my rake onto the half load and ran to get on, but Charley was taking up all the room on the wagon pole behind the horses, so that I couldn't get on. This was just after Chet had called to Niel to "get that bunch of hay over there", indicating it. Chet yelled to the horses, and away they went with Chet slapping the horses with the reins, and little me left behind. So was Niel, but he was not alone — not by a lot — for as he raked off that last wisp of hay, such a bunch of those yellow jackets swarmed out! Yellow jackets are just about the hottest things alive. As far as Niel was concerned, it was not the place for suspended animation.

He certainly was a coming young man! At that same time, I was a going child. I had about a hundred feet head start, and was about that same distance from the wagon. I caught up with the wagon before it got under full headway, but it bounced around so that I could not get hold of the rack, and the loose hay pulled out. How I did hanker for a hay rack ride, just at that moment. Poor Niel, those yellow jackets smote him hip and

thigh; they smote him from Beersheba even unto Dan. He was absolutely careless as to how he lifted his voice.

I was fast getting winded, not being able to get a tow from the wagon. Coming to a set of bars between two lots, I made a side step into the weeds alongside the fence and lay down in safety.

Niel came along breathing hard, slapping wherever it seemed to need a: slap. He was also saying things, showing a great amount of earnestness and enthusiasm. His remarks were entirely impromptu, delivered with great fervor, and largely unprintable.

I made a detour on my way to the barn, not caring to-meet any of Niel's escorts on their way back to their nest.

For a time, there was a decided coolness between the boys and Niel, and Chet and Charley had an earnest talking-to from their father. This story should end with the villains sitting in sackcloth and ashes, but I fail to remember any, unless they were on Niel who surely had a lumpy time of it for several days.

THE JACKSON FARM JACK-O-LANTERN

About 1866, Mr. Ullerich lived on the farm on the Lathrop Road now owned by Mr. Buffham. At this time the writer was, a small boy living on the farm to the north, owned and occupied by Jacob Jackson.

The two Jackson boys, Charley, about 15, and Chester, some two years older, were always in mischief. Charley was an artist at constructing a jack-o-lantern out of what we called "punkins". He would carve only the outer skin, instead of cutting holes, to depict the features, then remove the inside meat to just, the right thickness to let the light show through, so that some of the "punkins" had pink cheeks. He left a round spot of skin intact to give the eyes pupils.

One Hallowe'en night, Niel and John Fletcher, who lived with Ben Bones, came over, and after dark we went down to Mr. Ullerich's front gate. Charley put the jack-o-lantern on the gate post and left, but John and I went over the fence into

the Bones' orchard and lay down in the weeds in the corner of the rail fence.

The family was eating supper. Included was the daughter, Louisa, about a year younger than I; I thought she was the salt of, the earth. When she came to the door and saw the apparition, she threw up her hands and screamed. Her mother did the same. Mr. Ullerich came next, and the dog came out with a roar.

"Where is the whip?", he called. It must have been close at hand, because almost instantly he was out cracking it. The dog was pretty lively, too. To use a quail hunting term, this flushed us out. The dog was at our heels in a hurry. Knowing us as he did, he wouldn't hurt us, but what a noise he did make! He lowered his jaw to the last notch and pulled out all the stops.

He paid most of his compliments to John; I just made a gliding step to the left, lay down and was quiet. Then came the most unpleasant part of the evening's program. Mr. Ullerich, a tall, rangy man,

was close after us. Running over the rough, furrowed potato ground and under the apple trees in the dark was no joke. Just as I lay down, he hooked his chin over a low-hanging branch. You can imagine that that gave him a fearful fall. I was scared almost to death, because hurting someone was not part of our plan, and he was a man highly respected, even by us hoodlums.

He pulled himself together, went back to the house and received first-aid from Mrs. Ullerich. From the groans uttered, I figured that he had had a serious shake-up.

By this time, I had crawled back to the shelter of the fence from where I could watch the kind ministrations given to a needy subject. The other

boys had disappeared; the dog was down the road barking fiercely.

Then Mr. Ullerich came out with the whip, got the lantern under his arm, and went off down to Mr. Blodgett's. The way he tied into his friend, whom he had roused out of bed, charging his boys with the entertainment of the evening, was all that was necessary or called for. The Blodgett boys, safe in bed as all good boys should have been, were just as ignorant and innocent of what had happened as a flock of sucking doves.

As for the damage done to Mr. Ullerich, it was a case of "we did not go for to do it", but I have always been sorry that it turned out as it did.

THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

Learning of President Lincoln's assassination was one of the events of my early life; I was just coming ten years of age. That day, I was alone on what is now called Asylum Avenue, just west of the Acklam place near where the Wood Road opens to the south. At that time, my mother, Alice, and I lived in a house near where the road comes in from the west.

I don't recall the time of day, but as I was going toward home, I heard a wagon coming up behind me, making a lot of noise. Looking around, I saw a lumber wagon with the driver standing up urging his team to a faster speed through the heavy road. The horses were hard-driven and in a lather of sweat, breathing hard. They stopped right near me to meet another lumber wagon coming from the west. I well remember the driver coming from Racine bringing his team to a stop and, still standing, yelling at the top of his voice, "President Lincoln is shot — don't know if he is dead or not". Then he drove on.

What an urge to be the first to tell any big news — you may be sure I got home as fast as possible. When I burst into the house with the news, Mother said "Oh, my", and slumped into a chair and began to cry. I did, too, because Abraham Lincoln was all but an idol in our home.

Grandfather Barrows lived nearly a mile west; the next day he went to town to get the Racine

Journal. Alice and I were there when he handed it to Mother to read aloud.

Of course, she read the story of the tragic event in its many details, stopping frequently to wipe her eyes, as did we all. I remember that a large part of all conversation for some time was reprisal, but, strange to say, I fail to remember anything about the reported killing of Wilkes Booth.

Chester Jackson's

Recollections of the Orinoco Expedition

PREFACE

In contemplating this work, I look forward to the time when the perusal of it shall give me a certain satisfaction. When haggish old age steals on, we begin to live in the past, we tell of things we have done. We compare things of today with those of the dim past, and take the immense satisfaction of assuring our fellow men that "'tis not as it used to be." I believe I shall be almost proud of this, may it be written ever so poorly, for old age is very charitable, more especially to itself.

In my careful regard for the truth (Ahem!), I herein shall find a truthful record of the good time, hence avoiding the acquisition that is apt to be lent to failing years.

My great-grandchildren shall be compelled to accept the situation as they troop around me in worshipful veneration. Hem!

The original contains only a skeleton; in this I hope to make the whole, or as far as my memory can serve me — the said memory serving me less as the time is increased from the happening of the events which can be found recorded within.

January 15, 1878

Racine, Wisc.

C.E.J.

In the Autumn of 1875 through the medium of a correspondence with my dear friend, W. T. Hornaday, I proposed to him that we spend the coming winter ('75-'76) on an expedition to South America. At first we wrote in fun, but the subject became quite solemn when H. thought the idea quite practicable, inasmuch as Prof. Ward, his employer, thought it would pay and was willing to place seven hundred dollars against my like amount to place the expedition on a sound financial basis. In a short time we understood each other, and about the holidays I commenced buying my outfit. The plan was to buy my gun and fixtures with such clothing as I thought necessary — these to be bought at home — other things necessary to be bought at Rochester, N.Y., the residence of Prof. Henry A. Ward — also of William T. Hornaday.

In considering the gun likely to be the best for my purpose, I placed my judgment on a double-barrel breech loader, the right hand barrel a rifle of forty-five one hundreths calibre, the left a shot barrel of No. twelve calibre. Bought it of Mr. Meunier, gunsmith of Milwaukie. The original price was \$55.00 but the stock being too straight and wholly unservicable for me, I ordered him to make one so crooked as to enable me to shoot from the right shoulder and by the left eye. He said he knew my wants for he "had made one in the old country". A few days after, I found a gun that came to my face splendidly; he had suited me to the letter. I could shoot it equally well with both eyes open and it came to my face as handily as my right hand. The only fault — if a fault — was that it weighed something over ten lbs. The locks seemed cheap, yet up to this date after having seen a deal of service they are still good. If they are poor and plain they seem particularly lucky. The expense in all amounted to about seventy-three dollars covering shells and loading-cleaning apparatus.

My baggage consisted of a good-sized zinc trunk, one that had been with me on the Fla. campaign, besides a large leather valise.

A few days after New Years about the ninth or tenth of Jan., I bade adieu to the good people at home and started for Rochester intending to stop at Norwalk to see my respected cousins the Bratts, then Silver Creek, this side of Buffalo,

where I wished to meet my good cousin, Aurora Smith.

In the laying in of the necessities, I didn't forget a case of medicines, kindly furnished by my old and much-respected Dr. Teegarden for the treatment of fever. By the way, they did not seem to touch my needs when the fever did attack me. Yet, they were still a source of comfort, especially before I proved that they would not shut off the fever. The thought came to me that I might be taken with it, yet I had confidence, I had the faith, that the remedy lay in my medicine chest and I rested in the thought and scoffed the climate. Dear Reader: faith and hope are antifever, believe me. When a man gives up, fever finds a debilitated easy victim.

A short stay at Norwalk where I sighted my rifle and did some partie going, then on to Silver Creek where I received a despatch from H. expecting me the same night. I staid the night with Aurora and Cousin Marion, then on to Buffalo, then to Rochester at four thirty P.M. where I found my good friend H., almost out of patience at my 24 hours delay.

Before proceeding farther, it becomes necessary to introduce friend H.

The first time I ever saw him was in Key West Florida in the month of Jan. about the first, I think, of the year '75, one year prior to the time of which we are now trying to spread on these pages.

It was on a sunny morning when I wandered down to the fish market to see the great fish come in. Here the fishing boats were rocking lazily with their fish boxes alive with fish all mixed together. Ethereal Moon-fish along side of the dark stained Grouper with plenty of Red Snappers, besides the Barracuda, the Spanish Mackerel, King fish being cut in strips and hung to dry, mayhaps a great Jew-fish of three or four hundred weight — then there were turtles of different sizes and kinds: the Green turtle and the Loggerhead. In the shade of the market near the wharf, a large loggerhead on his back, with an energetic young man taking off his carapace or breast plate. I thought him a fisherman at first, his working clothes (blue flannel shirt and light pants, straw hat, I believe) and occupation making me think so. I watched him a moment, then asked him "if he knew of the

boat that intended to make its accustomed trip to Biscayne Bay". He said he did, and intended to take passage on her himself. (I never thought him a naturalist at the time.) With that, I told him I intended to do the same. Nothing further was said — I left, only to meet him on the following day when I learned that he was from N. Y. and a young and aspiring naturalist. That afternoon we went to old Fort Taylor hard by, for an afternoon's recreation, he said the first he had taken since leaving Rochester in October.

The good old talk we had on the parapet of that never-to-be forgotten pile of masonry lives in our hearts to this day, and shall live on through thick and thin, wet or dry, cold or hot.

We were both bursting for congenial company and from the first we had confidence unlimited that has stood firm — and is growing firmer every day. Sometimes, when tired and hungry, peevish and irritable and things did take on ugly shape — as they always do — then we might open on each other a little, but it was more of the fault-finding or exactions of brothers than anything else, only binding us the closer.

In age he was about 20, short in stature, roundly built, short arms, fine shaped hands, small yet firmly made. A good shaped foot, short quick step, upright, head strongly set on a short neck, square shoulders, very dark hair, darkest brown eyes, bright, deep & quick. Prominent nose, short upper lip that can easily turn with a sneer, firm mouth. With an expression over-all of untiring energy, quickness, probity, determination & strong nerves, backed by a strong confidence in self and the desire to make the most of everything, he looked fully five years older than his age. A man's face with a boy's body as it were.

A day or two after this we set sail for Biscayne on the 16-ton schooner "Liberty," Capt. Cary. In Biscayne we lived in company for about five weeks sharing everything alike, living in a tent most of the time, getting on first rate. Helped him get crocodiles etc., finally left him there while I came home. He has said since that in his Florida Campaign he had two streaks of good luck i.e.: "When he met Jackson" and "when we captured the old Boss crocodile."

I forgot to state that he had reached Key West a few days before myself, having just arrived from Havana & the Isle of Pines where he had had poor success.

To resume. As I have said, H. met me at the depot. A short time brought us to his boarding house. After tea we called on Prof. Ward. We found a small, intense, wiry-built man with a mixture of goodness (not exactly goodness) but fairness & greediness in his expression calculated to put one on his guard, when, in fact, he has little need. A man who talks most tellingly to the point — free from flattery — business one who seems driven by ambition or hope of accumulation, or debt and manifold cares; restless, exacting, energetic, great in some things, weak in others. A great traveller, familiar with European Courts & big wigs.

If the description seems antagonistic, so is the man, and that's the best to be made of it. He has an elegant home, while the shops & different halls are near by. One (Cosmos Hall) has a large stock of minerals. Another near at hand filled with corals, shell & other fine things.

Made the acquaintance of Dr. Barnard who had been in Brazil collecting, got some points from him. Mrs. Ward treated us nicely. Her sister, Miss Eunice Howell — a very pleasant lady and warm friend of H's — exerted herself to entertain us.

Professor's Secretary, a Mr. Fred Lucas, we made the acquaintance of, who presides over the Professor's library (a large one) on the second floor: large bay window, a very pleasant place.

In the shops we found a number of workmen, some engaged in cleaning bones, preparatory to setting up in skeletons. Others were stuffing animals. In this department we found Martine, a German, who is considered the best stuffer in the U.S. At this time he was engaged on a lot of Llamas from Peru brought to Harvard or Cambridge, then sent to Ward's Museum to be fixed over, and to be made presentable. In the Department of Osteology we found Mr. Bailey, a Frenchman imported from Paris by Prof. Mr. B. is paid five dollars per diem, practiced in Paris fifteen years, and is without doubt the best in that branch of the profession to be found this side of Europe.

January 19th and 20th, the first dates in our old diary, were employed in buying the balance of our outfit. We just flew from store to store. Our time was short for we had found a vessel that was bound to the island of Barbadoes and would sail the 25th, so our time was limited, for we had a deal to do. We bought ammunition, fishing tackle, harpoons from New Bedford, rubber blankets, stationery, some kind of —ometer for testing the strength of alcohol, thermometer, quinine, brandy & flasks, arsenic, arnica, ammonia for snake bites, court plaster for cuts, knives, cloth for game bags. They made a chest for us at the shop. In this we packed the heaviest things, besides alum & arsenic soap. (A lot of the latter in tin cans.)

Saw a lawyer about getting passports. Had to give our ages, color of hair & eyes, height, complexion, etc., etc. These were put in petition for passports and sent to Washington where the passports were to be made out and sent to New York to catch us before embarking.

On the 4:15 train of the 21st we started for New York, bag & baggage. Before this we had agreed on our agreement (Prof. Ward & self) and had written it out. (In effect, Ward paid Hornaday's expenses, and Chester Jackson paid his own.) I was to take it to New York, there to make a copy, give one to him & one to myself, both to be duly signed. We said Good Bye to old Rochester as we whirled out of it, and began into the country. Our feelings cannot be described we were just intensely happy yet there was a shade of apprehension (we might never come back), there was our faith in the success of the expedition, our hope that we would have a good time. We were happy in anticipation; there was a wild freedom in it that made our pulses throb. We saw expeditions rich in conquests of terrible animals, awful snakes, gorgeous birds, great fishes, nimble monkeys. We saw ourselves swinging in our hammocks in the depths of the Great Woods, campfires, Indians — or paddling up the deep dark rivers, game flying before us; or silently floating with the current by great banks of tropical luxuriance, waving palms.

And further on we saw our safe return to home & friends, loaded to the water's edge with curiosities, wise in experience, and chuck-full of yarns of adventure filled with wonderful escapes, bloody encounters, etc., etc.

We were happy. We leaned back in our car seat and talked and talked while the cars flitted through the villages, carrying us swiftly on to N.Y. where we expected to arrive at 7 o'clock the next morning. We engaged a bunk in the sleeping car big enough for two, went to bed at last. I couldn't sleep, so very dishonestly crawled into the bunk above & went to sleep. Sometime late in the night I was awakened by somebody pulling who said "Get out of this — this ain't your bed — you belong below." It was the porter who had discovered me. I crawled — or sneaked, rather — back into my rightful bunk, thinking it just my luck to get caught at it, as I always do when I do wrong. I never cheated at cards yet but that I was most wonderfully found out, my sin exposed, my self-respect badly shattered. Ahem!

Day light found us in the N.Y. suburbs. Took rooms at Leggets Hotel. After getting well regulated in the Hotel, we started for our ship. Found her just below the new suspension bridge on the N.Y. side of East river. She proved to be the Golden Fleece, a barque, and belonging to Henry Trowbridge Sons. Sailed by Capt. Armstrong. Didn't look very inviting. Used in the sugar trade. They were putting in return cargo of corn & beans, hay for Barbadoes. We found the office of Trowbridge Sons near by and purchased our tickets, at \$30.00 each in shining, shining gold. After that we went to see about converting our gold into letters of credit on the Colonial Banks of Barbadoes, Trinidad and Demerara. Gold was 1.13 those days. We made exchange at Colgate & Co. Kind of sickening to throw away, apparently, \$125.00 to get the stuff to do business with in other countries.

As luck would have it, our passports came to us on time, all shiny, neat & documentary, rejoicing in the signature of Hamilton Fish, Sec. of State. They cost us \$7.50 apiece.

Some copper cans expected to arrive from Boston would not put in an appearance much to the chagrin of H. These we expected to take for the purpose of preserving specimens in alcohol and were especially ordered for the expedition by Prof. Ward. We also found time in the P.M. to go to the Astor Library to get points from Schornberg and Humboldt to help us in our operations.

This library has 280,000 volumes, one large hall, tables and chairs in center and books all around. Winding stairs leading up to higher shelves. A number of attendants who can tell you — or rather can pick out — any books one can wish for almost in an instant. There were probably 40 or 50 persons engaged in reading, all intent on their objects. No talking no laughing — still as any book-worm would wish. There seemed an awe or reverence for all this store house of accumulated learning. One had at once the desire to uncover, and walk with muffled tread. One good reason for the stillness was that this place was only frequented by gentlemen of education who were alive to the sense of propriety, who felt obliged to the founder for his great gift. H. said this was the only charitable thing ever done by Astor. Now at this time of writing I am ignorant of the name of the gentleman, whether 'tis Jacob or John Jacob or William or another.

I believe the hours are from 10 to 12 & from 2 till 4 p.m. We gathered quite a number of notes and were much pleased with the visit. After this we bought books for our amusement such as Dumas' Monte Christo. H. also invested in one called "Checkmate" much to my surprise. He afterwards told me he had a novel partly written of the same name. Also one or two Spanish hand books, "On Spanish Made Easy". Our trading was done at Appleton's, I believe, a plain and large store. I also bought a revolver & knife & pocket book.

In the evening we went to "Matt Morgan's Living Statue Show". There was nothing on the board in the larger theatres at that time worth going to see, and, as we were feeling quite smart, thought would see the wonderful display of the Living Statues. Powers Greek Slave, and other tableaux were finely rendered, fine forms were most lavishly shown. Yet we were impressed with the sanctity of the subjects, and left none the worse for the contamination, as we knew of.

January 22nd was Sunday. In the morning Prof. was to come, but neglected to put in an appearance. Again did H. cuss & kick. The day was kind of drizzly. We had made up our minds to hear Beecher so crossed in the Fulton St. Ferry to Brooklyn and found our way to the church. Had to stand in the entry a long time before the usher would let us in. People who own no pews

have to do the best they can. We were made alive to the fact that we were aggressors and only tolerated because it was the custom. A long time standing in row brought us in the gallery at last, jammed in a sea of people. The church was jammed cram full. An old white-haired man with a skull cap on presided at the immense organ. A choir of 70 voices helped the thing along quite nicely, although I was but little impressed by it, having my senses all alive to the great center, i.e. H. W. Beecher. I forgot to say that the outside appearance of the church was very plain: red bricks and no trimmings. The inside was in keeping with it.

Soon Beecher came in to the pulpit, which is simply a platform with a table, the organ and choir behind it. He has a look of confidence in himself that is refreshing to see. Stands high & strong, and preaches from the shoulder if the expression can be allowed. His text was in 1st Peter 2nd Chap. & 7th verse: "Unto you therefore who believe, he is precious." Of course it was the greatest sermon I ever heard, the multitude being swayed by his magnetic eloquence. Especially when he brought in "Blessed are my sins' as said Luther)" there was a kind of upheaval, as it was audacious for him to say, so soon after the great scandal. People kind of held their breath when he made this past acknowledgement. But enough of all that. We Went to Hotel. In the afternoon we lounged in our room and took notes from a work on the fishes of Guiana. At night I copied the agreement and wrote letters. H. wrote letters also. It must have been the night before — before going to the theatre — that we each made out our wills and had them certified to & stamped.

Hornaday felt sulky all day Sunday on account of the nonappearance of Prof. and how he did heap abuse on him, but a few minutes after seven the Prof. put in his appearance. We thought to give him a regular blowing up but were glad enough to see him. Our agreements were signed. After a time we took our hand baggage and sauntered down to the wharf. Put the things aboard and together walked along the river st. Prof. bought us a lot of oranges etc. Finally back to the barque where they were about ready to cast the lines. Had a lot of horses on deck, covered over with boards. Lots of bundles of bbl. staves also on deck. She

was a staunch, low-built vessel of about 250 tons only. Prof. gave Hornaday some parting instructions. While we were patiently waiting, a wharf lounge was taken with a fearful fit and tumbled down like he was shot. He kicked & groaned fearfully. I thought he was dead or nearly so. He bled from a fearful wound in his head. Finally he came out and was as good as ever in a short time, only unsteady on his legs. Soon a side-wheel tug came along side (the Sethlow). About this time we were given our first sight of a fellow passenger, a young gentleman who had friends who came to see him off.

Prof. Ward at parting said he would "give one of his fingers for the chance to go with us." The lines were cast, we waved adieu to Prof., at half past ten we were ploughing down the Hudson to sea. It was a cold, disagreeable day, chilly, cloudy, disheartening.

Past the great ships at anchor, past the great forts, the light ships, the quarantine, the heights of Abraham, out into the rough Atlantic. The tug soon left us. A strong breeze from the Norwest made the sea heavy. In the cabin a small coal stove that was fed from the top so that the gas escaped, filled the cabin unsupportably full. This, combined with the heavy pitching & rolling of the ship soon sent us to our bunks. We ate dinner, but: supper time found us without appetites, and Oh! dear how sick we did get, both of us. It was the first time we were ever sick on the water, and must have been done by the gas. I remember H. sat on the sofa eating a cracker while I, in front of him, leaned over the back of him and heaved and heaved, while he composedly munched his hard tack. Hi& had found his appetite a little as we came out of the harbor. Our travelling companion (Mr. Eckel) assured us he would sing some Moody & Sankey hymns for us when we got out at sea, but a little pitching sent him in, and he stayed there for three days nearly. The only extract from M. & Sankey that we heard proved to be an occasional Oh! My!

Have been careless enough to crowd two days into one. We did not start till the morning of the 25th, but it makes little difference.

My diary for Wednesday, January 26, 1876 says "sick all day long, no eat, no sleep: ship rolling &

pitching fearfully, wind norwest." We went howling through the sea at a fearful gait for a merchantman, tossed like a cork. The air was cold. The bunk had a smell about it that was fearful, besides the gas. It seemed to poison me. No chance to ventilate. No appetite, even oranges lost their flavor. We could only lie and fume & fret at the poor accommodations, and cuss the nigger steward for letting the fire go out, but then we kept a stiff upper lip and thought of course that it all came in the experience of collectors. We thought of the poor horses, how they must suffer, with the seas dashing over them.

Things were a little better in the morning. Stirred out on deck. The wind southwest. Our course was about southeast. Took a little beef tea & part of a cracker. Felt just miserable. Nothing tasted good. In the afternoon the wind stiffened and by sundown blew quite a gale. How the wind howled through the rigging, weird & awful. Sometimes it would shriek through the blocks like a very maniac. The waves dashed over the sides and made the ship stagger & groan beneath the great burden of water. In our own berth we could feel the mighty sea gathering force, could hear it come rolling on. With an awful grasp we would be hurled down, floundering and covered with the mighty force of sea. We held on to the edge of the berth to prevent from being hurled to the floor. How our bones ached from being rolled backward and forwards. A light doze was the only rest. We were ever watchful & apprehensive that we might be buried to rise no more. The sailors ran on the deck to the hoarse cries of the Captain. The horses were thrown down & covered with sea. Sometimes we rode high on the mountain waves, then pitching down would be surrounded high above us by the seething, howling, angry mass. Often we could hear the men at the pumps. We might be leaking badly — we might be sinking. Yet morning came at last, and oh! how grateful we were to see it.

Friday the 28th was a fine day at last. We had reached the influence of the Gulf Stream. Wind still southwest. Out on the deck in shirt sleeves, we had found an envoy of the tropics. Hail! to the Gods. The rough weather was behind us. We were now about 600 miles from N.Y. and going across the Gulf Stream, or had crossed. Mr. Eckel

at last took his gulp. Seemed ludicrous to us after having stood the rattle for three days and the sea. Occasionally he had broken out with one of Sankey's hymns, then a cigar, etc. But at last he came down, much to our pleasure & entertainment. Before this he had been out and had got his "sea legs on" as he termed it. Our first specimen fell on the deck & was brought to us: a flying fish only five inches long, a curious little wonder, has fins big enough for wings.

Saturday, Jan. 29th: Oh! Day most beautiful, most serene — "The day so mild is heaven's own child, with earth and ocean reconciled." What fun to be on deck, delightfully warm, appetite regained, spirits high, everybody happy. The calm that follows the storm, rich in contrast; great fleecy summer clouds sail leisurely by. The atmosphere is soft & hazy, the air dreamy & consoling. A perfect faith comes to us of easy winds and restful nights. "At peace we lie/ blown softly by/ like a cloud upon this liquid sky." We pace the deck in the shadow of the sail, or lounging lie, read "Monte Christo", or chat, or doze: no care, no pain, all peace, all rest. The day is not all the freshness of April, nor the juiciness of June, nor the dreaminess of August, nor the haziness of Oct. but a blending of all four. The North has never caught a breath of such air, never.

A barkentine passed bound southwest, probably five miles distant. A barkentine is a three master, two spars on the foremast, two on the mainmast, and schooner-rigged on the mizzen. At noon we were in Latitude 33, Longitude 63.25, thermometer at 72°. In the P.M. sighted a brig on the starboard bow. She came within hailing but never opened her head. Evidently an Englishman bound for Liverpool. As we now crossed the course from New Orleans and other places we were apt to sight sails. Saw one little bird, some sea weed: these signs of life were good to see. Anything of interest, however small, is eagerly seized on a sea voyage.

H. made his game bag for a change. I hemmed my blanket. One of the crew, Porpoise George by name (because he killed so many porpoises) gave us some decoy hooks for catching dolphin. Was made to look like a flying fish.

Made good time during the night, the barque running very steady. I improvised a bed in the cabin by turning the lounge to the wall and slept well. At sunrise the wind fell away. We had reached the belt of variable winds & calms. What little was left was against us, so we could truly say that the barque rested because of the seventh day. We ran many points out of course.'

Passed great patches of Saragossa sea weed, caught some of it with the hook and found it covered with zoophytes or lice, some small shells and one tiny crab. Passed most of time in making game bags. Also a long talk with Porpoise George who spun yarns while he fixed ropes to our harpoons. About sundown we tacked ship for first since leaving N. Y. Forgot to write that at breakfast the Capt. slapped the cook in the face because he (the cook) protested that the bread was good enough. The Capt. is heavy on the growl, finding fault with everything and no let up. They think it is discipline: abuse the men in every way who take it very submissively, indeed.

The morning dawned fresh & delightful. There's no disposition to lie abed in the morning in the tropical regions. It is far the finest part of the day. We tacked ship 4 times during the night. Each time I had to change my position on the sofa so as to make my head the highest. The wind blew up fresh from the southeast, directly in our course. We tacked often. Saw two sails. We put out the hook in the forenoon and soon had a dolphin tugging at the line. Soon landed him on deck, but what a beautiful streak he made in the foaming-frothing sea. He was three ft. in length and would weigh twelve lbs. I doubt there is a more beautiful fish. He has all the colors and they flash in the sun with a brilliancy quite metallic. They faded out as life departed. We fell back three miles during the day. These ship-rigged vessels can't do as well as the schooner rigged at tacking, somehow. Are too cumbersome — takes all hands and the cook to tack.

Feb. 1st: Still "baffling winds" as the old sailors call them, light, soft and most delicious to breathe. At about 10 A.M. the mate yelled out those electric words, "There she blows." If I had been sick abed I know I would have jumped on deck in a twinkling. We ran to the port side & waited a few moments when up went a stream of

water apparently 8 or 10 ft. high and as it fell back a vapor floated away a short distance & vanished. He blew four times in all. Seemed a half mile off. No doubt was a great deal less. Could just see a black mass. Hornaday was feeling quite miserable and I, spending my time as happened & feeling first rate — never better — spent the evening playing whist & got nicely beaten. The Capt. lives at New Haven, Conn., is very arbitrary, an Englishman and quite sociable. Still southerly winds, very little progress southwards. Only one sail, a barque. Laid around in the shade. Eckel was out & regaled us on Moody and Sankey, then long yarns of the sights we would see in Trinidad, where his father lived on a small plantation, besides being an Episcopal minister. He was going down to try to sell sugar bags on commissions — also had a line of calico samples.

Our appetites were first class, but the cooking Oh! My! Old hens — tough — Ugh! Had to rip & tear to get anything. It was fun to see the Captain carve these tough fowls. Played whist, read, and had a good time generally.

Feb. 3rd: The sun came up to find a calm sea. Sails flapped. The barque rolled lazily. Dame Nature was taking a respite. It was getting a little monotonous, we wanted to get on. At ten AM the French sailor yelled out “a whale” and sure enough on the port side again, only a stone’s throw, loomed up another old black whale. Looked just as he does in our old geography — his back sticking out. He must have been a calf, about 40 ft. long, I guess. A regular dead calm. I fixed up the tent, etc. Just before sundown a black cloud arose in the north & down came the wind and drove us on at a beautiful speed. And we were again all happy — still waters become a monotony — we were rested up for another pitching about.

In the night the wind fell away to the southward, yet we held on course which was south. I was called out at midnight by the first mate to see a beautiful night scene. I never saw it surpassed, beautiful beyond description & never shall be forgotten. There was a subdued roar in the rigging, something like the roar in the pine woods. All else was still. In the east the old moon dimly shining through the fleecy clouds, overhead a deep blue sky & twinkling stars. In the west &

north a heavy squall cloud and reflected on this a perfect lunar rainbow. I doubt more could have been added for our entertainment. The sea had a peculiar color — indescribable.

Wind all day from the southeast, quite a sea. The wheelsman saw a whale at 6 A.M. close to the stern. Heavy sea at night. Slept but little. Got beaten again at whist. Mr. E. confined almost to his bunk on account of squeamishness. It’s no fun to get that way, to live in that uncertainty of feeling, i.e. whether the victuals shall arise or no. Now the Capt. says it will be four or five days of good sailing before we reach Barbadoes. We are now in the latitude of variable winds.

I slept but little — a couple of hours at the most — the ship pitched fearfully, heavy sea running at day break. H. & Eckel took no breakfast. I ate moderately, but the way they cook things is a sin in the eyes of a just Creator. One needs the appetite of a work horse to eat anything. The cook is a Barbadoes nigger, and cooking with them is a necessity, not an art.

The wind grew easier at noon, and waves also, by sympathy. Freshened up in the afternoon and blew hard all night long. We made 210 miles in the last 24 hrs. The ship at night acted like mad, rolling & pitching, sometimes culminating in a regular crash of moveables and bringing us up in a sitting posture, and ready to get out on deck in the shortest notice. A storm at sea is certainly the worse for happening at night, for one in imagination is apt to see things really worse than they are, and it keeps a kind of terror in the heart that is not conducive, to rest and comfort. We are now in the trade winds which blow from the N.E. & East. We place the greatest confidence in this trade wind and can rely upon reaching Barbadoes next Tuesday night: so says the Captain.

Sunday, Feb. 6th.: The Gaff Topsail sheet (or rope) parted in the night. Our course lies in the trough of the sea. H. & Eckel came out to breakfast. We guessed on the distance made in the last 24 hours, the one guessing the farthest from the distance to place some good things before us when we arrive in Barbadoes. The Capt. said 192 miles, the mate 240, Eckel 238, H. 230, myself 228. Taking the reckoning at noon by the quadrant, the Capt. made out 213 miles. Thus can

be seen how people who have the least knowledge can do the best guessing. It's luck. The Captain & mate every noon take their quadrants and find our location, a great invention. The night closed in ugly & frowning, the clouds moving swiftly, occasional squalls with rain, the ship taking water over her side plenteously at times.

Monday, the sun came up clear, the wind blowing fresh & strong. Porpus George brought us two flying fish that he found on deck early in the morning. Sent them to the cook and shall have them served for breakfast. About 8 inches in length, tender looking things and, when flying, flutter their wings the least bit and look like Devil's Darning Needles as the schoolboy calls them. We climb out on the jib boom & watch them skip away from before us, sometimes a few, then again scores of them, and nearly all the time. It must be fear, for their flight is for the purpose of avoiding the dolphin. They fly 10 or 20 rods, occasionally touching their tails to the water again, jumping along like the meadow frog, in & out. A large wave dashed me with brine. It is delicious to be around barefooted. The thermometer at 77, no chill in the air. Made 224 miles in the last 24 hours.

The night passed pleasantly enough, easy sea, good trade breeze. Was just out watching flying fish from the tip of jib boom again. Played whist awhile. Mr. Eckel was lighting a cigar that he found on the cabin floor when it exploded, having been loaded for quite a distance with powder. It burnt his fingers and made him mad. He accused the Capt. of it, who went for him rather rough. The Captain asked the mate if he was the one who did it. He said he was. Mr. E. being of an easy disposition, let it pass, but it was a little exciting for awhile. I thought there would be a fight. At noon we were within 70 miles of Barbadoes and expect to see land from the mast head at 5 P.M. Made 225 miles the last 24 hours. We have been hooking raisins from the storeroom the last two or three days. They do taste good, for we take considerable risk in the getting them.

"Land Ho" sang the captain from the mast head at 4 P.M., but it was over an hour before I or H. could see it. The land was only a little thickening of the haze, a little darker — only a very little —

but it was good to see. We were happy now for strange people, strange customs, strange cities, strange verdure, strange animals. While I was in the mast head, H. and the Capt. saw a ten ft. shark go scooting around the bows. Barbadoes land looms up quite high — no peaks, but rounded. As we neared the Island, night came on. At 8 P.M. we passed down the west shore. The Captain pointed out a red light high up on the hill and said, "That is placed there by my aged father; he saw us a good ways out. There's always a light there. It is cheering." We passed down the shore, then sailed inside of a bar close to Speightstown (a village) when the Captain halloed to the shore and was answered by many voices. The welcome, although distant, was warm & good to hear. We passed on slowly and at 10:30 P.M. came to Carlisle Bay in which is situated Bridgeport, the only city of Barbadoes. A large fleet rode at anchor in the bay. We tacked two or three times to get in where we wished to anchor. Three or four large rowboats manned by negroes came around us, offering to show us where we could anchor, but the Capt. knew his ground well & refused. The negroes looked like pictures of cannibals that I have seen. They looked bloodthirsty in the weird moonlight, but daylight brought simple, inoffensive men enough.

Wednesday, Feb. 9th, temperature 89 in shade at noon. Went ashore bag & baggage at 9 A.M. A band of niggers on the wharf — a ragged, noisy, impudent swarm — as we found out at last. We found macadamized roads, or streets, narrow, just room for two vehicles to pass. Sidewalks about 3½ ft. wide, odd houses — low, many verandahs & made of stone, very heavy (to stand hurricanes, I suppose). Plenty of trees in yards of private residences, garden walls of stone, heavy iron gates, open in the day & shut at night. Yards full of flowers and rich plants & vines. We walked around the city some, but few white people compared with the black, I would say one to twenty. The streets as far as the eye can see are crowded with blacks: loafers, peddlers, hackmen, servants, shopmen, wenches with whole gardens on their heads in trays: sweet taters, squash, yams, cane stalks, etc. piled on. Some large houses of dry goods, etc. A great many clerks, call boys, cashier, regular N.Y. style. Goods very cheap — a

suit of Marsailes, the measure taken, for only \$8.00. Business is lively during the sugar season, about 8 or 9 months. Large churches, rather slimly attended by the whites. In the distance can be seen cane fields, all green & ready to harvest. The old windmills going round & round swinging their long arms, crushing out the juice. Every plantation has one. They can be seen in every direction — look kind of lonesome, someway. Fruit is cheap here, oranges cent apiece Bananas half that. We just about lived on fruit for a few days. The first specimens we got were a kind of fish called the ballyhoo about six inches long and had swords on the under jaws about three inches in length.

Feb. 10th., we hired a room and got our meals at the Globe or Icehouse, a restaurant, new, neat & accommodating. Our first night on shore we passed poorly. Mosquitoes & roving negroes howled all night. Took our breakfast at the Globe. Consisted of nice bread & butter & guava Jam. Just the nicest mess I ever tasted, and cheap, too. In the afternoon I went just outside of the city limits to see a sugar plantation. Lots of negroes & wenches at work. Windmill going around, vats of hot sugar. Molasses 26 cts. per gall. like our N. Orleans molasses. Seemed to be no economy of labor at all: too cheap. The men receive one shilling per day (25 cts.) and board themselves: the women a six pence.

We came back at four P.M. and found a naturalist, Mr. A. Wildeboer, a German, formerly from Surinam. A fine old man who had the pleasure and profit of the acquaintance of Agazziz for five days when last here. Mr. W. is to show us all around where we can collect. A native brought us a pan of sea eggs: look like cushions stuffed with pins.

Feb. 11. No use trying to do anything here before the breakfast hour (9 or 10 o'clock). Hunted around for a tin can and alcohol to put crabs, toads, (crapos) etc., etc. After this tried to find a wagon manufactory but the effort was "nada". When I returned I found H. & Wildeboer bargaining over one of the strangest beings in animated nature, to wit: a *Pentacrinus Müller*, or "Sea Cocoa Nut". Very rare, and as we understood is only to be found in the vicinity of Barbadoes. It looks like a cocoa nut tree, only

small in size, say three or four feet long. The stem the size of the stem of a pipe, with joints every inch and a half from which radiate five minute tendrils like those of a grape vine. The top is like an unfolding lily, three inches or so in diameter. The base is fastened to the rocky bottom of the sea and is hooked or dredged out of 400 to 700 ft. of water. The way it lives is to spread its tentacles or lily leaves. Soon small fishes, crabs, etc., etc. may seek protection in this apparent plant, only to be closed upon by the net set for them in so matchless away.

In the afternoon I went up the beach seeking for curious things. Found some crabs, one specie living in the rocks at the water's edge, very beautifully marked and almost round. Another lives in the beach, burrows in the sand. When dug out sets off with the greatest speed for the water, rivalling a dog in swiftness. They run sideways, apparently, but such speed. Oh, My! They are what are called the "Fiddler Crab", I believe. Another burrows out in the fields like mice. A spell of digging (two or three ft.) and you come to a most belligerent specie that show fight at me. And to get them out of the bottom of the hole sometimes makes a sore finger. If they get out they start off at a terrific speed for another hole and your labor may be all in vain. They are white, red & black, body round or inclined to be squarish, 1½ inches in diameter. When we put a lot of them in alcohol together they grabbed on and tore each other's legs off like fun. I was cutting a stick to dig with when a "cullud pusson" told me to drop it because it was poison: a milky substance oozed from it that was not very healthy.

Got back to find that H. had bought some sea eggs. They are from three to five inches in diameter, flat shaped, like a flat turnip with spines half an inch long thickly studded over the top & sides. Under them is the mouth. Small eggs inside of them give them the name of sea eggs, I suppose. Sea urchin is the proper name, I believe. This is the white kind. There's a black kind also, smaller, with spines three or four inches in length that keep moving around, and when one is touched, he throws every spine towards the spot in a most vindictive way. The spines are the size of a darning needle.

Feb. 12. The days are all alike here, sunny, with a lively breeze from the N. E. The nights, that cool to warrant a blanket. Started out in the morning after crabs etc., etc. Got some. Got back at three o'clock, found that a lot of specimens had come in. Wildeboer had given H. a lot of labeled shells. H. and self still living on bread & guava jam at the restaurant at two shillings per them (50 cts.) and another shilling for bananas and oranges. Our room for preparing specimens & boxing up begins to get filled up some. In our boarding house they have one large bath room where the water comes down like at London if you choose to let it; a shower bath, and a large stone bath, big enough to dive in, almost. People bathe a great deal. They build a bath room first, then the rest of the house around it. The houses look meanly, some way. It's because they cannot put carpets on the floor for the fear of cockroaches, etc. The people don't do business the way they do it at home. Here, they strive to put off till the morrow — always — and their manner of doing it is not economical in the least. Time is of no account. A bank cashier sat down with me in his private room & talked about snakes, etc. as though he had no cares (in Trinidad). I had to tear myself away. It is English way & is the same in London, they say.

. In the morning went out in the harbor in a large row boat with H. & three darkeys after sea eggs and coral. One of the nigs was a diver by profession. It was interesting to see how easily he would settle down in four fathoms of clear sea water & go scrambling around after eggs, plates, etc. He looked like a great black frog. He would dive for coral when shown him: that is, pieces which we wanted. The coral was in two fathoms and less and was spread around in styles most fantastic chiefly the fan variety, some brain. Of the latter, some would be two feet in diameter. In the water or when alive, it is in different shades of brown, the edges very light, almost white. We would punch it with our oars, when beautiful fish would skip out, some bright golden, beautifully barred, all blue, etc. We enjoyed it immensely.

Our diver fastened a rope around one large fan & we jerked it up. All had to pull hard & most tipped the boat over before it would give away.

In the P.M. we walked up the beach five miles or so, got a few small shells. At night attended church. The minister gazed at us while he was making a prayer from his book (Episcopal). The service was poor — the singing was the weakest I ever heard, could just be heard.

In the morning went out after coral again with the same boat & diver, but the waves were too high and the clouds made the water bad. The way they whiten coral is to put it in fresh water for 48 hours which kills it. Then it is washed with sea water which takes out the gluten. Then it is placed in the sun where it is bleached.

In the P.M. eels, eggs, stars, shells just poured in and kept H. busy. The darkies are very fast after the chink. They stand around in the room & doorway & gaze on the sight with awe & great respect.

Feb 15. In the morning took a sail boat for Austin, a place 8 miles south of here for the purpose of gathering shells, crabs & fish. In getting out of the harbor we found we had the wind dead ahead of us. Took down the sails & the men rowed the whole distance. The bottom of the sea was very beautiful (we sailed near shore) with its different coral and clean yellow sand, bright blue water, sometimes pea green. "Over the rail my hand I trail" watch the beauty until surfeited.

We found Austin a little huddle of houses by the sea shore. The people flocked around, mostly blacks, and we bought some pretty shells, some beautiful fish from a fisherman, some crabs of beautiful colors. After 2 P.M. we set sail and came back at 3 P.M. In my absence, a man from Speightstown, a place north of Bridgeport about 12 miles or so, brought to us a curious fish called the "sea porcupine." Oh! he was an odd one. About the size of a smallish woodchuck, dirty colored, and covered with short spines. Great big eyes. He looked awful mean & ugly, but it was a treat, indeed. Wonderful things in the sea.

Feb. 16th. In the forenoon was skinning fish while H. went to see Mr. Wildeboer. Afternoon we bought more specimens including a file fish, another odd thing called so from its skin being rough like a file and the body very thin. A dirty brown color, about a foot in length, a large tail, very small mouth, ungainly in shape, quite a

valuable specimen. Towards five went down to the wharf where the fish are brought in. Saw a sword fish, over six ft. in length but his sword had been cut off to keep him from doing any damage in the boat. H. was tearing mad. The fishermen are all darkeys. Although brought up on an English island, they talk a gibberish which one cannot understand. That is, between themselves. The fish caught in the greatest quantities are the flying fish. Thousands of them are brought every day. How they net them we did not find out. Bought two small sharks, two ft. long. We observe there is but little business going on in the streets owing to the sugar season not yet on, although beginning. Quite a good many vessels in the harbor waiting for sugar. 90,000 barrels of sugar are made yearly: a good many ship loads.

Feb 17: A quiet day. Skinned sharks before breakfast. H. went to see Wildeboer. I looked into the wagon trade a little. Duty on wagons is 3 percent on \$100 in I value. More than that, 20 percent of the 3% additional. In the afternoon packed coral. Bought some little objects called sea beef. It is a stick-tight, in shape & size like the half of a butter nut. They stick themselves to the rocks and can only be wrenched off with great difficulty.

Mr. Eckel just got back from the country where he has been trying to sell sugar bags, and takes passage with us on the "Ocean Traveller" bound for Trinidad next Saturday night. The day has been quite cool (81°), the wind quite strong from the southeast.

Our chance for seeing English society is slim indeed. The gentlemen are conservative and the ladies hardly to be seen. Yet they look well groomed, although pale (the ladies) very stiff and formal. In our business relations we find courtesy on every hand, that is, with the whites. The blacks are sometimes impudent, assuredly not gentlemanly, especially the lower class. They follow one persistently to make him hire a cab or a boat. Well-bred people dress very cleanly & neatly. A boy, about 14 years of age, well-dressed, and of a retiring disposition, yet persistently kept following us. Our questions he would not answer. We came to calling him our shadow. This lasted nearly a day, when at last he broke out that he wanted "backsheesh" or pay for being so good a

follower. We found he was directed thus to do by his parents. The object was to make us pay him to get rid of him, but never a penny did we pay.

Another boy, blind, would chase us up & down, led by a smaller one who persistently kept saying, "Please Mister: me John — poor blind boy — for Jesus Christ's sake, give me a little something." A fee only made matters worse. He was a regular bleeder. At first our pity was a little excited, but he drawled his words in such a ridiculous manner that we at last laughed at him. He would lie in wait and leap at us from nooks & crannies. Oh! H. did cuss him at a distance. Nearly four months after this, when H. had occasion to go ashore at Barbadoes to post some letters, who should greet him as he stepped ashore but the same blind boy.

Feb 18th. Busied myself packing the box all day, and have got a little of everything in it: four different kinds of coral, fan, buckhorn, brain & finger, or tree. coral. Today is called "Planters Day" which means that the planters all come in to trade and to make a general holiday. They advance to Ice House where sundry cool drinks are dispensed, more particularly, brandy cocktail, they putting all the accent on the last syllable.

The French Admiral came ashore and was royally received by the officers of the garrison at the wharf. A big brass band in attendance, lots of gold lace and ceremony. An acre of "brack men" covering houses & everything to see the great show. Rich colors & styles are very attractive to the colored population.

Saturday, Feb 19. Finished packing box in morning. H. & I went out to see a sugar plantation nearby. (Mr. Henry's) On our way back we called at Mr. Wildeboer's. At 4 P.M. we put our things on board the "Ocean Traveller" and at 6 P.M. weighed anchor & put out to sea for beautiful Trinidad. As I write this, I am touched with the same joy in leaving Barbadoes as I was then. It had become tiresome: too many people, and a crowd in the tropics is far more tiresome than at home, for it means the lowest class — the great unwashed — noisy, ignorant, distracting.

The vessel was small, not over 40 tons, covered with niggers & freight. Of the latter, 3,000 cases of rum. There were young ones; there were goats, pigs, dogs, cats and monkeys. The sea was quite

rough and everybody sick, nearly. Even H. & I had to have another gulp. We took deck passage, and slept on the hard plank, but sleeping was out of the question nearly, for the sea occasionally would slop over on to us. We lay in the soak and waited for morning and were very glad when it came, you know.

THE ORINOCO DIARY

CHESTER E. JACKSON

1876

PREFACE

This is the diary of Chester E. Jackson, age 29, from January to July, 1876, recounting an expedition to the Caribbean Islands, Venezuela, the Orinoco River and the Guianas in South America for the purpose of collecting specimens for Ward's Science Museum in Rochester, New York.

The leader of the expedition, eight years younger, was William T. Hornaday. Like Chester, "H." (never "Bill") had been raised on a farm; unlike Chester, he had had three years of zoology at Iowa State College in Ames and was already started on a career as a naturalist that eventually made him, in turn, chief taxidermist of the Smithsonian, originator of the National Zoo, savior of the American buffalo, and first director of the Bronx Zoo. He became a friend of Andrew Carnegie and Theodore Roosevelt, but never forgot his old hunting companion, "Chet".

A copy of his monumental book, "The American Natural History" is inscribed on the flyleaf: "To my dear old Friend and companion in arms in Florida, the West Indies and South America, Chester E. Jackson, with 10,000 delightful memories of days and nights together, afloat and ashore, under canvas, thatch, or the open canopy of Heaven."

In a letter to Chester's daughter after the death of her father in 1930, Hornaday wrote: "On our sideboard, in the place of honor, stands the beautiful silver soup tureen that your father gave Josephine [Mrs. Hornaday] on her wedding day. It is inscribed 'C.E.J. to J.C.H.' It will go down to our grandchildren with its beauty unimpaired."

The two had met on the docks of Key West in 1875, where Chester mistook Hornaday for a fisherman. By coincidence, they took the same boat to Miami (a city of three houses) and Chester learned that they were kindred souls, and that his companion was returning from an expedition to Cuba to collect specimens for Ward's. Professor Ward was a member of the University of Rochester faculty who, on the side, ran a business that collected and mounted specimens of all kinds for sale to museums.

In Miami, they heard of an unusually large alligator in near-by Arch Creek. Chester was invited to go along to capture and skin it. On first view, Hornaday recognized it as a crocodile, a reptile not then known to exist in the United States. After three days of stalking and a wild and dangerous struggle, they killed it, as well, later, as its mate. The 14-foot hide was sent to Rochester, mounted, and sold for \$250 to The Smithsonian's Natural History Museum, where it was displayed for sixty years. At 21, Hornaday was the discoverer of a new sub-species of Crocodylus acutus.



After this success, it was easy to persuade Professor Ward to finance a second expedition: the one described here. Chester went to his home in Racine, Wisconsin for a few months, then met Hornaday in Rochester for final instructions and the two, along with Professor Ward, were off to New York City by train.

For the adventure, Chester had had made a special and curious gun, one barrel a rifle and the other a shot gun, sighted for his left, better, eye although to be held to his right shoulder. (From the times he missed his target, it appears to have been less than successful.) It was in his house in Ovid, Michigan until after his death, when his son-in-law gave it away to a local sportsman.

The preservation of specimens, frequently mentioned in the diary, entailed first soaking the hide and bones in strong salt water for 24 hours. Then, all inner surfaces were painted with a solution of arsenic, camphor and potash. Next,

powdered alum was sprinkled all over to absorb moisture. Finally, the skin was hung up to dry for a day or two. Then, the bones were rolled up in the skins, tied with strong twine and packed carefully in crates to be shipped to Rochester.

Chester had only a rudimentary education — perhaps seven years. Nonetheless, but for problems with the past tense of “lie” and “stay”, he wrote very well, as the reader can see, because care has been taken to reproduce almost exactly his punctuation and spelling. His appreciation of beauty, descriptions and sensitivity would credit today’s college graduates; at times he approached writing poetry.

A curious omission in the diary is mention that the two parted company on June 4th, “H.” staying in Demerara, British Guiana (now called Georgetown, Guyana) to explore that country, while Chester went on alone to Paramaribo, Dutch Guiana (now called Suriname) after manatees. The two reunited joyfully on July 4, 1876 the 100th Anniversary of the Declaration of Independence.

All of the animals mentioned here cannot be identified. There are, of course, no tigers in South America. However, an account of Hornaday’s life says that they brought back a jaguar and a puma.

The two parted again in New York, never again to explore together. Two months later, Hornaday set out on a three-year expedition to Europe, Africa and India, still collecting crocodiles, but also tigers, elephants, water buffalo and anything else that moved.

The Suriname toad (entry of June 7) is of zoological interest because the male places the eggs on the female’s back where they implant and develop into tadpoles.

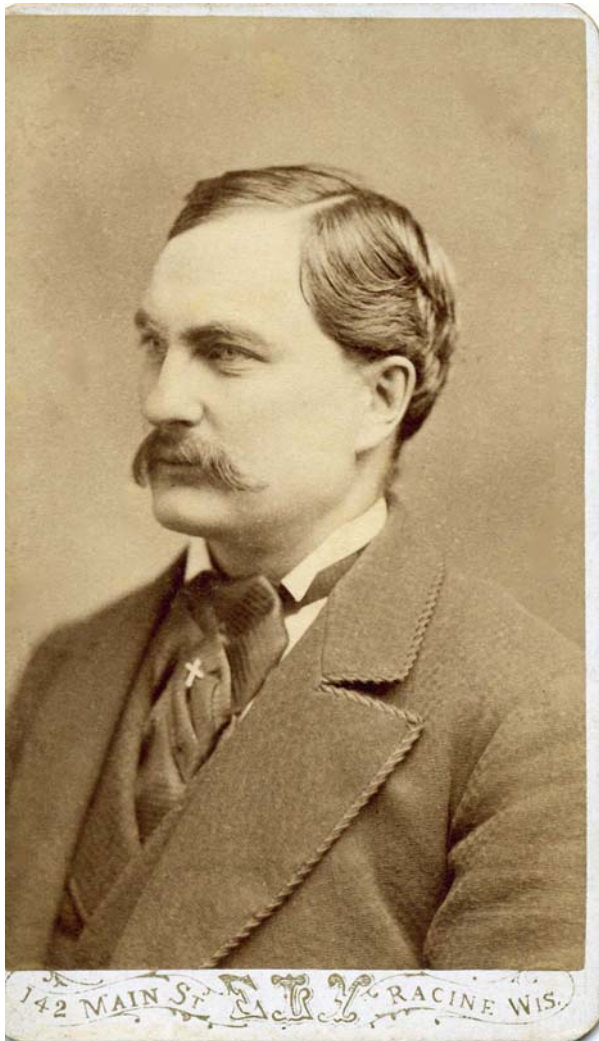
The reference to cutting canes from the manatee (sea cow) skin (June 5) is literal: dried and twisted strips of the skin, since it was an inch thick, made novel canes. Chester had an interesting collection of canes, including, I believe, one of mapurite (entry of May 16), but none resembling manatee skin. The hide and meat were so prized that they were almost hunted to extinction. The reference to a wishbone suggests that, since they were mammals, their bone structure included fused collar bones which would, indeed, be treasured curiosities.

As discussed in the entry of May 19, Chester arranged with the Editor of the Racine Journal to send dispatches describing his experiences. These were published and have been handed down. Had he had a better education, they might have launched him on a career as a journalist. Obviously, he had all the other requirements.

RCB

Addendum by Stephen Haynes, October 2011:

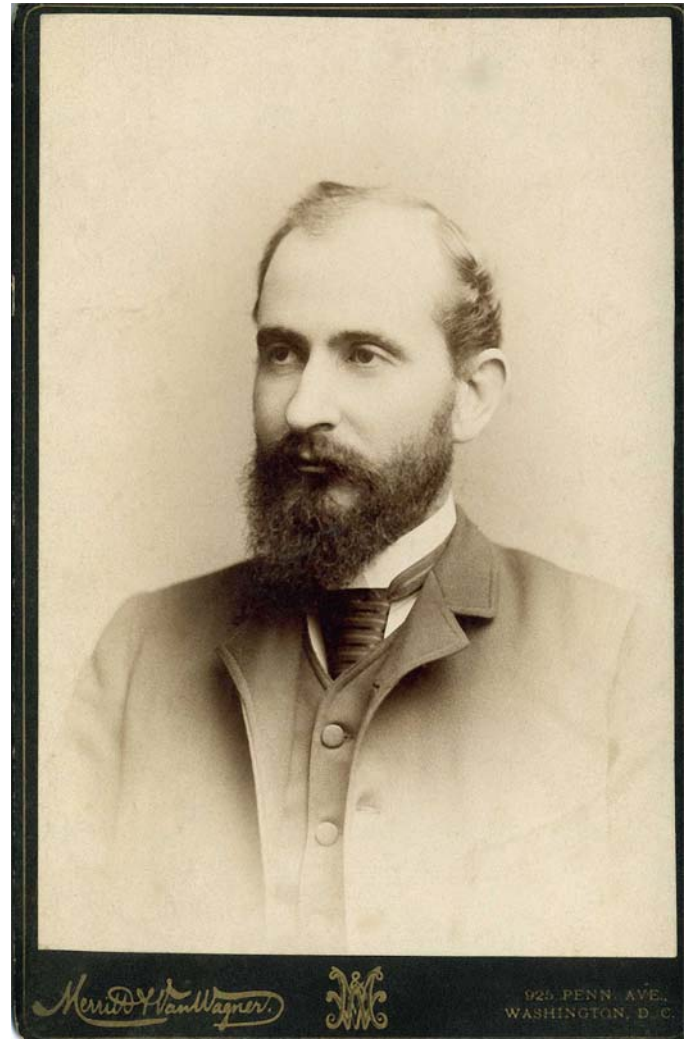
When I originally scanned this document, I had barely started the project scanning the thousands of photographs found among Emily Haynes’s effects. The bulk of the very old photographs had not yet been found. After finding photographs of William Hornaday, Professor Ward, the famed crocodile, and even an early photograph of Chester Jackson himself, I decided to insert them in the text, and add to them two maps I created in the fall of 2000 when wife Patricia and I took a cruise up Venezuela’s Orinoco River, the scene for the great majority of adventures recounted in *The Orinoco Diary*.



Chester Jackson - 1870

January 18th, 1876.

Arrived in Rochester at 4:15 P.M. Met Mr. Hornaday.



Believed to be William Hornaday
ca. 1890

19th and 20th.

Got our outfit ready and the evening of the 21st left for New York on the 6:15 train. Arrived at New York at 7 A.M. Put up at Legget's Hotel. Down to the wharf to see our ship - found her unloading a cargo of sugar and taking in corn and beans in return for Barbadoes, to sail the 24th, 8 A.M. Purchased tickets. (\$60 in gold.)

23rd

Went to Plymouth Church. A very plain one indeed, all over, in and out. No steeple, no marble. Text 1st Peter, Chapter 2, 7th verse, "Unto you therefore who believe he is precious." The greatest sermon I ever heard, full of dramatic genius, and as fresh as it was strong. [Henry Ward Beecher]

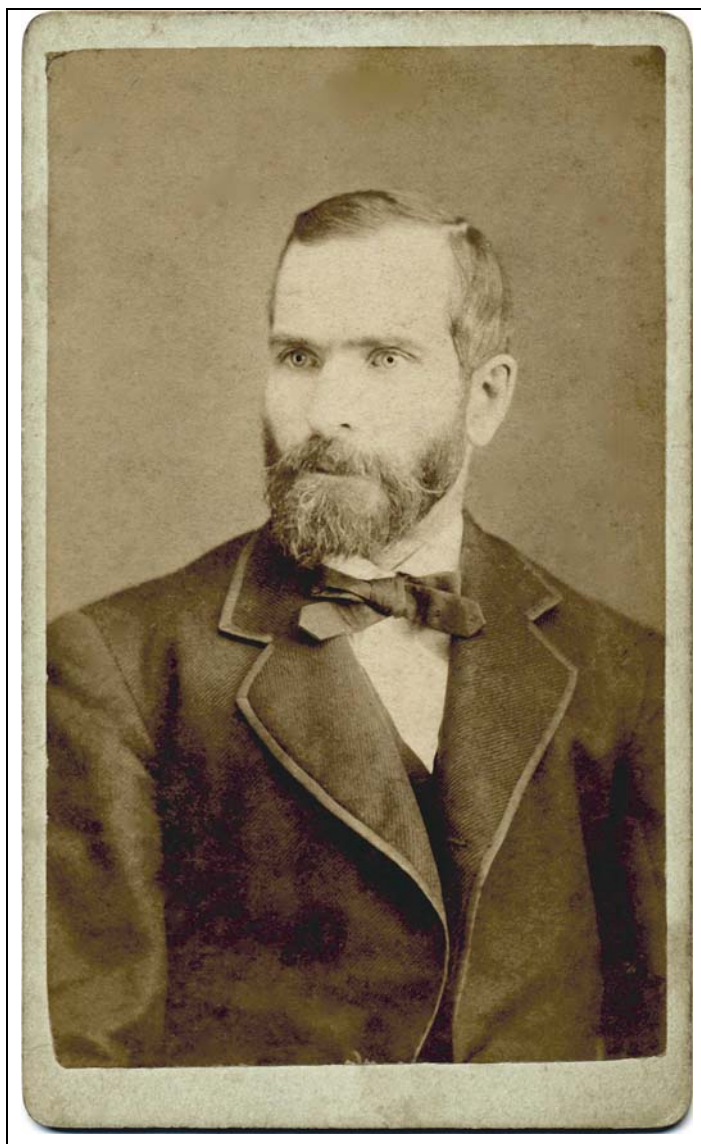
Evening took notes and drawings of the fish of Guiana.

24th

Got our passports and letters of credit on Barbadoes, Trinidad, and Demarara, and finished buying our outfit. Made out will, etc, etc. At night went to theatre.

Jan. 24th, Tuesday Jan 25th

Prof. Ward came to us in the morning, signed our agreements, and went down to barque to see us off. Let go the line at 10:30 A.M. Was towed out by the tug Sethlow. Good-bye, old New York. The day was chilly, but not very disagreeable. Ate dinner and a little supper. The wind norwest. Commenced to feel squeamish, and by 8 or 9 o'clock, threwed myself almost entirely away. The barque pitched and rolled and I was not happy. Mr. Hornaday got it bad, also. I liked .to see it, for misery does like company.



Wednesday, Jan 26th.

Sick all day long, no eats, no sleep, ship rolling & pitching fearfully. Wind norwest.

Thursday, Jan 27th.

Long. 68.30. A little better. Came out on deck, but did not stay long. A little beef tea, and part of a cracker. The wind blowing from the southwest. Towards night the wind stiffened and by sundown blew quite a gale. How the shrouds did shriek. The blocks whistled, not as cheerfully as the tea-kettle, oh no, nor round a house on shore.

Was almost impossible to stay in berth and my bones ached by being tumbled around so. Slept but little, for every few minutes the ship would be covered by a sea, and then she would stagger and

groan under the burden. The poor horses were thrown down and things generally stirred. Pumps were started and the deck water thrown off.

Friday, Jan 28th, 176.

Fine day. Wind holds still southwest. Lat.36. Long. 65.30. Out on deck in shirt sleeves. Found a flying fish on deck about eight inches in length. A curious little wonder: transparent wings, two on each side, the largest in front. Going to put him in alcohol. Our friend, a Mr. Eckal, of Trinidad formerly, took his gulp today. Stays in his bunk almost continually, sometimes singing Sankey's hymns, but generally keeping quite still. Are now about 600 miles from New York.

Saturday, Jan 29th

Beautiful, Oh, Beautiful Day. "The day so mild, is heaven's own child, with earth and ocean reconciled." As H. says, "It warmeth up the midriff and maketh the heart charitable." A gentle sou'westerly breeze that keeps one on deck continually.

An air that a suit of light tweed is made for. The clouds so light and fleecy. Atmosphere, soft and demure, pensive perhaps, neither the fresh kiss of April, nor the juiciness of June, nor the dreaminess of August, nor the haziness of October, but a blending of all four. Day never to be forgotten.

A Barque passed us bound for the sou'west, probably five miles away. A barque is a three-master, spars on the foremast and on the mainmast, and schooner rigged on the mizzen mast. Lat. 33.4, Lon. 63.25. Thermometer 72 in the sun or shade. Sighted a brig in the starboard bow. Came within hailing but did not open her head. Evidently an Englishman, bound for Liverpool. One little bird, a little Saragossa seaweed. H. made his game bag. I fixed up my blanket. One of the crew gave us some fish hooks and a decoy made of Dolphin skin, made in the shape of a flying fish, the hook in the tail, with the wings made of feathers from the rooster's tail and bound on with twine, and buttons on, pearl ones for eyes.

Sunday, Jan 30th, 1876.

Lat. 31.56. Long. 51. Therm. 69. We made good time during the night. The barque ran very steadily. Slept well, on the lounge turned to the wall. At sunrise, the wind fell away. Cloudy. What little wind there was, was dead ahead. So we could truly say that the ship rested because it was the seventh day, for we made little headway, running many points out of course.

Passed patches of Saragossa sea weed. Caught one with a hook. It was covered with zoophytes and a few small shells, besides one tiny crab, which we put in rodski (whiskey).

Passed time in making a game bag and talking with Porpus George (an old sailor) who by the way fixed ropes on our harpoons.

Tacked ship for the first, time (since leaving New York) at about sundown.

The captain slapped the nigger cook in the face for protesting that the bread for breakfast was good enough.

Capt. storms every meal about something. Takes all hands, cook and steward, to tack. Twelve in number. No sail, no bird.

Monday, Jan 31st, 1876.

Lat. 31. Long. 63. Morning came, fresh and delightful. Tacked ship four times during the night, and every time I had to change myself on the lounge so as to have my head the highest.

The wind blew up fresh from the south east directly against us. Tacked three or four times. Two sails. Put out the hook and at about 10 A.M. caught a dolphin that would weigh 12 pounds and measure three feet in length. At last a wish was gratified, i.e. "To see a dolphin." The most beautiful object to be conceived. A color that could make the rainbow retire in disgust. Instead of changing his hues, as I expected, only faded a little as life departed.

Have fell back three miles to the northward. Haven't done anything today, but read and lay around.

Tuesday, Feb 1st.

Lat. 31 Thermom. 75. Still baffling winds, light, soft and delicious to breathe.

At about 10 A.M. the mate yelled out those interesting words that I have been wishing to hear all my life, to wit, "There she blows." We ran to the port side, and waited a few minutes, when up went a stream of water, about eight or ten feet high, apparently, and as it fell back, a vapor floated away a short distance, and vanished.

He blew four times and sank. Seemed about half a mile off, maybe less. Mr. Hornaday feeling miserable. I spending my time as happens and feeling better than since last May.

Spent the evening playing whist and got beaten. Just found out that the Captain's name is "Armstrong," and resides in New Haven, CT. An Englishman and quite arbitrary but a sociable fellow withal.

Feb. 2nd, Calimus Day, Wed.

Lat. 31.4, Long. 57.35. Southerly winds, but very little progress southward. one sail, a barque only. Thermometer 74.

Laid around in shade. Ate heartily. Played whist, etc. Read, and enjoyed.

Feb 3rd. Thursday.

Lat. 30.28. Lon. 57.8. The sun came up to find a calm sea. Sails flapped. The ship rolled lazily. Dame Nature was taking a respite. At ten A.M., Frenchy, the sailor, yelled out, "A whale!" And sure enough, on the Port side, about one stone's throw. loomed up the Leviathan. Looked as he is represented in pictures, his back sticking out. About 30 ft. in length, I should judge.

A dead calm. I fixed up tent. Played whist, etc., etc. Just before sundown a large black cloud arose in the north and down came the wind and drove us on at a beautiful speed and we were happy.

Friday, Feb 4th.

Lat. 28.30. Long. 56.09. In the night the wind fell away to the southward, yet we held our course — which is south. Was called out on deck at midnight by the 1st mate to see a beautiful rainbow. It was the grandest of night scenes. Heavy black clouds, peculiarly shaped, spots of the deepest open sky and twinkling stars, crested dark waves, subdued roar of wind through the ship.

Wind, all day from the southeast, Quite a sea. Wheelsman saw a whale at 6 A.M. very close to the stern.

Heavy seas at night. Slept but little. Got beaten again at whist. Mr. E. confined almost to his bunk, with squeamishness. Will be four or five days yet with a good wind, before we reach port. The thermometer stands about so, 72 in shade all the time, but little change at night. Are now in what is called the Latitude of variable winds.

Saturday, Feb 5.

Lat. 25.08. Long. 56.04. Slept but a couple of hours last night, on account of pitching of ship.

Heavy sea running at daybreak. Mr. H. and Mr. E. eat

no breakfast. I ate moderately, but the way they cook up things makes them I very unpalatable and one needs the appetite of a work-horse to eat heartily. Oh, it's a sin to spoil Nature's gifts in this way.

The wind grew easier at noon, and the waves some easier by sympathy.

Freshened up in afternoon. Blew hard all night. Made 210 miles in the last 24 hours. The ship rolled, pitched, acted like mad. The deck standing at an angle of 45 degrees the most of the time, once in awhile a dash of rain. Are now in the trade winds, easterly, that are to be relied upon, so that our passage to Barbadoes is a foregone conclusion, where we expect to arrive next Tuesday night.

Sunday, Feb. 6th.

Lat. 21.35 Thermom. 75. Last night was a roarer.

The gaff topsail sheet parted. Our course lies in the trough of the sea. Slept part of the night. Getting used to it. Mr. H. and E. came out to breakfast.

Guessed on the distance made in the last 24 hours, the one guessing the farthest from it to set up the drinks when we get to Barbadoes. The Captain said 192 miles, the mate 240, Mr. Eckel 238, Mr. Hornaday 230, myself 228. Taking the sun at noon with the quadrant, the Captain made out 213 miles. The mate's set up. Are now about 500 miles from port. Smacking trade wind breeze.

The night closes in ugly and frowning. occasional squalls with rain, and the ship takes the water over her side plenteously at times.

Monday, Feb 7.

Lat 17.57. Long.56. The sun comes up clear, the wind blowing fresh and strong. Porpus George brought me two flying fish that he found on deck. Sent them to the cook for breakfast. They were about eight inches in length, tender looking things, and when flying, flutter their wings the least bit and look like the Devil's darning needles, as the schoolboy calls them.

3 P.M. Strong trade wind from the E.N.E., waves not as strong as last night. Just came from the bows where I was watching the fish flying away. Sometimes 8 or 10 would jump out at once and fly 10 or 15 rods, occasionally touching their tails to the crests of the waves. Again one would jump in and out like a meadow frog.

While at the bow a large wave dashed me with brine. Delicious to be around barefooted. Thermometer at 77. Made 225 miles last 24 hours.

Feb. 8th, Tuesday. 14 days out.

Lat 14. 80°F. The night passed pleasantly enough. Easy sea. Good trade breeze.

Was out watching flying fish on the tip of the jib-boom.

Played whist and while Mr. Eckel was lighting a cigar that he found on the floor, it exploded, being stuffed with powder for an inch and a half or so. It burnt his fingers some, and of course made him very mad. Accused the Captain of it, who gave him the lie in his teeth. The Captain asked the mate if "he did it." Said "he did." Mr. E. being of an easy disposition let it pass. This noon we are within 70 miles of Barbadoes, and expect to see land from the masthead at 5 P.M. Made 225 miles the last 24 hours. Have been hooking raisins for the last couple days from the storeroom. Very sweet indeed.

Land seen at masthead by Captain at 4 P.M. H. and Captain saw a shark about ten feet long. Scooted 'round the bow and we left him behind. Barbadoes land looms up high. As we came to the Island about 8 P.M. and passed down the west shore, the Captain pointed us out a large red light

high up on shore, and said, "That is my father's light. He always hangs it out, when I come in at night."

Passed down the shore 15 miles, and came to the city of Barbadoes called Bridgetown. A fleet of ships from all ports nearby stood rocking lazily in the bay at 11 o'clock at night as we tacked in and weighed anchor. Before we came in, three or four large rowboats came alongside, wanting a chance to tell where we could weigh anchor. Manned with niggers and made me think of cannibals after our souls and bodies.

Wednesday, Feb 9th.

89° F. in shade at noon. Got ashore at 9 A.M. A cloud of niggers on wharf. Hard stone roads, sidewalks about 3 feet wide, odd, low houses. Stone fences, heavy for yard fences. Iron gates open in day shut at night. Narrow streets. Just room for two wagons to pass. Oranges sixpence per dozen, bananas fourpence. Women washing on beach and laying the clothes on the sand to dry by the acre. Flowers and foliage plants, beautiful kept yards, running vines. Walked over the city some. Strange, so strange. About one white to an hundred niggers. Cane fields, so green in the distance. Just commencing to make sugar. Got three little fish with a sword three inches in length on the under jaw.

Thursday, Feb. 10th.

820 F. Passed a poor night on account of mosquitoes and roaring niggers.

Went down to the Globe or Ice house and took our bread and butter and Guava, Stewed Guava, then wrote letter to Journal till noon, when I went just outside of the city limits to see a sugar mill in full blast. Takes 40 men, women and children, mostly men, to run it, from the stripping to the putting in barrels. Costs \$5.00 to put up 8 bbls.

Molasses 26¢ per gal. such as costs us 90¢ and \$1.00 at home.

Came back at 4 P.M. and found Mr. Wilderboer, a naturalist. A German formerly from Surinam. A fine old man, who had the pleasure of Agazziz's acquaintance and companionship for five days. He is going to show us all around to the places

where we can collect. At night, got a pan of sea eggs, like a pin cushion.

Feb 11th, Friday, 1876.

Was aroused the forenoon after 9 o'clock (our breakfast hour here). Doing a little business, as getting can and alcohol and trying to find a wagon manufactory, but failed in the latter case. As I came back, found Mr. Wilderboer with H. bargaining for one of the strangest things in Nat. History, to wit: a *Pentacrinus Müller* [common name, crinoid or sea lily. Related to starfish, sea urchins and sand dollars.] Very rare. Looks more like a plant than anything else. A stem two feet long and more about the size of a pipe stem, with joints every inch and a half with five little threads coming out around it like tendrils on a grapevine. The base of this stem is fastened to a rock and stands up in the water like a plant. The blow end is the head. A bundle of spines as large as a large fist, with a center like a lily. Spreads out his tentacles or lily leaves and when a little fish or crab settles in this combination, they slowly close in on him and he is absorbed and the trap set again.

Went up on the beach in the P.M. after curios. Found some crabs that live in rocks and some that burrow in the ground. Two families of the latter, red and black, dug down about two feet in the sand. Have to be careful or be pinched. Can run as fast as a nigger almost.

Was cutting a stick to dig with, when a nigger told me to drop it, for the milk that was oozing from the wound would poison me. We dropped it.

Got back to find that H. had bought some sea eggs. They are about the size of a fist with any quantity of black needles sticking out around them.

Feb. 12th, Saturday.

Ther. 82. The days are all alike here, sunny, with a lively breeze from the east.

Started out in the morning after frogs, crabs, etc. Got some. Came back at three o'clock P.M. Found that a lot of specimens had come in, sea eggs and stars. Visited Mr. Wilderboer who gave H. a slough of shells

H. and self still eating Guava's Jam at two shillings a day and another shilling for oranges and Bananas.

Our room for preparing specimens and boxing begins to get filled up some. Tomorrow is Sunday. Bought a loaf of bread and some jam to eat in our room, for the restaurant will be closed.

Sunday, Feb. 13.

83° F. In the morning went out in the bay in a large row boat with H. and 3 darkeys, after sea eggs and coral. One of the nigs was a diver by profession. Would settle down in the water for a depth of three or four fathoms and bring up a sea egg as easy as he would go down a ladder on shore. Dove for coral and fastened a rope around, when we would get hold and heave it out on board. Got a piece of fan coral that would weigh 25 lbs. and a piece of brain coral that was the size of a common sized brain and just the shape

In the P.M. walked up the beach five miles after shells. Got but a few small ones. At night attended church. Poor service and the weakest singing I ever heard.

Monday, Feb 14th, 1876.

In the morning went out with the same party as yesterday, after the same articles.

The waves were too high and the clouds made the water bad to see things in, but passed over great groves of coral of different kinds, mostly brown in color, some with a white fringe. The way it is gotten white is to put in fresh water for 48 hours, then washing in sea, then placing in the sun to bleach out. In the P.M. received specimens, Eels, Eggs, Stars, shells, just poured in. Kept Mr. H. very busy. The darkeys are fast after pennies.

Feb. 15, Tues.

In the morning took a sail boat for Austin, a place 8 miles south of this place for the purpose of gathering shells, fish, etc., etc. Getting out of the harbor, the wind was dead ahead. Had to take the sails down, and the three darkeys pulled it through. The bottom was beautiful, very beautiful. I leaned over and watched till I was tired. Such groves of coral, spreading out in fantastical shapes. Got shells and beautiful fish,

brown and gold, blue, so strongly marked and crabs in beautiful colors.

Set sail and came back at 3 P.M. While gone, a man from Spikestown brought a sea porcupine about as large as a woodchuck, all covered with spines half an inch in length, a horrible looking thing.

Wed. Feb 16, '76

82°F. In the forenoon was skinning fish. H. went to Wilderboer's and had a good talk.

Afternoon, bought specimens. A file fish was brought in, the skin like a piece of sandpaper. About a foot long, large tail, dirty brown color, some light spots thin as one's hand, very small mouth, ungainly looking thing. Went down to the fish boats. Saw a sword fish brought in, 6 ft. long, the sword being cut off, which made H. very mad.

Bought two small sharks, two feet long. A fine day. Not much business here yet, sugar making just begun.

Thursday, Feb 17.

A quiet day. Skinned sharks before breakfast. Breakfast at 10 A.M. H. went to see Wilderboer, I went out looking up wagon business. Duty 3% on \$100.00. More than that, 20% on the three per cent additional.

P.J. packing coral in shavings. Bought some little things called sea beef, a stick-tight, about the size of a butternut split in two that sticks to the rocks — hardly possible to wrench them off with the hand.

Mr. Eckal just got back from the country, and going to Trinidad with us next Saturday night on the "Ocean Traveller."

Today has been cool, 810 F., the wind quite strong from the east

Friday, Feb 18th.

Been busy packing box all day. Got a little of everything in it. Four different kinds of coral, fan coral, Buckhorn, Brain and finger.

Today is called "Planters Day." That is when the planters come in to get supplies. They send in the six mule team by Sambo and ride in in their carriages with families, driven by second Sambo,

who holds the horses and waits till the family are ready to go. The English ladies are richly dressed and look "well-groomed," as H. says, not overworked. Quite pale, but plump. The French Admiral came ashore and was received by the English garrison at the wharf. A brass band in attendance. Lots of gold lace and ... and an acre of "barack men" covering everything to see.

Saturday, Feb 19th.

Finished packing box in morning. H. and self went out to Henry's plantation to see the thing. On our way back called on Mr. Wilderboer. At 4 P.M. had things put on board the "Ocean Traveller" and at 6 P.M. weighed anchor and put out to sea for Trinidad. The O.T. a small schooner. Just covered with freight and deck passengers, black and white. The sea quite rough. Nearly everybody sick. Slept about half an hour. Slept on deck, the sea dashed on us and wet us and we soaked and stood it and thanked fortune it was no worse. She had 2700 gals. of kerosene, which made the more danger.

Feb 20th, Sunday.

Sailed all day, the sun pouring on us. Made some awnings out of our blankets and stood it. Saw a school of porpoises, but were shy. The first that we have seen since we left New York.

Ate but little and cared for little. Got acquainted with a little monkey in the bows, as restless as a bear and no bigger than a small cat. There were two goats, two dogs five hogs, cats and nigger young ones, in profusion. Forgot to wash our face and hands. Slept with our clothes on. Mr. Eckals was on board with us again. Was sick, slept in the cabin with two or three nigger women and five or six children. Said he slept first class, but should be taken with considerable leeway.

Monday, Feb 21st, 176.

Arrived at Trinidad at 12 A.M. Passed the night in a way, slept some & gazed at the stars some, rained at midnight some, got our feet wet.

T. is very hilly, almost mountainous, and covered with green verdure, perpetual green. Sighted land last P.M. Came into the bay around what is called "Five Islands," very small and rocky, covered with

trees and a few houses, a summer resort. A small steamer plys there.

Boatmen tried to gouge us but didn't make it out. Found a boarding place in a very pleasant place. Walked out in the evening, followed out a procession to a hill a mile out of town in the woods. Creole French, poor. Carried the coffin with strips of cloth, four to carry. Rested often and quarreled more. No mourners, apparently. One woman carried two bottles of rum, which were passed around at the grave. The noisiest set I ever saw, and was very laughable. A man told us, "That if the priest went to the grave it would cost \$15.00, and they couldn't afford it."

Tuesday, Feb 22nd.

Went out in the morning and was agreeably surprised to find a steamer in the offing decked out with the Stars and Stripes in honor of the day. [Washington's Birthday]

God Bless our old Flag. No one knows the worth of it until he is in a foreign land. Am proud of it, it is handsome and glorious.

Went to the government buildings to see the museum collections of the Island. Beautiful birds and ugly reptiles. In the evening played whist with Captain Armstrong, H. and Eckel. Eckel going, a Dane, Mr. Knudsen took his place. The first hand, he and I scored nine points, took every trick. I never saw that happen before.

Wednesday, Feb 23rd.

In the morning hired a boat and started out quite early, for the river Caroni four miles from town, south. After trouble found the channel and rowed up, looking for alligators. Saw a hawk, I fetched him. The first blood. Went up about a mile, saw a gator on the bank. I told H. to "shoot him." H. drew on him, fired. Gator living still, told me to fire. I did and blew the top of his head all out and spoilt him for a specimen entirely. We cursed the luck. Up farther met more, but they crawled off into deep water after being shot. Lost 4 or 5 that way. Finally saw one lying in the grass at the edge of water. H. shot him through the neck. We pulled him in. Was 5 ft. long. A Cayman, not the Alligator american, or mississippiis. Shot some more, got away. Came down. Saw one on brush wood. I shot him in head and spoilt him. H.

swore and I laughed, it was so ridiculous to see his head all blowed out. I shot a small one, 3 ft. long. We stopped to skin our game, when I spoiled that one by cutting out the leg bone. So we had some fun but little profit. Bought 27 oranges for 5 pence at a house on the bank.

The river was beautiful. Such banks of verdure on the banks, flowers and running vines hanging down to the water. Great air plants in full bloom stuck on the trees, the trunks, a large purplish flower.

At high tide, no mud bank or dirt is seen, only a bank of solid green rising from the water. Trees reaching together overhead, almost. Beautiful plumaged birds and deliciously cool air all combined to make it a day long to be remembered. Besides one could rest the eye by looking to the north and seeing the grand hills with the clouds floating or resting on or between them, the first thing of the kind I ever saw. Got at home just at sundown. Rowed about 16 miles and not being used to it, was something of a day's work.

Feb 24th, Thursday.

In the morning took care of our skins that we got the day before, looked around for information for the Orinoco Expedition.

Saw a manatee skin in Mr. Gollie's office that he is sending home to his brother in England

Made bullets in P.M. for another expedition up the river Caroni. In the evening, wrote a letter to Journal on Barbadoes. Felt little like writing, but had to grind it out. Got to bed at 12 o'clock. The nights are just right in temperature, comfortable with one sheet on. No sudden changes, no mosquitoes, delightful as one could wish.

Feb. 25th, Friday.

Started out early in a small row boat for the Caroni, Mr. Eckels, H. and self. E. and self shot into a flock of pelicans. I brought down two but one arose and left. Farther up, Mr. E. shot a big crane. We tied up to a root and took breakfast of sardines, bread fruit (like Hubbard squash but not so sweet and baked like it), Guava Jelly, cheese, oranges, etc. Rowed up the river 10 miles, shooting alligators, but not securing any, very

wild, and tumbled off into deep water, muddy and black.

Went high up as McLeod Plain, a big sugar plantation, 600 hogsheads made yearly. Crusher with rollers 2½ feet in diameter, big engine, and cane going in three or four stalks deep, three ft. wide, coolies feeding, juice coming out in a stream 4 inches in diameter. Scores of large vats and lots of sugar draining off and cooling. 280 coolies. I tell you, business. Got home at 7 o'clock. Rowed 20 miles, big day's work, poor pay.

Saturday, Feb 26th.

In the morning skeletonized some of the "cutlass" variety of fish. Look just like a cutlass, but such teeth, with a beard on them like a fish spear.

The band commenced playing in Brunswick Square, a large park, well shaded.

The leader used the baton and the band was well drilled, and of course there was some music. An old negro (cracker) dressed in uniform with epaulets presided also, and amused us very much.

This city is nicely wooded in most places, fine water running down the gutters. Of about 20,000 souls.

The water is shallow at the dock, so the shipping is obliged to anchor outside in the bay. Is muddy with lots of sediment.

In the evening a lot of ladies came in, lately from Martinique, but were they not gaudily dressed? All dark. The young lady of the Hotel, a Miss Fuller, played for us on the piano and sang. Mr. H. also tried it and succeeded quite well.

Sunday, Feb 27th.

Were very busy writing letters to leave by one o'clock. Put them in the office but the mail finally was not closed till four, and the Packet did not leave till the next P.M. In the evening walked around and come back to the hotel, when three young men came in, dressed in women's clothes, the next two days being Niggers Carnival. They anticipated them.

In the P.M. two little children two years old were shown around from Martinique, dressed up in the most fantastic of styles. 14 brooches on each hat, 10 or 12 gold chains around the neck and dresses

made of the gaudiest silk handkerchiefs, loaded so heavily as to stagger.

Monday, Feb 28th.

Got packed and started for the Islands at the west. Hired a boat and two rowers for five dollars to take us 15 miles. Passed Islands high and rugged, some covered with trees, with frowning rocks all around with fishermen's cottages at the base and boats hauled up in coves, and blackmouthed caves, deep and low, that fill with the tide where death enters twice in 24 hours. A little before sundown, arrived at our destination on the first Island, or Bocas, it is called.

Was directed to the house of Mr. Basanti, where we found him, a fisherman with a sun-browned complexion, a Frenchman, and a good fellow.

Feb 29th, Tuesday.

Started early for the caves of Guarcharo birds, two niggers to row, Mr. Basanti as guide, H. and self. Quite heavy swells outside, but no wind.

In ¾ of an hour's row, turned a point abruptly and entered a gorge that narrowed down like a V, the walls perpendicular and hundreds of feet high. The waves tossed us here and there. Soon turned to the right abruptly when the mouth of the cave was before us, ran in, blacks jumped out and steadied the boat, water up to their necks. Finally landed. The birds were shrieking, the cavern black as night, a damp guano hot smell. We gathered eggs on the shelving rocks, and nests as soon as our eyes became accustomed to the light, and soon after commenced shooting them. There were myriads whirling about. Shot 13 — Hornaday 10 and myself only 3, ashamed to say. Stayed about an hour and started to go out with the breakers, very much larger. Waited a long time until they subsided and jumped in but the water drenched us as it was. Glad to get out. Got 18 eggs, nearly hatched, and three nests. In the P.M. went down to the whale fishery to see a whale carcass but found the sharks had strewed the bones far and wide the night previous. Got two ribs and some whale bone at the fishing house, where also a lot of big sharks lay just in the water. Jerked the teeth out of one's upper jaw, 113 at one jerk. The men were trying out the oil and

barreling. Large caldrons, and everything stinking greasy-like.

Mar. 1, Wednesday.

In the morning went to two more caves for birds. The first had hardly standing room to keep away from the breakers. Got four out, in decent condition. Then to another, that we had to stand in the boat and shoot. Shot a number but only got one. The waves carried them in, away from us. Coming back shot two boobies. Skinned birds, etc., and in the P.M. went after Frigate birds, but couldn't bring any down.

Mar. 2nd, Thursday.

Skinned and skeltoned all day long. An old negro brought in some iguanas. Forgot to write of shooting one the first morning we were out, coming back from the cave, up in a tree, as they usually are, feeding in the morning. Shot from the boat and wounded him badly. Shot again, then went up the precipice through cactuses and vines and shot him again. He measured 5 feet and 5 inches.

Mar. 3rd, Friday.

Went out in the morning at half past four to the home of the Frigate birds to shoot them on the roost. Waited a long time for daylight and then rowed up (they were on a point of rock and bush.) H. saw one, fired and missed him. I shot in at random and missed also.

Rowed around the Island. Saw a big shovel-nose shark. Shot a booby and H. shot the female iguana of the one that I shot. At noon started for Gasperi cave after stalactites. Got a few. The cave had galleries and a stream of water just as clear as crystal, several feet deep. Carried a torch, was smoky, hot and uncomfortable. Came out, got into the boat and the guide said, "They have got another whale." And sure enough, the horns were blowing.

We went over to the whale, a calf, 40 ft. long. Cut some barnacles off his tail fin. Four boats hauled him with seven men in each. The boats were 30 ft. long and well made. The whale was slung under the last one. They were very noisy and happy.

Saturday, Mar. 4th.

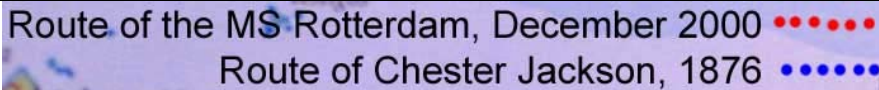
Arose at one o'clock and started for the city 15 miles distant, two blacks rowing. Arrived at half past five. Bought some provisions and took the steamer Alice for Pitch Lake. Arrived there at half-past ten. Walked out one mile and found this great lake, the wonder of the world, half a mile in diameter, black and shining in the sun and stinketh like burning rubber. Patches of brush and great cakes divided by seams. All looks like black molasses candy before it is stirred.

Cut out a large piece of one hundred forty lbs. and started to the town. Met a cartman and engaged him to bring it in. Got on board and arrived at Port of Spain at 7 P.M. A big day's work and thoroughly tired.

Sunday, Mar 5th.

And we rested on the 7th [day] and said that all was well. Wrote letter to the Journal in the P.M. At night, walked down on the wharf. H. went to church.

From the 4th to the 9th we were busy getting ready for the Orinoco Expedition, packing and buying material, etc. On the P.M. of the tenth took passage on the "Untrias", a side wheel steamer, low, and made for the upper river trade. The lower deck just covered with blacks bound for the gold mines. Thought of taking deck passage but the crowd was too heavy, half drunk and noisy. Went in stateroom but could not sleep. Too close. Went out and slung a hammock under the canopy aft and rested very well.



The trees are low — palms — and vines with flowers. Sometimes meet bunches of plants floating in the water. Each bank an unbroken line of dense green save a few small inlets. Went to bed dissatisfied with the looks of things. But few birds after leaving the sea. No alligators.

Sunday, Mar 12th.

Waked up in the morning to see fog, then sandy shores, and then H. saw the head of a large crocodile, moving for the shore. Certainly 13 feet. Some birds, then plantations, then small houses thatched and with mud walls. Canoes, bananas, cocoa trees, low and spreading. Nearly to Barrancas.

Reached the Orinoco correct, at 9 o'clock. A topsail schooner went up ahead of us, that followed the main channel. Ours is the Macareo. The banks are low, Mountains in the distance. The timber young and flowers in profusion on vines and trees of the gaudiest colors. The leaves are black green. Occasionally a tree bare of leaves or nearly so. Passed the village Pastadono at 10 A.M. Red mud walls, thatched roof of palm.

Barancas at 11 A.M., small and unsightly. A cluster of people on shore on the right hand side.

Saw nothing of note until we reached the old Spanish fort of Guyana, built to stop Sir Walter Raleigh from reaching the gold mines. On the left side, ruins old and stained, with towers and sides in most places covered with thick clinging vines, on the top of a hill. We stopped on the opposite side for wood. Saw Mr. Silver, the wood getter for the steam boats, and engaged him for the trip down to the mouth again.

Stopped Port Establos at 8 P.M. This is the point where they leave for the mines, a distance of six days' walk. Everybody in coming to Venezuela has to go up to Bolivar to the port of entry, and get their permit and show their passport.

A lot of people got on at Establos, all Spaniards, and some slung their hammocks under their canopy at the stern. With us, a lot of eight or ten.

Monday, Mar. 13.

Looking out in the morning could see that the timber had changed to a silver gray in places —

highlands, grass, etc., and many trees with the leaves gone.

The sides more rocky, a black shiny rock called ironstone. As we turned a bend in the river Ciudad Bolivar loomed up in sight, high and shining, a city on a hill, the roofs covered with tile. Passed a steamboat on the sand bar (The San Fernando) with men fixing her up. She plys up the river, one of the "wet posterior" kind. Finally let go the anchor and swung the stern in shore. At length got off after a time, 10:30 A.M. Found the custom house and carriers brought up our luggage on their heads. No carts here. Donkeys, though, that carry water, wood, bricks, etc. in a rack that nearly covers them. Got a room at the hotel for \$1.00 per day and moved in. Kept by a German formerly from New York. Was good to meet him in this outlandish place. The streets are narrow, no trees excepting on Bolivar Street in front facing the river. Houses made of stone, windows with iron protection of grates, stone floors, shutters of wood, no glass, brick sidewalks. Called on John Dalton, the U.S. Consul, and Mr. Scandella, the agent of the steamship line, and finally went to bed, tired as could be. A cot that felt good after sleeping on a hammock.

Tuesday, Mar 14th.

Got out early in the morning, H. to the market, I to take boat down to the steamer, S. Fernando, to a lagoon for caymans. Got down there at 10: 30. Met Mr. Scandella and Captain Rich. Went over to the lagoon. Saw three, shot at one, wounded him, but he lunged in and got away. Shot a bird. Walked about five miles and got back to Bolivar by boat at 6:30 P.M. Got two turtle of S. that he purchased of a fisherman who had nearly a bushel of eggs. Had some cooked for supper, liked them very much.

Mr. S. said that the war here had nearly ruined the country. Everything scarce and high and the people indolent to the last degree, and fish from the North, of course, retailed at 20 cts., beef, 20. Cattle used to sell at \$2.50, now brought \$50.

Powder \$4.00 per pound and a permit from Government to use it.

Arriving there called the carriers, people that belong to the Gov't as soldiers in war, in peace

carry things on their heads from the beach, to the exclusion of carts or donkeys.

Wednesday, Mar 15.

Felt pretty weak when I got up. Overdone yesterday, we guess. Skinned our two turtles that I bought yesterday besides another, a land turtle that we bought this morning.

Skeletonized two heron that H. shot. Found 16 eggs in one turtle and three in the other. Went down to the wharf in the evening. Saw a man from Barrancas. Said there was two manatee killed down there a few days ago. Is going to get the skulls for us.

For supper we had peas — dry, turtle hash, soup and date sauce. Every city we come to has a different style in cooking and even manners.

Thursday, Mar 16th

H. and self started out at 6 A.M. in the boat belonging to Capt. Ritchie that makes morning trips to the San Fernando.

Got down after awhile with a light breeze, and started out to shoot the crocodile.

Saw one, a small one with his back towards us. H. shot him, he laid still, H. ran for him but he flopped in.

Went on and saw a larger one, crept up, H. to shoot first, he did, I followed with two and he laid as still as mice. Dressed him and went on after more. Came to Spaniard's house, bought a watermelon. Gave us ½ dozen crocodile eggs.

Got his boat and went down and watched for another. Came out, shot him, but he wriggled in. Got home at 7 P.M.

Friday, Mar 17th.

A man told us of a lagoon nearby where the cayman could be. I started out to reconnoiter. Walked through brush and vines and finally reached a lake surrounded by small timber. Just as I reached the edge a cayman tumbled in and as he swam off with his head out, I shot and missed him. Saw another, shot him in the head but he sank. Crept through Jungles. Got tired, came back. H. started out at 4 P.M., saw two in the same place. Shot five little snipe. In the P.M.

before he went, he saw de la Costa who told him of a place down the river where stuff was plenty.

Saturday, Mar 18th.

I went down to the lagoon again but it was cloudy and no crocks came ashore. Shot at a little fellow's head three times, his eyes just out, but couldn't settle him.

Came back. H. had fixed the crocodile skin and also a turtle, and skeletonized some birds.

Small children from 1 year to five, no clothes. From five to ten, a shirt. Above that, shirt and pants. H. informed me on my return that we were to go out hunting early in the morning for parrots, with a Mr. de la Costa whose brother is minister to the U.S. To call for us in the morning at half-past four. Loaded our cartridges at night, etc.

Sunday, Mar 19th.

Arose at 4:15. de la Costa came and took us over to his room and we had chocolate and started out of the town before 5 A.M. Went out into the country about 3 miles south, and when daybreak came, the parrots commenced to fly over. They alighted in low trees with seeds on them. Not very plenty. I shot three, de la Costa six, and H. ten. I also shot two hummingbirds and saw a plenty more, but the shot was too coarse and spoilt them. I got separated from H. and C. and came back early. In the P.M. I roughed out eight skeletons and H. skinned two and roughed out two. At night, I went over to the church and saw the people sitting on the floor, a few in low chairs, the most on rugs. A nice cool wind from the river. Thermometer, 87 at 8 P.M.

Monday, Mar 20.

Finished cleaning up the parrot skeletons. Saved some wings. Then we loaded some shells and went out after iguanas and crocodiles, etc., etc. H. came back after awhile to get his rifle to shoot a crock. Mr. de la Costa went with him. H. shot one through the head and spoilt it.

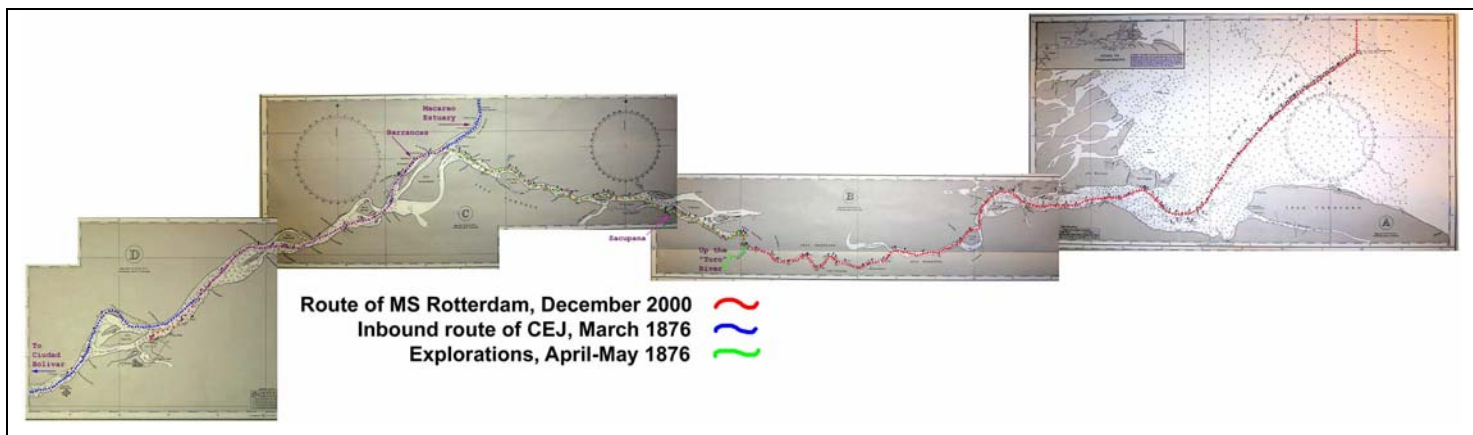
I went off after parrots but didn't get any. The wind blowed too hard. There is a constant breeze from down the river. Schooners come up a-booming, but go down like the snail. Saw a schooner unload cattle yesterday. opened the side door and made them jump overboard.

Tuesday, Mar 21st.

Went down to the dock to take a small boat for the San Fernando lagoon to shoot crocks, but the darn thing had already started so we footed it about six miles. Beat the boat which done us good, but we got no crocks. H. missed his shot. Saw a big one, 14 feet, floating in the middle, but he declined to come ashore. Saw a native hunting turtle in a canoe, with bow and arrow, bow five ft. long, arrows light, nearly three ft. long, a barb of iron on the end and a socket and string attached and wound around the arrow a great many times. This arrow is shot up into the air and dropped down on the backs. Native said he drank too much rum the day before.

Wednesday, Mar 22.

In the morning I fixed a bird that I shot the day before. H. went out to make up a map of the Delta at Antonio de la Costa's, and I loaded a lot of cartridges for humming birds. Went out, shot a couple, but tore them into pieces, being too close. Very hot in the brush, 106 anyway. By the way, this de la Costa is the "great man" of these parts, the last governor, and his brother now a minister to the U.S. We had a letter of introduction to him. By this means became acquainted with his brother Alfred, who went hunting with us and is to go down to Sacupana, also. A modest young man, very, and we feel complimented.



The Orinoco River

(use magnifier to zoom in)

(Note the route of explorations, and some key geographic places noted in the diary.)

Thursday, Mar 23

Started out early in the morning for a lagoon way down and across the river, seven miles distant. Walked to S. Fernando, hired a corial, or canoe, 30 ft. long at the least and clumsy, and started across the river against a head wind and three-quarters of a mile across. But Oh! didn't we work. Just two paddles.

Crossed a large sand-bar and H. with glass saw two crocks on the bar. We crawled on our sides and bellies 40 rods, and both shot at once, hit him. H. dropped his gun and started to hold him by his tail, (he was a lunker) and as he came up the old cuss turned on him, rose on his hind legs and opened his mouth big enough to swallow a

beer keg. H. backed up and hollered for a hatchet, but I loaded my gun and came on in time to shoot him in the back of his head, which settled him. Found that H. had shot him through the fleshy part of the neck, not hurting him mortally. I more lucky had hit his skull and dented it in enough to make him a first-class lunatic, which put him into our hands. Saw some more heads around in the water but didn't molest them. Skinned him and carried it on our backs over a half mile to the corial. Came up to the S. Fernando. Capt. Richie kindly brought us up to the city in his yacht, but wasn't we tired at 7:30 when we got back. Slept like stones.

Friday, Mar 24th

In the morning we skeletonized some birds. H. cleaned up the crock skin, 11 ft. 4 inches he was in length. H. also fixed up a couple of land turtles. An old man from New York by the last boat, in the employ of the Mining Company for keeping books, had his leg amputated in the afternoon. Before had three of toes taken off. Says "They was frozen."

In the evening a man brought a toucan alive and we bought it. Oh most curious of birds. We have called him Thomson Scott. He is cross and snaps his bill like a tobacco box.

Am going to try to carry him home. Likes bananas.

Saturday, Mar 25th.

H. and self started out early after crocks again. Rode down to the San Fernando in Capt. Ritchie's boat, then borrowed his small scull and rowed across the river to the lagoon where we shot the one the day before yesterday. Got into ambush, didn't wait more than half an hour, when a big one got up on the bar. I counted off, and we fired. He struggled around awhile but got in. Then we rowed back to the old lagoon and shot another the same way. A little farther up found one on shore that we had shot two days before. Someone had cut out, his entrails and spoilt some of the ribs, so we just cut off his head and let the rest go.

Sunday, Mar 26th.

In the morning, I dressed and wrote up the headings for the Journal letter. H. went out with de la Costa after a fox that I had shot the day before. They came back in two or three hours with nothing but the skull, the body being too far gone for any use. I went out in the billiard room and got to playing with 3 Spaniards and, we had a good time. Played Bagatelle also and was quite successful. Played Bagatelle, H. and I against Mr. Krone, he giving us 50, and was beaten badly. Then he gave us 80, and I made all the shots with a few exceptions. H. couldn't hit anything. A Yankee in the House on his way to New York, working for a Drill Co.

Monday, March 27th

H. had to skin a turtle for the hotel so I went out alone over to the lagoons, after the floating crocks. Found one in the further one on his back, pulled him ashore and cut him open and let the buzzards go for him. They took off his meat in a hurry. Loaded the skeleton into the boat and came back into the old lagoon where I shot a very large one through the side. He plunged into the water and made it boil immensely. Went on up to the boat (San Fernando), left the thing, and rode back to the city with a party that had been picnicking there during the day.

Tuesday 28th March.

H. and I went to the lagoon to find the crock I shot the day before, but he did not rise.

While at a fisherman's house was attracted to a little lagoon inland on the island back of the fisherman and gardener's house. H. went out and found a large quantity of dead fish, killed by poison put in by the native. The poison is a black round seed about $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch in diameter. They mash it fine, then sow it over the water. Got 47 fish of queer varieties, among the rest a Caribe, the fish that bites out pieces of other fish and animals. [piranha] We found some fish with their fins all eaten off by them. In shape something like a small rock bass, only white in color with a scarlet tail and fins, a strong jaw, and ugly teeth.

Wednesday, Mar 29th.

I started down to the old lagoon to find a large one that I killed, but he would not come up. Walked down and rode back in a canoe. H. busied himself in buying stuff for our Sacupani expedition. Mr. de la Costa going with us, which is a great acquisition, being a good hunter, fine mind, modest, agreeable company.

H. is feeling poorly, worked too hard one day paddling a corial. Face badly burnt, lips peeling off, cross and irritable, but has a strong constitution and will easily pull it through. Got a heap of letters but none for poor Richard.

Thursday, 30th

In the morning I busied myself in helping H. in getting salt for us, and he packed a bbl. In the P.M. we bought some boxes and packed two

crook skins, one skeleton, and one head, 14 turtle, and a lot of parrot skins and skeletons.

A lot of passengers from the mines in the hotel and the table is just crammed, and some wait. Once in awhile we eat out, just to keep our hands in and for a change of feed. Get tired of biscuit, butter, bananas, etc. Two waiters only, that have to fly around like lice on hot griddles to satisfy the wants of guests. The eaters seat quickly and pass from one dish to another like fun.

Friday, Mar 31

I fixed, packed, and nailed up our provision box, besides wrote quite a good deal for the Journal. Helped H. bring in a conglomerate stone from the bush. D. Costa gave him (H.) a large piece of petrified wood.

There's an old man here from New York by the name of Jenks that had his leg amputated a few days since, but there's no hope for him for it has begun to ulcer above or at the knee. He is bound to come out all right in his own estimation and poor old man, the people humour him in it. His wife and children are dead and he hasn't much to live for.

Saturday, April 1st, '76

Kept preparing for our departure, bought, packed, etc., etc. Took down a large box of collections and put aboard Boat, also a small one. Before this, the steamer dropped down ½ a mile to board some cattle but they didn't arrive till Sunday morn, so instead of sailing at 8 o'clock Sunday morn, didn't get away till near twelve.

H. put a lot of letters in the mail. I also sent one to the Journal. H. feeling better although quite irritable and nervous. I took a little medicine for biliousness which left me quite weak. H. was convinced that he should take some also but didn't find the time. At the hotel was a Mr. McRoberts from the mines. Mr. Frazer on his way back to New York.

Sunday, April 2

Got up in good season and packed the trunk. Found that the steamer would leave at 11:00. I went down to the cattle pen to see them take them in which afforded me a heap of fun. A man in the pen would lasso a stag, then ½ doz men

would seize the rope (150 ft. long) and heave on the stag. The man in the pen would stab him with an iron jab stick and away he would start, running and dragging the men. Sometimes would turn on his pursuers, but his leaders would check him with a fetch up that would bring him up standing. Would haul him up the gangplank, 8 ft. wide, holding him on by his tail and head. Came back and carried our things down (part of them) to the beach. Got down to Pto. DeTablos at 8 P.M. where most of the passengers got off. Slung my hammock but took it down and laid on the floor and slept well enough. Got down to the wood yard at 2 A.M. Stayed till 6 or 7, then steamed away for Barrancas where we arrived at 10:30, just too quickly to get our breakfast.

Got ashore. H. and D. Costa hired a boat to take us down to Sacupan for 30 pesos, (\$24.00) to start the tomorrow morning, then we ate dinner at a man's, acquainted with Da Costa. Had plantain fried in slices and also made into a kind of bread like squash, fish from the sea, very salty, casabe [cassava] bread. The old gent placed his daughter at my right hand. A nice looking girl, well dressed. Of course she couldn't talk English and I couldn't Spanish so we very wisely let the victuals stop our mouths. Then we arranged an armadillo hunt and started out, H., D., and a boy and two dogs, and self. Went out on the plains in a circle. Started at 2 P.M. and walked fast till 6 or 7. Never got a smell and walked certainly 15 miles. Saw some big cranes but were shy.

Went aboard of boat and slept.

Tuesday, April 4th.

Men came aboard early in the morning and we started down the river and past de Baro. At sunrise heard the howling monkey, the most frightful of noises, like a big hog being butchered. A lot of them apparently.

A kind of a rainy day. our boat, a sloop. 8 men, all Spanish. In the afternoon saw three men in a canoe trying to catch a capybara. He would dive and they would chase him lively. Finally they chased him near shore, when he ran out, when they gave it up.

We had to work against a head wind or none at all and it was slow work. Finally night closed in on us

and we bunked down on deck on our luggage. I laid on trunk and chest, H. across some boards, D.C. on his box. Well, D. C. didn't sleep at all, I slept some, but the mosquitoes were awful. Morning came at last. My bones ached and C. had a headache and H. looked bilious. The men were at the oars all night long and made it go slow.

Wednesday, April 5th.

At sunrise as we lay at anchor near shore, large birds were making hideous cries all around. D.C. went ashore to shoot a turkey but shot a duck. Finally the wind got up and we commenced to get along. About four o'clock passed the bark "Magdalena" Capt. Griffin from N.Y. for Bolivar, going up under a full sail. Six scudding sails on. We soon dropped anchor at Sacupana, a good-looking place. Went ashore and landed our goods, D.C. making arrangements for us, so that we got into a room belonging to a distillery. Very good quarters. Introduced to Mr. Francisco Merchado, a sharp looking old man who lives by hunting, etc. Supper and slung our hammocks, or rather I bunked on the floor, but such a night. Mosquitoes would bite me and there were such numbers of them and so vivacious.

Thursday, April 6th.

Went out in the morning hunting. Five dogs, H., two men, and self. Went down through a forest deep and dark. Came to a river, got in two canoes, dogs and all. Landed the dogs on the other side and then we rode down quite a ways. Got out and went into more heavy woods. Finally ran across some macaws. Old man shot one, down came a shower of brilliant plumage, red and blue, while he made the woods ring with his defiant cries. A short time, H. shot one and another, then came back to river and went down a ways and shot some funny birds with crests on their heads. In the afternoon, I went to get some sticks to make a nest when two yellow macaws came over. I dropped them.

Friday, April 7

Skeletonizing and fixing up birds. Men went out after capybara bara.

Went out hunting, shot three macaws. H. shot two toucans. At night the men brought in three capybaras. Great big fellows, teeth like squirrels,

large as hogs, covered with coarse hair like woodchucks. We skinned two and took the skull of another. The men had a hard day's work. Chased one across the river. They harpoon them, hunt them with dogs, the latter finding them under brushwood and in grass at the edge. They chase them in when they have to come up occasionally then they harpoon them.

Saturday, 8th.

Rose betimes and busied ourselves fixing up the Chiguira skin. Cleaned 2 skulls. Don Alfredo shot an "arico" — wild turkey, and H. got the skin and we ate the meat for supper. Went out hunting macaws and shot some, but the mosquitoes "Oh! my Lord!" are something beyond imagination. They almost make the air impossible to breathe and pitch for one with an energy and perseverance worthy of a better cause. Have to brush constantly. To try and kill them is simply beyond hope. They bite me through my nest (net and hammock) and I have to put an oilskin cloth around me to prevent being eaten up while asleep.

Don Francisco Machedo says they are twice as bad in the wet season. My God. What a heaven.

Sunday, Apr 9th.

Went out hunting, after H. had showed me how to make a skin of a macaw. I made it look decent, that's all, but H. says they are hard to make.

I in hunting, chased a "pia poco" or toucan, was about to fire when "whang" went a gun within 4 paces of me and behold it was H. and we did not know of each other's presence.

The woods are thick as to make it difficult to see up into the tops and a macaw can stand up there and scream and scream and fly away sometimes and not be seen until out of shot. Sometimes we find it clear almost, and down he comes, vines run all through and one can hold over the size of a decent size string across him and it holds.

Monday, Apr 10th

Arose with old Sol and before, and started after monkeys with Antonio and Pedro, two couryaras or canoes, six dogs, and de la Costa.

Went up the river, close to the edge and looking up in the tops of the trees. Soon started a troop. I

plunged into the jungle and saw one straddling across the vines. Gave him a charge, but he didn't come down.

Afterwards, started two more. Antonio wounded one which hid in a viny tree top. I "clum" it and started him out when Don D.C. shot him. He clung by his tail awhile but landed at last.

We entered a river all called here "Cano" (can-yo), and went up that a good bit. Started a capybara but it got away. The way they catch it is for one man to do the striking with a harpoon and the other to do the paddling.

(Note: Antonio says that the tiger crouches on a log or root over the river and slabbers in it when the fish, of course, are attracted thereby.) Then he claws them out.) Had a good hard time paddling our big canoe (35 ft.) (four of us) against wind and tide, but got in at last.

Tuesday, April 11th.

Mr. Sanchez arrived here from Barrancas, bringing my gun rag and rod that I left at B. After coffee, started for the hills back of S, a big crowd, dogs and all. Had to drag our canoe across a place to a big slough where one could shake rods of surface. H., in figuring around, went down to his armpits. We dragged him out.

Got across at length and up the hills to find Indians chopping down trees (the Gutta Percha) to get the fruit. Such sweet and delicious wild fruit I never saw. We couldn't get enough. Is called Juboo. Indians naked except a piece of cloth but little bigger than a "fig leaf". It was disgusting to see. One old woman especially all wrinkled and scrawny. Got back after hunting in the hills minus game but some fruit. [Probably the Gumbo-limbo tree, fruit Jobo.]

Wednesday, 12th

Started again after monkeys across the river, smooth, calm, and clear, to a little Cano. The river is here a mile wide, the tide rises nearly three feet.

Soon saw some in a tall tree. Don fetched at one and wounded it when I had to climb and took my gun along but didn't use it. Had to swing on vines clear of the tree, away up in the dizzy height, but it was fun. Soon reached the monk that was

hanging by his tail and slung him down when he lodged again. I dislodged him. D. got another.

Went on and found some more. Of course, the only way to fetch him or them was to skin up again. Before this, I and D. lodged one dead at the top. I went after him, found five. They couldn't get away. We had a "corner on them". They jumped from limb, the boys shooting at them. Would wring their hands in their agony, it made one feel bad to see them but they had to come down. Cleaned out the whole batch (five) then we came home. H. feeling bully.

Thursday, April 13th.

Was occupied solely in skeletonizing the monks. Being "Holy Day", the people would be offended at our shooting. The folks put on their clean clothes and had some extra victuals. But H. and I roughed it, because we had to.

The men laid around, gassing about the Capybara, which is the subject matter ahead of everything else and for which principally our expedition to the Cano Del Torro is for. They think of bringing back 800 lbs. of wild meat which makes H. bug out his eye in anticipation of the collection which naturally falls into our hands. There are electric eels, tapir, marmosets, wild hogs, tigers, etc., etc., etc.

Friday and Saturday.

Didn't do much. Washed out blanket and some clothes, skeletonized some macaws, laid in hammock, and recuperated generally.

Days with a cool wind from the sea (90 miles distant) swinging our "nests". I on Saturday looked for birds nests. Found one with three eggs. Not very interesting. Picked and pressed leaves and flowers. Put some coffee berries in alcohol.

Sunday, April 16th

H. and I went up the Orinoco after some birds' nests. Saw some monkeys. I fired and missed. Got some beautiful nests with eggs, kept by beautiful birds. Shot three, then shot off some hanging nests that were 5 and 6 feet long. All had young. Came back and fixed up things for the Cano Del Terro, such as placing away skeletons and fixing some macaws.

Monday, 17th April

The hunters talked of going tonight and wanted us to get all packed up square. H. went out and shot 5 macaws, of which we skeletonized 3 reds, and gave the house the 2 yellows.

But towards evening the expedite was put off till the next day, a deed quite customary with the people here. They don't have railroads to make them on time and putting off is a virtue perhaps, instead of a vice. They would soon get their ways mended or sink in old Racine. One thing, though, they are prompt in, i.e., in starting a family and making it numerous. old capybara eaters — "sacupana beef" — and where sustenance is gathered so profusely from nature, why not?

Tuesday, 18th

Took out the rifle in the morn to see how it would shoot and found it bully, beating H.'s, his shooting over badly. The range was only 6 rods. Don Alfredo brought in two Howlers of which we skeletonized one and took legs from the other to fill out. Was made aware that we should certainly start at moonrise, which would be about 2 or 3 in the A.M. Fixed our revolver and made it go off light and shot very closely with it.

Was made aware that we should start early in the morning, so we turned in early and took a good sleep, the wind blowing cool from the river, fanning one in a quite delicious way.

Wednesday, 19th April

Awakened just as the moon (a very small one) came out of the Orinoco. All silent, in its calm, placid face.

Took coffee. Got our things on board in a rough kind of way. H., D.C., old man cook and myself in a large corial. H. and I side by side. The tide was running out and we made good time, H. and I doing the work, the cook just recovering from a spell of fever. The sun colored the east and arose in a cloud at about 8 A.M. We stopped and waited for the coming of the two following canoes. They came and soon started a capybara. We all turned in and soon laid him out and in a short time got five, some on land, some in the water. one bit "Rodanti", the perro. [Sp.: dog] A little further down we came to an old Indian house where we

went ashore, slung our hammocks and staid the night. At the sundown, the "Quia" from Bolivar came floating down with the current. Went out to her and learned that Mr. Jenks died two hours after we left' We never would have thought so soon. What sad news they will carry back for his niece in New York.

Thursday, 20th

A day big for events and not good ones. Everybody started off up the Cano A — after Capybara, and I went to skinning a turkey when after two hours or so I thought I heard a noise down to the canoe. Went down, when Good Lord the tide and settled away, one end of the canoe resting on the shore and the other under water. I jumped in and pitched things out. our provisions and salt, and chemicals, all soaked, two guns. Got them out by wading in, stooping in the water to my very shoulders. Took bread, salt, and clothes and spread them out in the sun. Stirred and turned and worked all day. At night they all came back and felt fearfully about it but never knew the worst of it. They got six Capys and some herons, etc. H. went out a bit and brought back a she monkey with a little one hanging to her. At dusk, a schooner from N.Y. dropped her anchor in a very accommodating manner just near our shantee. H. and de la Costa went out to her to buy some bread to make up for the loss of Cassaba by the drench. At first was very coolly received but then with better acquaintance, shelled out in a very copious manner. Gave us a bushel of crackers. H. in telling them of our business, told them of our little monkey, when the mate asked for it. The little monk clung to its dead mother during the night and cried piteously at times. Its little teeth chattered by morning for its poor Ma was very cold in her death. H. took the little thing on board ship in the morning. The mate gave him 60 cigars and the cook in a sly way gave him a pan of onions. The schooner's name was the "Cecile" and her first trip up the Orinoco.

Friday, April 21st.

Rained during the night. Always bring around coffee the first thing in the morning. Mr. Sanchez and Antonio went out after Capybara but got none and came back early. Things were spread out and dried up. I feeling very sore after my

yesterday's experience. In the evening H. and I went down in a canoe looking for monkeys but saw none. Saw two toucans high on a dead tree. I cut my way through the awfulest jungly and fired, only to miss. They were very high. While gone the men had loaded our things in and we were to rise very early to go up the "Toro". My hammock does not suit me at all and in the night went down with a rip part of the way and I slept but little. Was awakened very early by Mr. Sanchez who gabbed and waited for a little light to leave with.

Saturday, 22nd.

Daybreak found us paddling up the "Toro", quite a river. Started some Caps and bagged one. Mr. Sanchez and Antonio went up branch, and we went on to our landing place where racks were standing for hanging up cap meat and quite a good camping ground. Soon S. and A. came on and after dinner H. and I got in the canoes (two of them) — one in each — and we went up the branch. Got some Caps and at our terminus, I shot another one of a half a dozen that were disturbed by H. and party. He stuck his head out of the water and snarled and hissed when I shot him with the rifle through his head. Antonio fished him out, a beautiful specimen, 5 ft. and 3 inches in length, glossy and brown. Got six Caps; I skinned the other and night closed in.

Sunday, 23rd.

We went up the river after more Caps. Took a branch and followed it up and got 7 Caps. While up, a canoe with two men and a pack of very lean dogs came up and brought some paw paws. I thought they were old heaven for we had got about sick of Cap meat.

These men joined in with us and coming down the branch we went up the main a ways. Started some otter — de la C. shot but did not bring any down.

Rained while coming back, but I covered with a blanket. Got out two skeletons of Caps and it was decided to pull up and go the next morning. By this time had killed 22 Caps and the old hunters were looking quite pleased. In the night it rained. My blanket being wet from the day — with more at night — was rough. D.C. wet in bad. Like sleeping on a wet dishrag.

Monday, 24th April 176.

Got started at an early hour and paddled up. Soon struck beautiful tropical scenery — vines from the water's edge, thick, and 100 ft. high with flowers. Precipices of green leaves, trees standing like columns. "A trench of green" H. said, "that looked like S.A." Started Caps, but were difficult to take. Succeeded in taking seven. Antonio speared three electric eels, about four or five feet long, and D.C. in our large canoe — the one that our party travels in — shot one. The old man rattled the paddle in the water and he stuck up his head and got shot. Wiggled around and finally after a good deal of trouble in chasing, lassoed him. Pulled him in and pounded his head, apparently dead. After a time I touched his head with my finger, when ... he gave me a shock which almost knocked me down. My shoulder felt as though pulled out of joint. Before this, he gave D.C. a shock through the canoe.

Finally about 2 P.M landed in a pleasant spot like the last one. Skeletonized a Cap and H. fixed up our otter skin. The night closed in dull and signs for dampness. The boys, Antonio and Curly Joe, singing to each other in Spanish, making the words as they go along, chaffing each other.

Tuesday, 25th

Rained in the night wetting down D.C. again. I succeeded very well. I throw my India Rubber blanket over the mammock, which keeps out the rain as far as it goes. The men started out after Caps again, leaving me to watch the camp and fix up a Cap skeleton. (There are nine men of us, and four canoes.) Forgot to say that Curly Joe cut our eels so as to spoil the skins, thinking that we were to skeletonize them. This morning, have been writing up this Diary since the 19th — swinging in Anton's hammock by the Camp-fire. The black fly bites me, which bothers. A beautiful hummingbird came and looked in into the hammock. I shall shoot him for he keeps humming around. Queer birds and making queerer noises. One of the most prominent is the "Arookah", large as a turkey. It lives in the sloughs, and alighting on low trees or bushes makes the most hideous and strangest of honkings. Has two spurs on each wing, strong and sharp. A kind of sliver, three inches long, the

size of a darning needle, sticking up out of his head and now while writing it has commenced to rain in true S.A. style, wetting down everything wettable. Heaviest slush I have seen yet for this country. Will soon be getting out of this country for too much rain ain't healthy. The mosquitoes are so thick and greedy, finding the smallest hole in the net, biting through the net and hammock (light duck). They howl and howl o'the nights. A continual buzz and roar which is a roar the hardest to get used to in the world. It seems as though the compensation law does cover everything, for here are strange and agreeable sights and experiences on one hand, counterbalanced by such minutiae as Mosquitoes.

The men coming back with only three chiquiras of which we took the skeleton of one. Our plan is to start the next morning for up the river to the rapids.

Wednesday, 26th.

In the morning loaded up two canoes with truck for the expedition and started up, seven of us: H., D.C., and myself, and Mr. Sanchez, cook and two Spaniards. Soon came to beautiful scenery, ravishing, columns of vines, rich palms, rocks, clean, pure water, the current strong in places. Saw tapir tracks. Towards eve found a stopping place on the shore. Took the things out of the canoes, fixed things for rain. Monkeys howling in numerous direction. I started after a lot up the river but they soon dried up and coming back, ran onto two pow-hees, a large bird, the size of an 8 lb. turkey; black with a beautiful crest on the head. I shot one with the rifle (they were walking on the ground) and the other with the shotgun with No. 8 shot, killing him instantly. on the way up, found some turtle eggs and these with the birds, made us a big supper, but best of all, was the small amount of mosquitoes which gave us something of a night's rest. We took the skins of the pow hees, besides H. roughed out a big bull-head of a most curious kind.

Thursday, 27th

Broke up camp at an early hour and paddled up through the most grand of S.A. scenery — precipices of green, a hundred feet high, changing at every stroke of the paddle. Came to a large sandbank and took out over a thousand turtle

eggs. They are laid in holes in the sand, down about 6 or 8 inches, of numbers averaging 30, and sand most smoothly laid levelly over them so that no sign remains of their whereabouts. Are found by stabbing sticks down and then if the end of the stick shows the yolk or moisture from the breaking in of the egg, why, then, a moment of digging brings them out. H. and D.C. shot some powhees and turkeys and towards the middle of the afternoon, heard the roar of the rapids and soon reached them. In coming, I shot a toucan, that jumped up at me and bit in a most wonderful way.

Fixed our camp on a beautiful island with the rapids roaring on either side of us. Took a splendid bath, the water quite cool and delicious to the skin, and as night closed in, went into hammock with no mosquitoes, our hunger satisfied with eggs and turkey. The roar of the rapids was only attended with croaks of two birds that I believe stood on the same branch all night and kept it up and kept it up, for awaking several times I heard them in the same direction. Our sleep was grand — sense of security, like a babe in its mother's arms, makes sleep balmy, so we, with no mosquitoes, found the balm.

Friday, 28th.

Broke camp after regaling ourselves with chocolate and commenced our downward march, the water being too shallow for us above. Soon after starting, a tapir's track was seen, and landing we tried to find him. We separated — H. in time finding a tiger's trail dragging something with it, and followed, the rest of us coming back soon. We waited a season. No H. Halloed and shot our guns. No H. A man went out. Soon ' more. After a time, H. arrived looking most blue and reeking with perspiration. Embarked, floated, and paddled down with the current past the beauties, which were now augmented by our smooth and rapid transit. We feasted our eyes on banks of flowers and precipices of running vines. Soon met our large cooryas coming up to meet us, but before this, as we were gliding on, I chanced to look back and saw one of the dogs chase a deer out of a tree top into the water. Of course we, were shortly near the scene, when I raised and fired a load of large shot at the head, quickly followed by D.C. near, while the dog swimming

after the fast swimming deer and close to it. I again fired my rifle but just under. Then Mr. D.C. again with large shot, then being quite close, Mr. Sanchez fired and hurt her badly. By this, she had crossed the river but failing in climbing the bank, turned when Sanchez tried to harpoon but was so excited as to fail, when she being closer, he struck at her with a club twice — again failed. Everybody yelling — the canoe whirling in the current in the uttermost abandon, when I, by this time getting in another cartridge, finished her as she was leaving us for the other shore. Was a large specimen for this country was most exciting and unexpected. After meeting the other party, a heavy rain came on us. The natives strip themselves and place their rags under them and put (them) on after the rain. We throw the rubber blankets over our heads and come out dry. Night throwing out her signs or pickets, we stopped at a romantic spot. Just taken possession of by Indians. Had made lodges, covered with palm leaves, open on the sides and airy. One of the palaces was deserted for us, where we hung our hammocks in a row. There were men, women, and children, full a score, and dogs unlimited. The latter kept grumbling at our dogs, sometimes breaking into a short fight, quickly stopped. Babies crying. The women were in their hammocks, all with babies of different sizes. One I noticed had two, and a dog with her, and apparently enjoying herself. Fish were set before us roasted whole and tasting very sweet for we were very hungry. Also roasted plantains.

Soon the camp went to sleep. Little fires flashing around and smoke hovering over and in so as to keep away the muskeets. The dogs would break out once in a while or a baby would squall. Some night. Birds with their croaking were over our heads but we slept well and soon were ushered into - - -

Saturday the 29th.

The Indians commenced to talk as soon as the first light of dawn appeared with the birds.

The camp looked different by the sun. Most of the women were busy making hammocks in different stages of construction, the material of a bark and very strong. The men were highly entertained with H.'s rifle, the workings of it. But one would shoot, they still using the bow and

arrow. They had a young otter that I delighted to watch and scratch. Would roll over and seemed to enjoy petting. Beyond, everything of the animal kind. Children have hammocks and paddles to suit their sizes and ages. Started off after a while. H. stole a baby hammock, one that is worn over the shoulders to use them on a tramp. Coming down to our old camp, we swung our hammocks and passed the night after a fashion and the next day was.

Sunday, 30th.

Started out late for the lower camp with a cup of coffee for breakfast only. A short way down, landed and went out to hunt a little while. I staid in the canoe. A good deal of shooting, H. bringing back a large duck and two Arrookahs, all wet and blown. Went down slowly, Antonio getting us two large electric eels and Joseph one. Coming down to camp and before it, rained heavily and while at the camp. Couldn't make a fire so we lighted out for the Orinoke, where we arrived at 7 P.M. — all day with a cup of coffee. Fire soon made, birds cooked and then to bed. Blanket wet and hammock very damp, but we slept well — had to.

Monday, May 1st.

In good season, Antonio and the cook went across the Orinoke and up the toro after a small mast. Stayed a long time, to the chagrin of the old cods who wanted to go on to Sacupan and hunt capybara on the way. A. brought back three very large electric eels about 6 feet long. H. felt bad and took a rest, the day after skinning two eels that were gotten the day before. Had the blues, coupled with a general played outness. I skinned eels and dried skeletons and rested some. H. cooked a mess of oatmeal and put on Papelone and butter and it went grand, if the meal was bitter, for we were immensely tired of meats and it was a delicious change. Oh, the last night heard a sloth way off in the woods and sounded exactly like a flute. (In) the evening, D.C. told us a long string about Italy, Switzerland and Paris, the exposition there and what we must taste of foreign dishes at the Centennial.

Tuesday, May 2nd.

Waited for the tide to travel in our favor, when after a deal of fussing, let go into the stream for Sacupan. After a time, set sail in our big Courajas and H. feeling quite joyful. Had a big load — our skeletons and skins and tools, chemicals, their Chiguri meat. I sat in the stern with the old man, H. in the middle. We talked plenteously of home and people thereof. Under a stiff breeze arrived at S. at 3:30 P.M. A sloop was anchored there and we could have gone on to Barrancas to take the steamer for Trinidad but H. wouldn't hear of it. Wants some more Monkeys. Shall stay here yet 3 or 4 days. Victuals on a plate good.

Wednesday, May 3rd.

Antonio, D.D., H. and self went down below in a canoe after a tiger skin. Found quite a village in the trees at the riverside — heap Indian, heap canoe. 11. The skin was a beauty, claws on, and teeth in. Very large. H. bought it for one pound — \$4.85 in gold. Also bought a hammock made by the Indians for \$2.00. Made of palm fibre outside, skin of the leaves called "Manriche". This palm is OK, the core or top makes bread, the leaves for roofing, the wood in time furnishes large white worms which the Indians cook and smack their lips. The stalk of the leaf is used for harpoon sticks, also fish lines are made, etc.

The Indians were gathered to receive propositions from a government agent to work. Venezuela is short of labor. Emigration won't come on account of war, so they try to utilize the Indian which thus far has proved a decided failure. They want him for good wages to raise Sugar Cane, etc., etc. for landholders, but he dives for the woods.

We again took to the water and crossed the river for Monks but failed to perceive. Packed skins in P.M. which closed May 3rd.

Thursday, May 4th.

In the morning H. and self went up after monkeys but failed. H. quite discouraged. Came back and went to hammock. P.M. before this, visited the island to find the large crane that we saw the day before in the P.M. Went out after Guecharaca De Ague birds. Got 6. Rain came and we pulled out

the canoe and turned it the other side up which shed the rain completely.

Friday, May 5th.

Went out after monkeys again. Saw none. H. Packed skeletons. I skeletonized some G. Birds and also made a skin of an Arandaha R... (Hanging Bird.)

Saturday, May 6th.

Antonio, H. and self were bound to find monkey, so we shot out in A.'s canoe after coffee and paddled and paddled. Finally A. leaned toward us and hoarsely whispered, "Warrowat" and behold we saw. H. and I piled for them. H. banded two and I, alas! brought none. They are slower in their actions than I expected, when at the North, but yet when one is touched up with shot, he can scamper like fun. H. measured the Orinoco by paddle strokes and made it 6000 feet and over.

After breakfast (11 o'clock) a Spaniard brought up a motamat, the most wonderful of turtles, the longest of necks and very sluggish. Such a ridged back, the flattest of heads and long pointed nose. Eyes like a B.B. shot, so small. A rare and valuable specimen. The man asked one pound for it, the Prince of Cheekists. H. finally got it for sixty cents. What a fall was there, my countrymen.

The evening before this, I shot a pair of macaws as they were flying over the house. What a profusion of green and gold came fluttering to the ground. I took their wings and tails.

They have funny dishes here, turtle eggs and brown sugar, called "Dulce de Huevos." Also brown sugar and cocoa nut.

Sunday, May 7th

In morning tried to shoot some humming birds but failed. Loaded some cartridges for D.C. who shot eleven, nine of which were good. Of four different varieties.

Laid around, also packed trunk and chest. H. talked with Mr. Sanchez about Manatee and gave directions, etc., etc. Expected our boat but she didn't come, the one to go to Barrancas.

Monday, May 8th

Our expected sloop bore down on us and anchored.

Finished packing things. The lady of the house calls very frequently the name of “Vor-an-ci-a” also “Sal-yi-ni,” V. her daughter and S. the help. Gave Sanchez a lot of fish line, hooks, etc. and H. gave the old Tigre, Don Pancho, an excitable old Spaniard and the boss in general, his knife, which he very much hoped to keep alway — for a remembrance. Our always leaving a place reminds us of running a circus. We come, take possession, pitch our hammocks or tents. The people out of curiosity gather around. We take things with the nonchalance peculiar to circus men, then we, pull up things and leave behind us scattered straw, pieces of boards, nails in short, general scatteration and neglect, and then, there’s outside or near, feathers of many different hues, pieces of animal skins, etc., etc.

Got our things on board just before dinner and a while after bid these good people good bye with whom we had spent the last month. Jerked the anchor and set the sails and away. The wind was light and the returning tide current strong, but we got along after a fashion and soon old Sol settled behind the vines and the light of the old full moon became more and more distinct. and soon came out, throwing a stream of glimmering silver up the plenteous Orinoco, but the river is here too wide to get the moonlight as we ought. A soft delicious breeze and few mosquitoes made the evening very enjoyable, besides going towards home, which means rest. Good Night!

Tuesday, 9th.

Slept on chest. The blanket came off and I waked up. Oh, so sore! My bones, how they did ache! (During the night stopped at a house and took on a lot of young plantain trees or shoots, like clubs.) Anchored towards morning for the wind died away and the tide was against us. Mr. Poncho is with us, going up to Port de Establos. Has part of his rum mill on board, three oxen, goats, a donkey. Soon after arising, a canoe of Indians came along side. Some of the men with biled shirts on, and glossy plug hats, with shining legsbare feet. Oh! My, what a costume.

Soon the wind came up and drove us most beautifully on, and about noon, Barrancas with its bare bank and mud houses opened to our view. Dropped anchor. A man was sent to Mr. Sanchez,

who soon came down and read our letter of introduction and warmly invited us to his house. Our bags and baggage were put on shore and carried to a room or set of rooms provided by Mr. S. After a time supper was announced and we adjourned to his mud palace and dined on Cassaba Bread, Chocolate, Meat Stew, etc. Wife young and quite good-looking.

Wednesday, 10th.

Didn’t do much of anything. Rested, I believe, and formed an expedition for the following morning. Saw a boy with a foot “the most monstrous that could be imagined,” and indescribable. Little and next toe were small, the next two were nearly an inch and a half in diameter and five times their ordinary length. The top was swelled and puffed up so that it would nearly fill a peck measure. Also saw a boy leading around a peccary, tame, the ugliest, blackest, meanest thing going in the shape of a hog.

Thursday, May 11th.

Looking for the steamer (Vapor) this P.M. In the morning stared out after Armadillo, or “Catch-o-chino,” in Spanish. Mr. Sanchez (our host, and Judge of the village), a man with two dogs, H. and self took the same path as when here before. After a time the dogs became excited in some thick grass (our trip is out on the prairie or Savannah) and soon a hole was found. Mr. S., running his arm in, seized an armadillo by the tail. Cut away the ground with a machete. S. Let go and H. took hold and with jerking, yanking, twisting, and pulling soon brought him forth. About as big as a four weeks pig with a shell on of small black plates and tail like a turtle,, head like a pig, ears like a mouse. No teeth, claws like a woodchuck. The dogs still at the hole where something else was in, sure, snake or lizard or another ‘dillo. More digging and soon an iquana was unearthed. He jumped out but was finally gobbled. The rest of the journey was fruitless except a small bird and a bouquet of grass.

A large crowd gathered around us when we prepared the specimens. It all seemed so wonderful to them. Our guns are a never failing source of wonder to them.

Towards evening, H. at the request of some men, Mr. S. and neighbors, went to the church hard by to kill some owls that made their homes there. one man told him to "Tirade! Tirade!" (shoot) as soon as they saw the owl, having already uncovered their heads in respect to the holy place, the owl standing on the ridge post and H. near the altar, but H. declined although tempted. Just for the fun and rarity of the thing, the owl flew out of a hole in the gable and alighting in a tree was shot and brought in by H. to the delight of the whole village or street, rather.

Friday, May 12th

Went out to a lagoon hard by, looking for the Saldados and Gavon, cranes, large). I shot an arnco and H. a cayman with his tail partly gone which was of no use to us. Gathered some fruit that falls from large trees (Granada) very nice. One kind, black, the other yellow. Of the size of hickory nuts and smaller. A heavy rain came up and wet us down. Got some nice moss, etc. Rained the rest of the day and we laid around loosely. No steamer yet.

Saturday, May 13th

Waiting, waiting, for the Steamer (vapor, in Spaniola). Fixed our arnco and laid around in the hammock. H. is very hungry, and when the table is cleared to the last mouthful, nearly, somebody of the house remarks "that he eats little and should eat more." H. thinks it a fearful joke. We buy the grub for them, they being quite poor and we strangers. Consists of "Carne del Norte" (Salt beef from the U.S., 30 cts. per lb. and Oh! so tough. Would worry a cat. Rice 10 cts., Beans (Freho-lis) [frijoles]. 10 cts. per lb., butter 60 cts. for breakfast to put on hot Corn bread rolls (good). Plantains cheap, lard, 40 cts. to cook 'em. Cassaba bread, 20 cts. a cake. The people eat with their fingers, I know, when there's no visitors around.

Sunday, May 14th.

No steamer. What's the matter? It should have been here for Bolivar two days ago. Quite a number of people waiting to go to Bolivar. The Nutrias is in Port of Spain, also the Heroe, the latter the one we are looking for. Here it is Sunday all the week around, for today is like any other.

No work, taking it easy. The old Church Bells are silent. (There's two, a chime, hung in a little four-legged shanty-like, only one has a rope to ring.) The Priest is living forty miles away and doesn't come often. Cactus is growing out of the roof and owls make their home inside. The front door is like a barn door, one of the shore kind and as large, but it's a shabby old thing and how it must leak. Everything shows the mark of the last Revolution.

Monday, May 15th.

Lord! Where's our steamer. The thought of being cooped up here longer than necessary is simply hard to digest. Today H. has bet a dozen oranges she will come today. I take it. Out to the lagoon again, but got nothing but a crane and tired Sanchez has stuck a rusty nail in his foot and makes more fuss than a gouty old man in his second childhood.

Tuesday, May 16th.

"Mapurite"

"Para Juatan" The name of the knobby cane is the above, the first. The second, the purple wood (the natural color.)

The steamer, Oh! the steamer. How H. does curse it and how we yearn for it and yet we are enjoying ourselves. Not much to do, sleep good, no mosquitoes, and meals regular. "Drawed mild and brought regular."

Wednesday, May 17th.

Day before yesterday H. bet that the steamer would come, we, that it wouldn't and it didn't. (The bet a dozen oranges.) We bet that she would whistle just below here at nine o'clock yesterday. At seven minutes after nine, she came in sight, so we lost by a hair. Bet the same, so nobody has oranges.

Well, the Heroe looked superb in her new coat of paint and as we haven't seen one in six weeks, also waiting for her five days, one can guess how it pleased us. Some swellings on my back becoming very painful. We asked some natives about them and found they were inhabited by a worm called Gusano del Monte, the result of a sting of the kind of fly or mosquito called "Sancu'," one of the collections made on the

Toro. The pain was such as to make me fly around as though pierced by a red hot iron. The remedy was to put on the juice of an old pipe, which we did, and after a time extracted five. Everybody in the village knew of it, a thing that does not happen often. These worms were one-half an inch long and very ferocious looking, if a worm can so be called. So our reputation is established. "The Americano with 'Gusano Del Monte.'" Oh! S.A. is a curious spot!

At evening, fifty head of cattle were brought in and put in the yard preparatory to being loaded on the steamer. What horns! — and how quarrelsome! Five men on horses drove them in. Two soldiers got nearly a good fight started in the afternoon. (One wouldn't think they were soldiers. No uniforms, some have lances, some pistols, others knives. One or two have old flint-lock guns). Well, they squared off, one with a pistol to strike, the other, a little fellow, a stone that would weigh 15 lbs. Neither dared to strike. It was a tableau.

Thursday, May 18th.

The steamer above us and bound to stop on her return to take cattle so that we can load our own truck. Glory!

Went across the river after cayman. None. Got a bouquet of grass for my dear friend, Julia Weed and came back with the current. The Magdaleno, Capt. Griffin passed down this morning, sixteen sails set, all white and evenly drawn. Masts so tall and the sails piled up, up, up, to dizzy heights. I swing in the hammock and think of home and friends, the dearest ties of earth, (and now so very dear, never so dear,) and see my return to my native land.. I lay and dream of happy greetings, open hearts and hands. The security of sleep, as it were, wrapped in the safety of my dear country's flag and rocked to sleep in the arms of her strength and justice. There's rest in the thought. I wonder how they are at home (have not heard since I left), whether all is well — God make it so — and I see the trees just budding out, the freshness of the air, the green grass, the crowing birds, everybody busy, and we live again there in thought, if not in body. But we'll soon be there for we intend to start as soon as we reach Trinidad (the 25th).

Friday, May 19th.

Swung in the hammock all day long writing a letter to the Journal. We enjoyed ourself and wished we were smart enough to do that and nothing else for a living, and we wondered too, how our letters would look and read when set on paper and whether they were very thin, or egotistical, or real foolery. We cannot tell, ourself, and only do as the Editor told, "Write just as you want to." It is hard work, after all, for our head is so full of stuff that we can't clear it up and we have to write very slowly and there's so much chaff.

Saturday, the 20th.

The steamer is to come Monday. Hooroar! Thought we should go after Cachachiaw today but couldn't get dogs. A rain has now set in, an old drizzler, and we are better in the hammock with a dry roof. Oh, Yes! day before yesterday, in the morning, I shot a cayman in the lagoon and we had a piece of the tail cooked and it tasted exactly like frog.

Sunday

We didn't know that it was till nearly night. Was busy packing most of the day. Bought a porcupine for twenty cents (dead of course), a most wondrous specimen. His quills came out very easily, funny things like a double pointed darning needle. It rained suds by night and heavy thunder which we enjoyed. The river is rising fast. The old boiler at the side will soon be submerged. A bath to last four or five months, more perhaps.

Monday, 22nd of May.

Went to the riverside at sunrise and took a Venezuelan bath, namely, to stand or sit in the water where shallow and pour water over the head with a calabash, only our calabash was a sponge which we squeezed over us. The sapadilloes that H. stole are ripening up just as fast as we desire. Most deliciously sweet.

Tuesday, 23rd.

In the morning at four o'clock one of the water police yelled, "Vapor", and soon the Heroe whistled for B. Wasn't we glad? Commenced taking on cattle. In hauling them up over the side by the horns, one had its neck broken and was

taken ashore and skinned. A man from the mines died during the night, poor fellow! Was a German and was employed by the company in bookkeeping. Was very thin, emaciated. How he must have pined to get to the north to feel the cool invigorating air fan his thin cheeks to bring back the color of health. The steamer was so slow and he wanted to fly, verily.

At the grave, the diggers had only dug about two feet in depth and would dig no deeper unless paid more. Got mad and swore terribly. The rum bottles were standing at the edge of the grave and were looked to very often. Finally more Pesos made them dig a little deeper.

Finally at noon weighed anchor and dropped down eight miles to Mr. Foutraag's where they took in 42 head more of the big horns but just before getting there the anchor got loose and went out at a fearful rate. The bows were filled with smoke and dust and it took an hour to get the chain back in again. I went 2nd class, H. 1st. I wouldn't go again on that boat. Finally at 8 P.M. started for Trinidad.

Wednesday, 24th.

The morning found us steaming down the Macareo and at noon we reached the wood pile and could see out into the sea. Thank God! H. was very much rejoiced. It was a literal "getting out of the woods."

Towards night we steamed out into the sea and at 9 and 10 o'clock were at the Trinidad shore once more and at 3 A.M. saw the light at Port of Spain. At four, dropped anchor and beautiful Trinidad with its grand old hills loomed up and we rejoiced.

Thursday 25th.

At sunrise the small boats came out and we learned that the English and French Packets had left the night before. But it was bad luck, we can assure our dear Friends. Our only chance of getting to Demarara to take the Packet the 27th, and go by way of Barbadoes, a round-about way and costing us dearly. Our letters from home were immense. Hornaday got 31, I seven. Mrs. Fallar, our old landlady, was still bustling about and stirring up the servant girls. We were busy packing boxes to send off and at night laid down on a bed,

the first since leaving Bolivar, but how we did sleep! H. sat up till three o'clock reading letters and writing.

Friday, 26th May.

Packed boxes, etc. and in the evening walked out to the suburbs where art had taken the gems of nature and placed them in divers pleasing ways. Such a profusion of flowers, etc.

Saturday, 27th.

Saw the Captain of the Stephen Bennet about taking our things, the boxes. The S.B. is a three-masted schooner and a very fine one. He took them at a very reasonable rate.

When putting in the boxes, I was shown into the cabin, when Lo! a beautiful woman greeted us, the Captain's wife. A good, virtuous, sociable soul that did us good to meet and we were sorry that we had concluded to go on to Demarara. The cabin was so sweet and clean. She was to sail the 3rd of June. Her agents in N.Y. are J. H. Winchester and Co., 52 South Street.

The steamer was signalled and at 6 or 7 P.M. had gotten in. We got aboard at last. The greatest jam I ever saw at the gangway. Twenty small boats wanting to unload passengers and luggage at the same time, and passengers wanting to come out also. We finally left them and was hauled up out of a lighter that was discharging Cocoa.

Soon got settled on the ocean steamer "Corsica," London. Large and high and crowded with passengers. Morpheus soon had us and in the morning the sun ushered in.

Sunday, May 28th.

And no land in sight but towards noon Granada loomed up, her mountains similar to Trinidad. Coming nearer the city of Georgetown, with its red tile roofs and church spires and old grey-forts, three in number, vines running on the sides. So old that the common people do not know when they were built. Standing on high peaks and frowning down on the harbor.

Soon after casting anchor, a good many small boats came out loaded with fruits such as bananas, pineapples for a sixpence and most luscious. Also three boats of cocoa in bags.

Weighed anchor at 5 P.M. and at sundown, away for St. Vincent, eight hours distant. Large peak arose from the sea on our right and we were told that we would pass 365 islands before reaching St. V.

In the dead of night I awoke and looked out of the port and saw the bows lighted up with phosphorescence, besides a school of porpoises. Were playing about, making a stream of the light under the water's surface like that of a comet or rocket, especially so when they would suddenly describe a large circle, then was the effect beautiful and never to be forgotten.

Leaving St. V. we passed on to St. Lucia and when the God of Day ushered in - -

Monday, May 29th.

The two great peaks of St. Lucia greeted us, black and frowning, steep and cloud-reaching. How we would like to scale one of them! The story goes that once upon a time a man climbed the steepest one and placed a flag thereon, but never came down to brag of it. Passing beside this beautiful isle with its rounded hills and craggy peaks, cane fields, and villages, we soon entered a deep, narrow bay at the head of which we found the city of Garcenage. The hills above, and nearly surround it. The steamer taking in coal, gave us a fine opportunity to go ashore and so H. and I climbed up to the fort, at 1000 feet above the town where we could see miles of mountain tops and miles of beautiful sea.

Picked up some wild locust nuts and also a bouquet of grass and some ferns and rosebuds. Coming down they were yet carrying the coal. The work done by women of color, carrying it in bushel baskets on their heads, getting a penny for five baskets and every time when they passed over the steamer's side, a piece of copper was given them with a number thereon.

After a time took up the anchor and out into the sea for old Barbadoes. A man came in to the supper room while we were at supper, being just jolly tight, and said "that once 'e was chief hofferer hof ha North Hamerican steam ship, hin every respect far superior to this." In cavorting around he stumbled and jammed his cheek into the floor. Got up and said "he was ha little

drunk." Got off to bed and the boat pitched some, but we slept pretty well. Only once the water gushed into the port and wet us.

Tuesday, May 30th,'76.

Brought us in sight of old Barbadoes again at 6 in the morning.

How level compared with the rest of the islands. Is still green with sugar cane, but not as much so as when we were here in February. Carlisle Bay was covered with shipping.

Four ocean steamers and large Man of War (the Rover) were moored outside, which we joined. one, the home ship, came in from Jamaica. Crowded with passengers, (300). Small boats were flying in all directions carrying passengers ashore and back. Great ships weighing their anchors and sailing homeward bound.

The Man of War booming her great guns at a target. H. went ashore and put in a lot of letters for home. Said the loafers were thicker than ever and again met the "blind boy, for Jesus Christ's sake, give me a little something — Me John, Mister.

Wednesday, 31st of May.

My head felt heavy this morning. Tried to write some but found it of more pleasure to read over the old letters which sounded sweeter than when they first arrived. Every word is a jewel, that like the pearl, is more precious with time for it grows larger and clearer. Last evening some of the steamers dropped away and at nine o'clock A.M. the London one steamed away, leaving us only of all the five. The steamer drew up the anchor at 5 P.M. when Lo! a great stone was lodged. on it which was gotten off with difficulty.

Soon the parting gun was fired and away for Tobago. Going straight south. A beautiful evening which H. and I enjoyed immensely, talking of the past and future. Of things, too that were nearest our hearts, which it did us good to exchange confidences. I hated to go to bed and disperse the beautiful and lovely spell.

Thursday, June 1st.

Slept nicely and came on deck feeling very well indeed. We were to reach, or see Tobago at 8

o'clock A.M. and indeed, we saw it at eight, but away off to our right. Had run wild of the course, I should judge. We came nearer and nearer, things took shape, cane fields and cottages, windmills, lighthouse, and the sure-to-be-found fort always above the town, the waving cocoas, and palms. We fastened to a buoy and boats came out. The name, we think of the city was Georgetown [Fort George] again. A place of cacao nuts. Indeed, they ship to London. An old windmill was turning slowly, finally stopped; one little schooner in the harbour.

The land of Trinidad was in sight once more. Seems as though we never would get enough of it. We let go and away to sea again. The sun went down gloriously. An amber sunset, the grandest I believe I ever saw. H. and I sat up in the soft moonlight and delicious air and talked of home and home things.

Friday, June 2nd.

We steamed all day out of sight of land. Nothing to break the monotony, so we dozed and dozed. A comatose state. We tried to write but couldn't collect our thoughts. So the night came soon and what with eating, dozing, the sun went down, the Southern Cross came out, the Old Dipper stood high bottom upwards, and pointing down to our old North Star; the moon shone benignly down on us and we composed and reposed.

Saturday the 3rd.

Again no land. Read some in the afternoon. A vessel came along by us. Our calculations at noon said we were 67 miles from Demarara and that we should be at the light ship at 9 P.M.

When I had finished writing a letter to Norwalk and came on deck, the light was visible and with one delay and another, we finally reached port at 3 A.M. A gun was fired. After a time sunrise came and we must go ashore to spend

Sunday, June 4th.

Looking for our chest, behold, it was not to be found and come to inquire closely, found that it had been taken and sent on to Southampton. There was no mark on it and they, thinking it should go on, sent it. There was nothing of value in it excepting our gun fixings, rendering them

useless but then we had nearly done using them, so it might have been worse.

Went ashore and found a boarding place and soon found that the Dutch steamer sailing for Surinam would soon leave. H. and I went out to the Promenade ground, a park. Ah! how beautiful, how grand! A paradise. I never saw anything to be compared. Such flowers, such roses, such ferns, such hedges, and fairy bowers, foliage plants, perfect trees in size, trees from Calcutta, a blaze of great red flowers and black green foliage and how the odor filled the air. Our heart pained us as with the sight of mountains, great pictures, Niagara Falls, but above all was the great Victoria Regia Lily in a large circular Pool. Twenty years of age, leaves lying on the water, four feet in diameter, as many as twenty, and the great Lily, just closed, stood just out of the water to unfold in the afternoon.

At 4 P.M. our* steamer the "Paramaribo," Capt., Ti Van Uilyen (that is his writing), a genial Dutchman, not German, a large heart, good kind face, good company, sets a good table, wine and brandy. First, Dutch Soup made of peas, ham, and I don't know what else, then meats, Bermuda potatoes, and claret wine, then fruits, water, lemons, mangoes, Bananas, oranges, then Brandy. Our boat is small and rocks badly. Will take us two days to reach Paramaribo, Dutch Guiana.

Monday, June 5th.

The boat rolled badly, but I slung the hammock and like the Bessemer ship I think it is, it would always keep level but swayed some. It is the completest thing for ship travel I have seen yet. Yet I wasn't sleepy and napped, but morning came and we were skirting along with land in sight. It is a sea of mudbanks and we were out eight miles, I should think, yet it was only four fathoms.

After noon, we ran into a port of Dutch Guiana, called Nieuw Nickerie, and stayed until four P.M. The thrift of the German where'er he may be shows, hence, here in this climate. We find large houses painted white with glass in the windows. The town side is low and level, the plantations are

* - Editorial plural: He was alone at this point.

quite out of sight up the river. They have a kind of Gondola, that they send down to town to get the mail. The Gondola is paneled with wood, rowers in front, the boat Painted. Makes quite a show. Left at 4 P.M. Quite a lot of passengers, soldiers, Chinaman, Hindoo, Negro, Dutch, Yankee.

Tuesday, June 6th, 1876

Rolling on towards Paramaribo, passing mouths of rivers, low shores 5 or 6 miles distant. At 8 AM. forty miles from Port.

On. on, the Captain bringing the wine and coffee. Just showering us with kindness. Just before sundown entered the mouth of the Surinam. Very wide. A very large sugar plantation to the left, then on to Fort Amsterdam, low earthworks, but showing plenty of cannon and signal flag staff. Then more large plantations, great tall chimneys, then cocoa on the right, large house for drying, etc., then dark, and fourteen miles from the mouth we find Paramaribo on the right, large houses, high, painted white, a few vessels in harbour. A fort below with real live soldiers and uniforms, brass band, morning and evening gun. We stop on board, in the hammock.

Wednesday, June 7th.

In the morning started out to see some men about manatee. One had just gone after some and would be back soon. Went down town and up to the Museum, such as it is, and then made the acquaintance of Mr. Wildeboer, son of he in Barbadoes. Young Mr. W. keeping the museum up. They have the birds and animals of this Surinam country only, with the exception of a few shells from Barbadoes. Many monkeys and sloth, anteater, etc. While on the street, ran amuck of a fellow from the country with a sloth hanging to a stick. Bought some alum but could not get it for less than 40 cts. per lb. I bought him for 80 cts., took him up and skinned him. Got some trumpeter fish at the fish boats. Taking care of these things closed the day, except Browfell and I went to see a manatee fisher, but he had just gone after same. Would be back in a day or two. Mr. B. has been in the "bush" for 17 years. I cannot find but little about the Surinam toad, none in these parts.

Friday, June 9.

Went out in a river fish-boat to see them fish and to get some specimens if possible. The boat is built canoe-shaped and full 50 feet in length. Ten rowers. They also have another smaller canoe to help the larger in dragging the seine, both boats employing 16 men. The rowers snort every time they pull and wring their bodies, heads and necks. Sometimes one sings a line and they all join in the chorus, and from a sign of the strike oar, they all climb upon the seats in front of them and come down on the oars in a way to just make the boat fairly jump out of the water. Saw two niggers fight just before we started, the most ludicrous of sights. Got some curious fish with a coat of mail and a long thread attached to the tail, sometimes two and one-half feet long. Why should Nature do thusly?

This town is full of canoes, hundreds and hundreds, some of monstrous size.

The sign of leper or rather swelled feet [elephantiasis] is seen everywhere. Where three wenches stand, one most surely has a monstrous foot. Coming down the street the other day, I counted eleven and gave it up. Some drag their feet with difficulty, being so large.

Saturday, June 10th.

The manatee man has not got back yet. Mr. B. and self went around among the hunters and stimulated them to bring in specimens. Down to the market, I bought a turtle, land variety, of monstrous size. Fixed him, then went to the manatee man's house again. He had got back, but no manatee, of course.

In the evening, walked out and saw a dance. Private, yet open, to the street. A crowd looking in and policemen around. The music — an accordion, triangle, and small drum. The changes in the quadrille were different from anything I had ever seen before. Danced round dances the most, as Germans always do. Before this, I walked to the fort, or rather barracks. Nothing of importance there, some cannon, etc., yet a look of little money in the treasury of the government.

Sunday, June 11th.

Went up to the manatee man's house but he was gone. Walked out to the outskirts. Came back, noticing on posts, rather brick pillars, at the entrance to Catholic cemetery, two skulls, grinning down on to the street, and made of brick material and red in color. Makes the grounds look very pleasant. Came back and wrote letters till night. It rains every day now, showers that come and go quickly and pour down in torrents, sometimes.

Monday, June 12th.

Went up to the manatee man's house early. Just starting away. We went down to Mr. Brewar's and tried to fix up matters, but had to give it up for B. got so excited that we couldn't understand each other, so we went to another place and soon fixed the conditions for a manatee hunt to go tomorrow morning at 8 A.M. So I flew around to buy provisions, etc. People are very, very slow to wait on one. Short of it is, it's wait — wait, always tomorrow, till tomorrow. Night closed in on us. Not feeling well, appetite poor. Begin to pine for the bracing Northern air. Dreamt of the kind sympathy of one, last night. How sweet it was in the land of strangers to feel the soothing influence of one, and we believe we waked up crying with a kind of joy unspeakable. Sometimes I think, what now, if I should get sick, alone, suppose so, up in the great woods.

Tuesday, June 13th.

Came down early and found that our man had lost his boat during the night and was looking around for it. Thought at first that he had absconded with the little money I had advanced him and I had given the thing up, as just our luck, but he came around and he is now trying to try another one.

He succeeded and time of departure is set for the morrow. I'm getting impatient for I'm sure we shall get some manatee. The "Home Guards" turned out in the P.M. About 600 children accompanied them. Could just see the bayonets above the crowd.

Slept in the store where I bought my supplies for the expedition. I drank a cup of coffee for supper and couldn't sleep. I believe I thought of

everything — and nothing. It is better than no sleep at all.

Wednesday, June 14th

Got out in good season. Found my manatee man, but so slow. Found out at the last moment that the canoe provided for me leaked fearfully. Oh! these people! So we were delayed two hours in finding another. Finally got started at nearly eleven.

Paddled up the river a ways, then into a branch that connects with the Saranaca. Stopped at noon and lunched and waiting for the water to turn in our favor. The distances here are by tides, miles are unknown. One might as well ask the distance to heaven as to ask how many miles to such and such a place. "A Tide" means as far as one of an easy disposition would paddle with the tide or current in the time of six hours. Would go about 15 miles, I guess, if he kept steadily at it, yet depending on the river, for some have stronger tides than others. Well, we finally got away at dark, I going ahead in bow of large canoe. But it was dark, Oh my! and the stream very narrow. Once in awhile would run into the bushes. The passage is a canal that is, where the narrowest. We passed into tunnels of trees shutting in overhead. Scarcely a ray of light, bats flying swiftly by. one of monstrous size, wings 2½ ft. in breadth. Scarcely a sound, save the hissing of the nightbugs, but how sleepy I was and how hard to keep up for I felt not well (a spell of indigestion). The boom of the distant cannon as it told the hour of eight came echoing through the woods. After a time the water became wider, it grew lighter, the moon came up, and I fixed me a bed in the bottom of the canoe and slept, to be awakened often by the boat running against brush, etc., the sable paddler dropping away, and the current driving us on anyway. Finally, morning came, was ushered in by the far-off cannon and we floating down the now large river called Surinaca [Saramacca].

Thursday, June 15th.

Paddled slowly with the current down by plantain fields with their little thatched cottages, great woods, down, down, 'till nearly noon when tied up to shore and cooked some rice. Then on by coffee plantation, sugar. Finally, after passing Mr.

Dacy's place, we tied up to the shore and staid the night. Mosquitos bit but we pulled through. We heard the Surinam toad, without doubt, in the night. Old man says there's plenty on the Cappenname.

Friday, 16th.

In the morning, old man went hunting manatee, I guess. I staid in our canoe for boys are not allowed along on such occasions. About 10 A.M. old man came back and we untied and down the river with the tide. Middle of P.M. a big shower came up and it rained till night. Saw the mouth of the river in the distance. Rain stooped. The sable paddlers were shivering with cold and wet, so we stopped at an estate. I went ashore and got some hot sugar and a big cane stalk for the boys, (darkies like cane) and then came back and bunked in the canoe. Towards morning untied and dropped down to the mouth and into the Cappenname where we stayed until the sun ushered in - - -

Saturday, June 17th.

Which makes me think they must have a big time at Bunker Hill today. Am I right? How often I think of the far North and of the intense pleasure it will be to see it again. It is like a great light that is shining, always shining. Coming up the river and paddling against a head wind till near 10 A.M. we came to a small branch (which would be called a good river at the north) we turned in and go slowly up. Old man ahead looking sharply for manatee, I under my canopy of Palm leaves, following with a sable paddler, silently paddling. I am writing this with the almost utter silence that is always in the tropics at noon when all things sleep excepting time, and tide which helps us on. I should like to know what is in store for me in the next two weeks? Having a tough time now. Hard work and no time to stop and cook. Living on dry bread soaked in molasses. once in a while a paw paw, but as we are now in "our river," we shall have it better, I trust. About three P.M. we stop at a deserted lodge in this vast wilderness made by a bush negro some time ago, where he collected crabwood hard by. Cook a lot of rice. I tell you warm victuals taste good again. Sling up the hammocks and soon after getting in for the night, a fearful rain set in and wet down the other

fellows. I more lucky in a dryer place was O.K. It rained so hard that they had to bail out the canoes three different times. Slept tolerable well and quite late into

Sunday, the 18th of June.

Waiting for the tide to set back so we could go up. Got away at last. The old man said we should get a manatee today, sure, but I don't have much faith in it someway, I can't tell why. Well, we paddled and paddled up and up. Finally saw a young sloth hugging a small tree. Old man climbed up and threw him into the river where we got him, but the day was the same old thing — palm trees and vines, big trees and sluggish river, by the way called "Cassoweena." Night came and found us still going, the old man's canoe ahead. Finally got so dark that Henry said he couldn't see, so the rain coming again hard, we groped our way to the bank and made fast. Rain beat in, but we got things fixed at last. Poor Henry had to take it. I lent him my umbrella and how he slept I don't know but I heard him snore.

Monday, 19th of June.

In the morning early we let go and paddled up but couldn't catch up with the other fellows, so tied up, ate some bread and roast plantain, took a nap. Two canoes of Indians came along and told us that the other fellows were "four hooks" ahead, that is, four bends in the river, which is the last way of counting distances yet. Se we let go and paddled and paddled, but gave up, for a stern chase is a long one, we had found out by experience. Got some wood, Henry cooked rice. Ate plenty, etc. Just at nightfall, a humming bird came around, attracted my attention, finally settled in the cutest of nests just over the canoe. We went for it. Two the tiniest eggs and now at the time of writing, she comes (poor thing) and hums, hums, and flies away, comes again, but the nest and eggs are going far, far north, little bird, to be admired perhaps, little bird, so you must mend your broken heart. You made it (the nest) not in vain, at least.

Tuesday, June 20th.

How much I think of this calendar. It is my watch, my Bible, my golden chain that binds me to home for when I take it up, I always go back to

Ole Virginny in thought and take immense comfort. It's delicious to travel for one lives in the future so much. First, we anticipate the pleasure of it, and may it be ever so disastrous then we turn secondly to home and anticipate again so much pleasure to meet friends once more. If it be ever so successful then the more the preciousness of it. Today we are waiting for the other boat to come down. Mosquitoes bother me a good deal. This morning took a little hunt but saw nothing. The country here is too low. There are plenty of monkeys but they are so hard to get at or even to see. Howling in the night all around. I have to write in a fine way now for the paper is getting scarce. Glory! Only 12 more days and we are bound to Demarara and home. Shall get into D. the morning of the 4th. Oh! how I wish I were in Philadelphia! If I had only gone home on the Stephen Bennet from Trinidad, I should have just done it nicely for the 4th. I wish I had now, how sincerely, but yet it were mean to leave H., and I don't regret it after all.

Wednesday, the 21st.

My bones ached during the night, the bed was so confoundedly hard. Before I had arisen our other boat came down and yelled out "Hurry!" They wanted us to go up farther where there was a woodcutter or rather timber cutter stopping. Paddled 15 minutes, when Lo! out just around the first bend looms a lodge and there we had been staying two nights so near, and never heard a noise. Landed and carried things on shore. Had a long talk with Mr. Wicks, the cutter, etc. Old man and the two paddlers went up after manatee (old man saw some yesterday) but came back soon bringing another sloth and Henry with his foot cut quite badly with his cutlass. Old man soon started out again. Raining constantly today and more like one of our Northern drizzlers and quite cold. Not far from 70°. Got into the hammock again which feels splendid after sleeping on plank for a few nights. Old man came back about 9 P.M. but had nothing.

Thursday, 22nd June, '76.

Old man started away early to be gone a day or two. I skeletonized the sloth, saved the skin of his head also and stuffed it. Afternoon, one of the dogs jumped and yelled away from a bunch of

grass near the door. Went there and soon ferreted out a deadly poisonous snake about 3½ ft. long and called the "Bushmaster" or "Armadillo" snake because found in the holes of the Armadillo. His fangs were ¾ inch long and head shaped very flat. I think it is what is called the lance head snake. [Fer-de-lance: not the same.] Anyway, I skinned him and a very beautiful skin it is, too. Mr. W. got very much excited and it was all I could do to prevent him from shooting him. I killed him with a grab-hoe.

Friday, 23rd.

Old man sticks to it well. Am afraid it is just our luck not to get one. Hunting here in the woods is mean. Sloughs, mud, swamps, everywhere. Made a cage for my Toucan today, and I wonder if he is yet "all right". It rained like suds today, in fact, it rains every day. In August is when they get the lightning here, just as the dry season begins. In the dead of last night the howler monkey set up such a howl just across the small river, as to make me shiver. He was close. How his throat did rattle and how he did grunt and pitch in.

June 24th, Saturday.

Glory to God in the highest! A Manatee at last, at last! That wishbone, that wishbone! If H. had only been here today, how he would have enjoyed himself. Last night, just as we were settled for bed, say 8:30 P.M. old man came in and said "Got one". The whole camp got out of bed, especially ourself, and went to the canoe where the monster lay, filling up the canoe for 8 or 9 feet. Didn't it look good? We wanted to pitch right into it, for it had been killed the day before at 5 P.M. and the outer epidermis was peeling, but it was impossible to touch it till morning. We went to bed again but it kept me awake quite awhile. At day light we rolled up our sleeves and pitched in. Sank the canoe and floated the manatee ashore. Tied one rope around flippers. Six of us got hold and broke it, then it was all we could do to haul it on level ground at a foot a pull. It was 9½ ft. long and fully 2½ ft. in diameter at the largest place, and weighed between 800 and 1000 lbs. Eyes only ½ inch in size and the bones in the flippers exactly like a person's hand and arm. A female, the breasts just like the human, close up under the flippers or rather just behind, or below them. But

didn't we work? The old man wanted all the meat so as soon as the skin was off, then I had to take care of it at once and also skeletonize when I could. The first cut the old man made, he cut off the end of a cartilaginous rib and before I could prevent it, so I jumped here and there in the hot sun. The hide was 3/4 of an inch thick on the back and one inch on the side, and stiff, and we had to get it into a pork bbl. so we slashed a cut the whole length on the inside and nearly through the skin. Then we could roll it. Finally got in and put in also the arms and the tail and head. The old man said they saw 14 in the two days and three at one time, so verily haven't we found a nest? If we only had two weeks more and some of the money that was spent on the Orinoco for nothing. What a strike we could make of this! Only three days more here and we shall have to leave for Paramaribo. Old man also brought a Howler, that we skinned and today we had it for dinner; was bully sweet!

June 25, Sunday.

With all, we put in over 50 lbs. of salt, the skin or rather epidermis comes off, in short it was gone when we put it in the bbl. Well, so we took out the skin and cut out 25 canes, then threw it away but how we hated to do it. Oh! Oh! Oh! we nearly cried, but the consolation is we have got a manatee yet, i.e. the skeleton, that won't rot. The skin is so hard that we had to cut the canes with a chisel and had to strike six or seven times before cutting through. Last night the old heads told big snake stories till late, but we couldn't understand the lingo. Old man started at 4 this morning after another manatee. Commenced raining in the night and kept at it till 4 P.M. The river rises a little. Mr. Wicks has an Indian woman as his mistress and regulates the household for him. An Arawak, and very good looking. Small feet and hands. Wicks blows at her and she is as submissive as can be. She is a widow, that is the reason Wicks remembers her, I suppose. She was stolen from him once but he rescued her. Indians stop here. A young squaw today wore nothing except a strip of cloth around her hips.

Monday, 26th of June.

This morning we got the bones out in the sun, and dried my clothes, blankets, etc., also killed my

young sloth and cured his skin. It is nice to have a little sunshine once in a while. Angie, the Indian woman, went out to the gardens and brought in some Cassaba roots, the first I remember of seeing, although eating the bread for a long time way up in Venezuela. The men and boys had some fun last evening shooting bows and arrows. The wood they have here makes splendid bows. The Indians give strangers a name as his looks denote. Mine, I've found out, is "Wannacoo" (accent on the first and last syllable). A monkey that has long hair and goes stoop-shouldered on account of the sun hurting his eyes. Only comes out morning and evening on account of the sun aforesaid. They call Mr. Wicks Arawato, (Howling Monkey) because his whiskers are red.

Tuesday, 27th June.

Skinned a large "Sheep Sloth" that the old man brought in, the hair on the back, four inches long. So different from the "Sun Sloth". Only two nails on the forefoot, while the Sun has three. Mr. Francisco, the owner of the house, brought in a large armadillo in the afternoon which was the hardest affair to skin I ever saw. The morrow we are to start. it means for me that I begin to return from my journey's end. It is pleasant to roll under the tongue for it is getting very tedious — ten days in one place and that shut in by walls of trees with nothing to see at a distance to rest the eye and elevate the mind.

Wednesday, the 28th of June, 1876.

Homeward Bound, Viva La America! Was wonderfully busy getting things arranged to start with. Paid Mr. Francisco 90 cts for some wood, put all the bones in a bbl. and headed it up, etc. Fixed the canoe so as to row with it and finally got started about 9 A.M. Met the Schooner Ida, a little way down, coming up after timber. Said they saw a big snake down below. After a time as I was skinning the biggest Howler I ever saw and the old man ahead on the lookout, we finally saw him stop and load his gun in a hurry, and as we passed him, he went slowly up to a large bunch of floating grass and fired. Before this he said, "A bigga booma", means "a big snake". Well, there was some tearing in the grass. Instantly after shooting he harpooned it, then we hauled on the rope to pull him out of the grass but was badly

tangled. Got a shorter hold (the grass heaving up all the time) when out popped a monstrous head and blowed in the old man's face, when he seized his cutlass and struck him with the flat of it which fixed him. Finally got him in. 16 ft. long and 18 inches in circumference! Paddled part of the night and brought up in the Saranaca in the morning.

Thursday, 29th

Stopped at a Sugar Estate and got some sugar, then up the S. till noon. Stopped and finished skinning the Boa.* Rained fearfully. At 7 P.M. set out and paddled till we reached the Katarina Sophia Estate at 2 A.M. Oh! how heavy were our eyes and how tired and hungry. Laid down to sleep and the mosquitoes, "Oh, Caesar"! But the sun will rise tomorrow, as the Indian says and it did, and brought us just weak and about sick. Went ashore, then afterwards put things in our corial. The old man taken with fever. I gave him medicine. I soon rallied and went to work. The current getting stronger. On, on, all night and to Paramaribo Saturday, 3 P.M. Black days.

Stayed in Paramaribo till the second of July, then took boat for Demerara. Got there the morning of the 4th. Hornaday had not heard from me since I had gone, and was going to P. on the return boat to hunt me up if I did not arrive.

Weren't we glad to see each other? H. had not been idle in my absence. Had got two tigers, some birds and monkeys, sloth, anteaters, but I had beaten him all to smash in the Manatee and Boa.

The evening of the 5th set sail for Barbadoes again in a small schooner. Was about three or four days going. My bones began to ache and by the time I reached B. had some fever.

Staid in B. a few days, then took passage for N.Y. in brig Annie Gordon, Capt. Haverly of Castine, Maine. Was sick all the way to N.Y. but not very serious. Chills every other day [malaria]. Was 17 days on the voyage. Got in the last of July. Went to the Centennial, then on to Rochester, then Cattaraugus, then home, Sept 1st.

Was dang glad to get home and perhaps lucky!

Here endeth the diary for the Centennial Year.

* - Probably an anaconda: boa constrictors stop at 12 feet.

Letter from W. T. Hornaday to Professor Ward, reporting on the Orinoco trip to date.

Port of Spain, Trinidad, W.I. Thursday, May 25, 1876

My dear Prof. Ward:

I have 23 letters on my table waiting to be read, but I must first answer your 4 that I have read, before my first and last opportunity be gone. We arrived from Venezuela this morning on the "Heroe", have been hurrying hither & thither all day, and will start for Demerara day after tomorrow. But before I begin, I must tell you that one sentence in your letter of Apr. 16th strengthens my weakening backbone more than I can tell you. I refer to the part in which you express your satisfaction with our movements and success as far as you had learned. The Orinoco disappointed me greatly, and for some time I have felt very blue over it.* But of that, by and by.

You have long ere this rec'd my 2nd letter from Ciudad Bolivar written just as we were starting down the river. Well, we disembarked bag and baggage — which was immense — at Barrancas, 150 below Bolivar, just at the head of the Delta. Mr. Silver's foot would not allow him to accompany us, so we hired a boat (that cost us 26 good dollars) and went on down the main river to Sacupana, which is merely a clearing occupied by a half doz houses and 4 families. We had a strong recommendation to Sr. Sanchez, the proprietor, and were well received. We began collecting immediately, and was occupied in that vicinity for two weeks. Then a hunting party was organized to go to a certain small river below which was said to abound with specimens for us and game for the hunters.

The hunters (there were 4 of them and 6 dogs) went to kill capybara and salt the meat for the market above. We three — Mr. Jackson, Dr. Alfredo DallaCosta and myself — did our share of the work, and accompanied the rest everywhere. We made the trip in canoes, slept in our hammocks, and ate what we could kill. I send you a map of the Delta with this which is the most accurate in existence, and will show you, at a glance, our position and movements. We hunted on the banks of the main river, going down, and then entered the C no del Toro. We hunted all along the banks, in side C nos as you will see, stopping for two days at each ranch. We ascended the C no three days travel, which brought us to a series of rocky cascades and a bed so shallow above that it would not float our smallest canoes. We were told we would find Tapir in that region and were assured we would get three or four at least. We did indeed see many tapir tracks, but in spite of our best efforts, dogs and men did not start a single one. Of Capybara we took a large number, and we secured 5 skeletons of the largest specimens captured. They are quite perfect. Have also 2 skins. Mammals were astonishingly scarce, a fact that disappointed and puzzled me beyond measure. All that could be said was, they were not there. Of birds we found a few that were interesting and valuable, and secured specimens of all such. One kind, called the Anico, is certainly very interesting, having a small spur on each wing and a slender, white curving horn on its head. We took a goodly number of these.

Well, we were on this hunting trip just two weeks. During this time it either rained or poured on us almost every day and night. Comfort there was none. It was a constant fight with the weather to save our specimens and no infant (in S.A. at least) ever received tenderer care than I bestowed on that otter skin. Some days — three I think — it rained all day, and the musquitos were dreadful, but I did not care much for them, except that they rendered it impossible to work after Sundown. While we were at the mouth of the C no del Toro,

* - Hornaday was apparently so disgusted with the Orinoco results that he packed up soon thereafter and went to India and Ceylon (Sri Lanka) to spend 1.5 years (1878-79) collecting specimens from South Asia.

before we entered it, we left the large covered canoe one day, tied to the bank, and went up a small side C no. The large canoe contained our clothes, bread, coffee, preservatives, salt, ammunition for some of us, etc., etc. While we were away, by some devil's luck the canoe sprung a leak and sank, all but one end. You can imagine the situation. Luckily Mr. J. & I had left our ammunition boxes on shore, and so they were saved to us, and we divided powder with the rest. But our cassava bread was all gone to pot, and our hard bread but little better. But that night the Lord sent us manna. A N.Y. vessel coming up the river dropped anchor exactly opposite us, we boarded her and begged for our bread until we got a half barrel of crackers. And so we were saved.

When we returned to Sacupana we were too late to reach Barrancas in time to catch the steamer going down the river on May 3rd so we spent a few more days hunting around Sacupana and went to Barrancas. We arrived there the 10th. The steamer was due the 19th, was behind time 5 days which kept us cooped up in that miserable place two weeks.

We did not get a manatee, a sloth, an ant-eater, only one poor little armadillo, no Jabiru, not a solitary snake, save a very small one. We saw none of these animals anywhere, and none were killed near us. I never worked as hard in my life for anything as for specimens while in the Delta, and it makes me sick at heart to think of what we did not get. But they simply were not there, and your remark that "one cannot force things into existence" recurred to my mind a number of times. I am satisfied that we gave the thing a fair and square trial, and I feel that we did not meet with the success that our efforts deserved. All that we got we ourselves hunted and killed, almost without exception. When this fact is taken into consideration on looking at the number and quality of specimens we have, the pile does not seem so small after all. But the specimens show no record of our many long and laborious excursions after birds & mammals in which we got nothing. I know you will be disappointed at the results of our Orinoco expedition, but you cannot be more so than myself. I would almost, if not, quite, have given a finger to have captured a good-sized manatee.

We expected to find plenty of large snakes, and in all our hunting in river, bush, high-forest, lagoon and savanna, I saw not a single one of any length, and none were seen or killed by other members of the party. Again, Mr. J. and I had set our hearts on killing an 18-foot crocodile, and at least four other large ones. There is not a crocodile in the delta! At least everyone there says so, and we saw none. There is a small species of Caiman inhabiting the smaller C nos and lagoons, but it is very insignificant as a specimen. In saying Caiman I mean the genus Caiman of Gray. The people there call it the Bava, and it is one of the Alligatoridas.

While I think of it, at Barrancas we killed another crocodile of a different species from those taken at Ciudad Bolivar. This is peculiar, having a much shorter and broader head. I wish you could find it convenient to purchase Trans. Zool. Soc. Vol VI, 1817, which contains Dr. Gray's Synopsis. There will be fresh need for it soon.

At Barrancas, armadillo, the small species, are found, on an immense savanna to the N. We procured dogs and a man, and made three trips for them, each time walking at least eight to ten miles. The last time we found one. We offered 40 & 50 cts. for them. Others went out at different times, and not one was brought in so we gave it up and turned our attention elsewhere. There are next to no specimens at all in the vicinity of Barrancas. We got a fine porcupine there, however.

The Indians of the Delta are a shiftless, lazy, good-for-nothing set, one and all, and that's the best that can be said for them. They wear no clothes, to speak of, don't care for whiskey or tobacco, use no guns and need no ammunition, do not care for money, and will speak no

language but their own. So you can easily believe they are a hard set, and the white man has not foothold on them by which they can be civilized. Alas! poor —! The Spaniards say the Indians are not smart enough to kill a manatee, and I do not doubt it. It was useless to look for the slightest assistance from them in any way, especially as to capturing manatee and other specimens.

We drove that mythical manatee into his hole, but could not get him out. We got none. The oldest Spaniards in the delta, and manatee hunters were united as one man in declaring that it was impossible to capture them during the season we were there because: the river was at its lowest, the water at its clearest, and the manatee, always on the lookout while feeding could see the hunter approaching a long distance off and would immediately go to the bottom and swim away. When the river is high, the water is muddy, and they can be approached within striking distance. They are found semi-occasionally in the Delta during the season of high water, which — by the way — is just now setting in. The river rose four feet in 3 days while we were at Barrancas, and was thick and muddy. We talked “Manatee” to every man and Indian we met in the delta, offered at first \$15, then \$20, then \$25 for the skin and skeleton alone. But they could not be had. And I am sure if we had offered \$1,000 it could not have procured a specimen.

But, the end is not yet! At least I hope not, and I do not by any means consider our trip a total failure as regards the manatee. Sr. Sanchez says that in two days, a month before we reached Sacupana, the manatee hunter of that neighborhood killed 4 manatee. Before leaving, I arranged with Sr. S. to procure and send us manatee skeletons, and I shall not be satisfied until I place one in your hands. With your permission I will manage a correspondence with Sr. Sanchez and I have strong hopes in this direction. I have it arranged so that we will be thoroughly secure from losses, for the specimens are to be sent and valued by you. He and his father-in-law want guns badly and on this need I ground my hope for future manatee. I have agreed to send them guns for manatee skeletons of certain patterns suited to their wants. I gave them minute written directions about preparing skeletons of all mammals, a lot of arsenical soap & brushes, some dry arsenic, a small knife, & Sr. S. is a well-educated man, business like as a spaniard can be, & I think will keep faith with me. I also directed him to get other material, skeletons of mata-mata, tapir., sloths if possible, and a few others, of which I will give you full details when we meet again. Sr. S. thought he would surely be able to send you at least two manatee skeletons within the next six months. I did not ask him to procure skins just now, thinking it better to wait until we have established communication with skeletons, which are far easier to procure and handle. It involves quite a little money and much trouble to send a manatee skin in brine from that place.

We got 1 matamata, 2 ft. long when the head is stretched out. It is a very ugly and curious specimen. Prepared it so that it is good for either skeleton or stuffed specimen. Tried hard for more, of course.

We came onto a large tiger skin, claws & feet on, and almost fresh. Plenty of little holes were cut around the edges, that can be easily sewn up. It was a large and beautiful skin, my instinct told me to buy it, although I felt — rather dubious at first and so gave £1 for it. Was I bitten or not, and if so to what extent? It will make a magnificent lap robe or mat, and it seemed that it must be worth having.

The monkey skeletons are not all complete as they stand, but there is enough bric-a-brac in the box to make them so, *i.e.* the number shown on the list. I have left the job of supplying missing parts to Mr. Lucas, as he knows better how it should be done. We shot thirteen howling monkeys, and out of all this got 7 skels & 2 skins. They had to be shot almost to

pieces before they would fall. Bullets & buckshot break bones badly. Howling monkeys are hard to kill.

Specimens

We will ship you from here all the specimens we have collected so far. Hope to make arrangements with the Capt. of the "Victory" which sails for N.Y. tomorrow to take all. Will give you the result before I close this letter. The zoological specimens are in 5 large boxes, and there is a barrel of alcoholics. I send 4 small boxes of geological specimens for Messrs. Ward & Howell, including in all 32 specimens counting the 100+ lbs. of pitch as 1. Some of these specimens are valuable, some are indifferent, others worthless. As I do not happen to know which the worthless ones are, I am forced to leave it to you to throw them out, unless the locality will consecrate them. There is a small square chunk of pitch in one of the rock boxes that I should like to present to the Iowa Agl. Coll. if you have enough without it.

These boxes will all be directed to Tice & Lynch and, of course I will send them a bill of lading and full advices. I fear the box of Barbados specimens will suffer more or less in going through the custom house, as everything in it is very fragile. A little anxiety is taken off my mind by your saying you are glad we bought the Pentachrinus.

I send you with this a list of the boxes and the contents of each. I keep a copy. Will tell you how we stand financially as soon as I find out. The Orinoco cost us a good deal first and last. Had I the time I would look over accounts and see how much but just now every moment is precious. The steamers being four days behind time with us makes us just a day too late for the French steamer direct to Demerara. Now, we must either go by sailing vessel — and I think there is none — or take the Eng. packet day after tomorrow, Sat. 27th, that goes to Grenada, St. Lucia, St. Vincents, & Barbadoes, thence to Demerara, steerage or 2nd class fare \$27.00. I fear we will be obliged to do the latter. It is impossible to tell when we will get home. Only one of us will go to Surinam, the other stay at Demerara. We allow 2 weeks or 10 days for the one who goes on to Surinam, then he returns to D. & joins the other, we work on then together for about 2 weeks longer, and by that time will be ready to start home. We hope to be home by July 20th, or thereabouts. We will in all probability take a sailing vessel from Demerara to N.Y. It will be an awkward go if you are in Europe when we get home. We are going to get home now just as quick as we can by doing our work thoroughly & well. I think I shall be the one to stop at Demerara, and I will do that country thoroughly if it takes all summer. At present, I am continually out of clothing fit to wear, and am afraid to buy anything, scarcely, for fear we will run out of money before getting home.

Later: Friday morning. The Capt. of the vessel we had in view flatly refuses to take our boxes for reasons of his own. So we are out on that. Will probably get them off by another vessel that sails next week, or at the latest the steamer for St. Thomas on the 8th next month. I am hurrying now to finish this letter so that I can send it by the vessel that sails this afternoon — the "Brittania" is her name — Trowbridge Sons. Will send the contents of the boxes now, however. You will be surprised that we got only 1 small barrel of alcoholics in all that trip, both here and on the Orinoco. But we could not help ourselves, save by taking worthless material. There were no fish to be caught in the Delta when we were there, at least no one could catch them. There is no vessel going to Demerara direct, so we will be forced to take the steamer tomorrow and go around Robin Hoods barn 2nd class.

Our health is excellent, and has been all along. Were not sick a day in the delta in spite of work, rains, bad food, irregularity in eating & sleeping, bad water, wading in lagoons, etc., etc. Thanks to a good constitution. I have 10 letters from Mr. Lucas, all unread, although I was up all last night. Other letters lie in the same condition.

Well, I must close. Whatever letters come here for us will be forwarded to Demerara.

With love to the family & best wishes to all friends I remain,

Yours very truly,

/S/ Wm. T. Hornaday

P.S. In reflection I conclude to give you now merely the list of what we got after leaving Bolivar, as you know all the rest. Will send the list of boxes with my next.

List of Specimens Collected in the Delta

Dry Skins

1	Tiger 8 ft. long	1	Crocodile 6 ft.
2	Otter 5 ft. 3 in.	1	Armadillo
2	Capybara, large	1	White Porcupine, large
1	Deer male	1	owl
2	"Pauja (bird) large	1	Large Plover
1	"Patonegal" "	2	"Guacharoe de aqua" Bird
3	"Aruco" "	2	Iguana, Small species.
2	Toucan		
2	Small Hanging birds		
1	Wild Turkey "		
5	Blue & Yellow Macaw		
4	Red & Blue "		
1	Snake Bird		
1	Caiman, small		

In Alcohol

5	Skins of Electric Eels, 5 to 6 ft. in length	2	Sting rays, fresh water, 2 spines on the tail
6	Coronchos (fish)	6	Toads

Skeletons

5	Capybara, large	2	Blue & Yellow Macaw Skulls
2	Capybara skulls	2	Blue & Red Macaw Skulls
3	"Cajaro" fish, largest (3 ft.) very curious	7	Howling monkey skels.
		1	Howling monkey Bric-a-brac
6	"Aruco" Bord	2	Toucan
3	"Garvan"	5	"Guacharrae de agua"
1	"Pauji"	1	"Cabo de Hacha", large and curious fish
5	Red & Blue Macaw		
7	Blue & Yellow Macaw		

Miscellaneous

3 nests of "Canoti", Great Hanging bird, fine
5 ditto of "Grendajo", Small hanging bird
10 eggs of Arendajo.

13 specimens of rock for W. & H.

Diary of Chester E. Jackson
Copied by Jerome A. Smith
4 June, 1986
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Lower Bay, New York
Sep 19th 1878
10 a.m.

Am going out to sea once more. Bound for Guadeloupe on the brig "Princess Beatrice" (Br) – she has just been overhauled – new deck, new cabin – everything sweet and clean – good jolly fat captain, a good natured mate – and willing sailors – the weather is fine – rising barometer – smooth sea – quite the opposite of two years ago when Hornaday and self sailed out in midwinter – a hazy, September day – all nature at rest – Bon Voyage, Adio! Adiu!

We write again at nightfall. Made but little progress – very light s. easterly wind. Sam our colored cabin boy, in answer to my question, "if the old cat had some kittens" said "He had three chile". A – small bird is around on the deck, and the mother of these "chile" cant catch it. We are off Long Branch on the N.E. by E. tack take about six months to get to Guadeloupe at this rate.

Friday Sep 20

A steady breeze from sou-west all morning on – close hauled in the wind at a 7 knot rate of speed. But little happened to break the monotony of the day. The Capt. is quite sociable. Wind freshened up at nightfall. Caught the Gulf Stream at 0 p.m., so says the mate. He can tell at once by the peculiar rolling and pitching of the ship will be through it today.

Saturday 21

Bowling on at a great rate, every stitch of canvass set. The air is different now, smells like palm groves. The clouds have changed to low, large, spreading, fleecy ones peculiarly softened that move swiftly from horizon to horizon. We move over large swells, 6 or 8 rods in diameter. If we were seasick would not hesitate to "put dat down" but we are "denized" the peculiar privilege – feel the least bit squeamish once in a while, but not sick and miserable.

Oct 18th 78

Almost a month since we have paid any attention to this sorely abused diary. All my attentions have been placed on another book* which we filled and put in the hands of Capt Simmonds of the soon returning "Princess Beatrice" who will mail to a certain young lady as per her request. Another reason for not keeping this properly is that I have recorded one "bon voyage", and as these voyages are a great deal alike, I cannot bore myself nor other people with repetition. It is enough to say that we came out in 20 days, some calms, some fair winds, and some quite foul. Well, we arrived on the 9th inst. [this month] at Pointe-a-Prince(?). This city is situated at the head of a bay, is quite modern because has been rebuilt twice in the last thirty years. The first time entirely destroyed by an earthquake. The second in '71 by fire. I was most cordially received by Mr. Chas. Bartlett the U.S. Consul lately appointed.

Staid 3 or 4 days with him. In the meantime tried to get away to Basse Terre on the opposite of the island to take the steamer for Antigua. The first day I crossed the bay in order to take the diligence. But found alas! it would not go until next day – came back, placed my name on the entry book for next day, but when I got over again, found that they had me credited to a seat that was not there. Wasn't I – mad? Again I took passage back to the city, knowing that I would be denied the steamer. Found a small schooner

* - SLH Note (footnotes for the diary not otherwise designated are by Jerry): This refers not to the journal-love letter to Lizzie Keys discovered among Emily (Bates) Haynes's effects in 2011. That document, reproduced next in this collection, was clearly written during a March-April 1879 return voyage to Antigua, whereas this diary was begun during CEJ's first trip there to assume the consulship. So, perhaps there remains another long journal yet to be discovered, or perhaps it is lost to us.

bound around to my desired destination. It would go at six p.m. sharp! Also was made aware of the steamer being a little late. I might catch it yet! At six I was there bag and baggage. Oh No! Couldn't go till morning. This soothed me! In the morning went down early and finally got away at 9 o'clock, but in the bay, a calm. We lay burning in the sun that day like Marseilles. Oh wind! how we did yearn for thee! In the night a light land breeze. I slept on a lot of filled bags. In the morning another calm. Oh! Oh! The city near by in plain sight, and we lay burning in the sun another day, and yet again how soothed we felt – "with dreamful eyes our spirit his under the walls of Paradise" of course. But we got in, by compensation I must say that, the scenery was inspiring, grand hills growing into mountains, all capped by Mt. Srappirere, a partly extinct volcano, 8300 (?) in height clothed with forests nearly to the top. They say its cold up there, but not always, for smoke issues sometimes. It will be hot enough some day. I shall ascend it some day. Is generally covered with clouds, but at this time of calms is clear as sunlight when bathed by the soft sunrise.

At once after landing we went to the English Consul Mr. Soule, I believe his name is. He treated us very kindly, found a boarding place for us. Basse Terre is a queer old French town. They feel quite poor now and look poor indeed, houses unpainted and a decay settled over all someway around. They raise cane, coffee, vanilla, etc. Just as we were nicely settled a sloop came in, and we engaged passage for Antigua. Our clothes were out in the wash but had them brought in after a deal of trouble. And in the a.m. set sail for A. Calms, calms. Two days going 40 inches (?). But wasn't we (?) tired. Oh! drat – Slept on a coffee sack spread on deck. Got in and went direct to Mr. William Dougall Esq. Vice Consul Antigua, who most kindly took us to his house bag and baggage. Monday the 19th called on the Gov. with Mr. Dougall, and was recognized as Consul and given permission to act as such!

Theres four schooners in harbor. And one we have written out an extended protest for a copy of the ships log, comprising 6250 words, took quite a while, but am well paid for it, the bill amounting in all to over \$30.00

St. Johns. This city is a fine place. I'm delighted with it. A fine bay, picturesque, etc. A large cathedral costing \$150,000, English, all the people speak English, but scarcely can understand the colored people. It's the happiest town I ever saw.

Feb 19th 79. Cleveland Ohio!

Well! Well! How time does fly. Only two months ago yesterday since I left my island home for the States.

It seems but yesterday I said goodbye to Mr. Dougall, was sorry to leave him. He entertained me nicely, and I like him anyway. His wife is a magnificent woman and ever so kind to the subscriber. People made my stay in Antigua quite pleasant indeed and I am anxious to go back. I set sail from A. the 18th of Dec. on the Schooner "Meloin" of New Bern, N.C., U.S.A. Capt. Roberts was 14 days getting to New Bern. Had one bad storm, the first I ever experienced. Took the train up to Washington and there called on our Representative Chas. G. Williams, also Fred W. Sewer and William G. Eirarts. Saw the House and Senate in convocation. Staid 5 days, then came on to New York. A couple days there then on to Rochester where I found that Prof. Ward had gone to Europe, and his son Henry had gone to Antigua via Martinique. I then was sorry I had left. One day at R. then to Cleveland two or three days to see the schoolmarm's [to see Lizzie Keys]. Then on to Norwalk, then home to Racine. Was kind of good to see the good people again. Two weeks or more at R[acine], then to Cleveland again schoolmarming. Out to Akron three days and now here [Cleveland] again waiting for telegram to summon me to the seaboard. It's cold cold winter and snow most every day.

August 19 1883 Antigua B.W.I.

I am afraid this diary is a little disconnected, but as diaries go have to think it quite up to the average. Things have happened since the date of last writing, and I will now try to jot down a few of them with the dates near as I can remember.

Soon after the 19th Feb 1879 I went on to Cazurria or Cazurnia(?) N.Y. and there waited for a N. York telegram to take me to New York that I might catch a vessel for Antigua. When it came I telegraphed to John Kinshl or Kinsht(?) of Racine

who was to accompany me to A. On the 10th of March we set sail from N.Y. in a small schooner, Gloucester Fisherman, called the *Mary M.* and arrived in Antigua 20 days after.*

The labor question was agitated at Antigua and I was requested to proceed to the U. States by the planters of Antigua and St. Kitts and there to try and get the negro refugees or emigrants of Kansas from Mississippi to go to Antigua and if unsuccessful to proceed on to California to try the Chinese. Money was raised to pay my [sic] expense. I left Antigua the latter part of June and go to U.S. the 5th of July or about that. Stopped at Holley a few days and Norwalk. Then on to Racine, then to Kansas City, then to Omaha L.R. Emigrant train for San Francisco. Eight days. Awfully cool in Frisco. Staid there about 2 weeks and made arrangements with an importer of Chinese to bring them out if agreeable to Antigua.

Came back to Racine, then to Cleveland to see the body that is now my wife. Have been ungelling(?) my brains for some minutes in order to settle the question whether I was then engaged to my wife or not, but think I was. Think I left N.Y. for Antigua on Oct 10 1879 and arrived the 19th.

In a few days yellow fever visited us and carried off a number. Among others, George W. Bennett and a young fellow at the hotel, Mrs. Hollidays, where I was stopping, two others were sick and I left for the country and staid with a Dr. Griffiths for 3 weeks or so. Staid in Antigua until March 19, 1881, when I took passage for N.Y. in S.S. Norwich. Had a big storm lasting 7 days. Was 11 days getting on to N.Y. Went to Holley and on April 15, 1881 A.D. married Miss Eliza Francis Keys, aged 27,[†] I believe, late of Cleveland, parents living at Holley. Spent 3 days or so in Rochester on the Honeymoon, then on to St. Johns Michigan to see wife's sisters, brothers, aunts, and cousins, then on to Racine for a few days, then on to Bloomington Ill. More brothers and sisters of wives. What a grand thing to live on relatives. Ah! Then on to Cleveland. More

brothers and sisters of wives. Then back to Holley, the starting place. Then a little trip down to (??) and thereabouts to see my brothers and sisters, etc. Then finally, July 7, '81 went to N. York and on the 9th took S.S. Orinoco for Antigua, arriving the 18th. Began house keeping in an humble way.

About March '82 heard of the advancement of Antigua Consulate to class B. Salary \$1500 to begin July 1st 1882. Had established 5 Consular agencies before this one at Formica(?), one at Portsmouth, Dominica(?), one at Montserrat, one at Nevis(?) and one at Anguilla. On Sept 12 moved into the house now in connecting with the Consular office and on November 16th 1882[‡] had a daughter born to us and registered as Edith Jackson [Aunt Myra]. This little daughter lived and thrive exceedingly and on the 8th of May 1883 set sail with its mother for N.Y. and on the 9th of June saw its Grandma Keys for the first time at Holley where they are at this date of writing, having a good time. Before and after wife left she was troubled with little touches of intermittent fever, but at last accounts it had all gone and all was well.

[The diary ends abruptly, and the next several pages are covered with scores of tennis games played by Messers Murdoch and Baynes, Jones and Eldridge, and Rodin and Sedgnich, etc. playing for teams or clubs named "Town" and "Country". Town won. The last ten pages started from the other end of the little book is filled with notations about laundry expenses on an account to one A. Gibbons. Transactions took place in from September 3, 1886 until Aug 28, 1887, a few years after the last entry.]

* - SLH Note: This is the voyage described in and during which CEJ wrote his journal-love letter to Lizzie, reproduced next in this collection.

[†] - 12 days short of being 28.

[‡] - crossed out erroneous Oct. and inserted with a caret the correct November.

Chester Jackson's Journal/Letter to Lizzie Keys
Enroute to Antigua
March-April, 1879

Introduction

Can one come to understand a man 80-years dead? Would a man raised under Victorian or even Puritan mores unburden himself sufficiently, and his writing saved for 132 years be intelligible to his far distant descendant, such that some great portion of the man comes through so that we better comprehend what made him tick?

You'll need to judge for yourself, but based on what follows (discovered in my mother's — Emily Josephine (Bates) Haynes's — effects), I think so.

On Great Grandpa Jackson's voyage to Antigua in March-April 1879 he had plenty of time to anticipate his forthcoming marriage to Lizzie Keys. So he poured out his thoughts in fifty pages of a small pocket diary, which he then mailed to Lizzie upon reaching Antigua. The following is that diary, in effect a 50 page-long love letter and confession.

It may be no one now alive knew this existed; certainly it was read by only a few -- Lizzie, Aunt My, perhaps Aunt Boo, perhaps Grandma, and perhaps Mother. I know of no other transcription.

Two versions of the transcript are available, the following one of text only, and another including reproductions of the pages themselves, which is available for download.

You'll find much of interest:

- What to do when becalmed (put out the ship's boat and net jellyfish).
- An especially vivid dream about his mother.
- Chester's beliefs in the relationship between men and women in marriage.
- A humorous account of a stove and stovepipe.
- And more

Stephen Haynes
Minneapolis, MN
October 10, 2011

At sea, 140 miles S.E. from N. York
Sunday, March 16th, 1879

I commence this diary-letter to you Lizzie — not in duty-bound but with a measure full of solid enjoyment. You never can enjoy the reading of it as the writing. If you do I will be flattered indeed. There are but few diaries that are of greater interest to the reader than the writer. There's apt to be a great deal of egotism in them and weak

strains of sentimentality. I shall keep it out as much (?) as I can. Also dry detail of weather, etc. Is there anything then to write about? There wouldn't be, to others than yourself and that's a fact. But you know I can tell you how you help me keep off the monotony of a sea voyage — not alone in this writing you, but the hours that will be spent in thinking of you.

Yesterday morning we set sail in the harbor, but it was cold. I didn't come on deck at all to see the

forts at the narrows. This isn't a pleasant time of the year anyway for sight-seeing.

As soon as we began to pitch a little friend Jack began to look serious about the mouth. He went below and gazed long and tearfully in a spittoon then came up and leaning on the rail bent worshipfully over it and had a little talk with Neptune. Neptune asked him "where he was from." Jack answer with his whole soul & body in the answer. "New Yor-r-r-k." "And where are you bound you land lubber."

And Jack leaned even farther over the rail, lifted one foot and said audibly, "Eu-eu-rope d__n you." As for myself, being naturally sympathetic, I amused myself by in gazing sternly for whales and sharks. It is really wonderful with what intensity a person can be wrapped up in at times, contemplating some of the great works of nature. I looked for a shark hard for a few minutes. I kept making awful faces so as to intimidate them if they did come. They didn't come.

Later [?] — 2 p.m. A cold raw east wind has been displaced by a southerly one, and very light, and very warm. How little you know of the slight changes of atmosphere & winds in your school-room — here — every little change is noted — for by it, our course is changed. Jack & I have been snoozing in the sun, lying on the cabin. It's good to feel the warmth penetrating the clothes, the very body itself. It is good medicine; it warms the heart, brings healthful sleep, and a whole train of good things.

Jack has been sick all the time, has gone to sleep now, says he is sore all over. It is cruel to laugh at him but I can't help it. He goes to his meals but doesn't eat — has let his watch run down and is generally demoralized. Poor boy, but I have to laugh? But this is a do nothing life. Lotus eating. I like it for a change and will be glad to get back to Antigua.

I feel so much better there. There's something restful in the air & people [?] and I like rest. Was never tired.

We saw a number of schools of porpoises today. One school came alongside so near that I could have touched them with a fish-pole — great, large,

lead colored fellows, 3 & 6 ft long — sharp noses. They swim just beneath the surface, at times leaping out, or tipping out. It's a way they have of enjoying themselves evidently. Can't envy them much, the water is cold.

* * * * * Now the foregoing represents a lapse of time, just two days are represented there, for this sunny morning is Wednesday: the reason I have neglected to write is simply because it was next to impossible to write. We've had a storm, a regular equinoctial* — and it isn't all over with yet. The face of the sea is troubled. Had lots of fun in a very serious way such as throwing down the stove and rolling it around the cabin floor, together with the pipe. I am not partial to stove-pipes, and it did my gentle heart good to see that pipe get jammed. And the poor table — it is pity indeed, for there it lies on its back with its legs in the air all in the corner with a stool on its stomach to hold it down, and on the opposite side of the room from where it used to stand. Had one piece of pipe get under our patent [?] hammock beds.

It was a conservative piece of pipe and never used to kick up a row until everything was loose and frisky when it would suddenly arise in its desperation and comparatively drown everything else. It had a cheerful, cozy kind of hum that could so distinctly be heard. It soothed us. I loved that pipe. I as so glad it was so near us. I could have put my hand on it but I cared not to slay it.

Poor John: how many times he has told me that he was sick, really he needn't have told me for his looks bespeak it — and such a demoralized attitude as he strikes at times. He forgets to put on a collar, forgets to wind his watch, and goes to bed with his shoes on. I am really ashamed of him.

Poor fellow, he looks forward to the coming of the steward with his tempting array of tidbits, but alas, John can only follow him out with a disgusted look. What John has eaten the last five days would reduce a chicken to a "skillington" [?].

* - A violent storm of wind and rain occurring at or near the time of the equinox.

I eat roast potatoes & salt, sometimes raw onion. Yesterday I made my dinner of raisins wholly — nothing on them. No butter nor gravy. I eat potatoes & salt because I like it. It's first principles — but then we would eat something if we had it — that is, if to our taste — quite particular now somehow. John says he could eat a dish of humming-bird tongues served with a jelly of stars. And I've been thinking I would like a pig's liver — now this brings to mind that I will bring a liver with me next time I come to sea. Sea travel is nothing if one is only prepared for it. Our tastes constantly vary — yesterday I wanted some mandrakes. John said I should want a good long time. But John wants such impossible things that I have no patience with him. This morning "Oh! So early" he wanted some string beans & alligator marmalade, with a clean napkin and iced goat's milk. I told him he could have all excepting the clean napkin. Then he swore fearfully and said he wouldn't have anything, and that I was trying to starve him to death. Yesterday he wanted a "drink of sap" right from the tree — that was in the forenoon — "why" says I — "John, and right on an empty stomach?" "That's so," says he — and then he looked kinder sad-like, and I told him "sap" wouldn't do for him, and that he must stop thinking about it. Suffice it to say that the weather is better and our appetites ditto, and that we are not quite so particular and more practical — and bounding on towards our port 1350 miles distant. This day closes with John on deck, feeling a vast deal better and full of stories.

Well, I believe this is next day — Thursday the 20th. 50 miles west of Bermuda and going south like the wind. Still cold & [??]. But we are glad to get on — soon tropical airs shall woo us, and mosquitoes shall sing in our ears. But my, what monstrous billows chase us down at times — big as a barn. And how they howl & grumble as they toss us around. But this little boat has been in the North seas is tried & true, and the captain knows how, and we are satisfied. This morning again, before the God Day had got his boots on, just when sleep gives us tired mortals the sweetest lil bit of his munificent gift, what should come

pouring through the skylight but a tub of water, and too right on to John's sweetest dream.

John's cot is nearest to the skylight and consequently he took it nearly all unto himself. I blush to write that John waxed profane almost instantly, and said in a linked sweetness long drawn out, "Jesus Christ" — I immediately took my cue and sang as sweetly as I could in a cooing kind of voice, "Shall we gather at the river," but it didn't seem to soothe him. He slatted [?] the bedclothes off and jumped onto a chair. Says I, "John! Count ten," and then he said "Hell." I had to think he was saying the "creed" in an ost disconnected way for the morning — right in Lent, too — and I told him so: and straightway began to sing (for I felt I had my work to do) "There's a land that is dryer than this." In a powder mill up in New York." Xoxo. But all in vain — he wouldn't soothe — he stormed on and wrung out his garment and today seeks sunny spots on deck and dozes and rests. It's a deal more pleasant this p.m. The wind changing, and we are very near the tropical airs.

And now another day is here with its changes — southerly winds and softer airs. Yet I wear an overcoat — have not yet reached the tropics — I slept last night, Oh my! So soundly, awoke once or twice. Just conscious enough to know that it was delicious — curious dreams — not unpleasant ones — of wanderings in foreign lands, etc., etc. Good sleep is one of the best evidences of good health ain't it. How pleasant Eh! To wake early in the morning with that inexpressible languor of the body, and then to let self float along in a semi-unconscious state farther farther away — back to dream land.

You speak of write "If good health is yours we will have no fear for the future." Now you just rest in the thought, my lady, that it is a hobby & study of mine to have good health, only brought about by a season of poor health. I enjoy the enjoyment of good health, and will deny myself to the uttermost to keep others so.

Instead of a gradual decline or stationary state, I feel myself growing healthier every day — new fields of pleasure come to me — why I "Books in the running brooks & good in every thing," and I

am so confident of a long & happy life. I believe it's a question left entirely to ourselves, whether we get on or not. "God helps him who helps himself" comes to my every day as something trite, indeed.

I can't borrow any trouble as to our future, my good Lizzie. I believe we both know the dire consequences of doing wrong, or the good ones in doing right I don't believe we are so fearful opinionated, as to persist in dashing our heads against a [??] wall. Yet I don't want to be so fearful good as to die young, nor I shan't, expect it of you either. While I would not be a Quilp* continually, I hold that to be a little Quilpish is only variety — therefore spice. It's the continual grind I don't like. I believe I could grow sick of you, or anybody else who would persist in always smiling. I would like you to look quite serious sometimes, and if whole days should pass with scarcely a word they might be some of our happiest days. I know it's so in man-friendship. It's only to know that one is near, to feel their presence, perhaps days may pass of comparative silence, when as a compensation hours & hours are passed, when soul meets soul. Contrasts are sweet my love. One thing I shall pray for, and that is, that you will not grow tired of me. God forbid the day when you feel that it's all duty. I say, blast duty — 'tis slavery. For Heaven's sake, don't work against the grain. I don't want to be a sapless thing to you that you will have to carry: If it's a burden to you to write long letters, for pity's sake don't, however well I should like to get them. God forbid that you will have to repress yourself for my sake either in anything.

This living on & on, with half that's good, with half the talents hidden. It's the repression of these that savors of hell, the showing of them, that savors of heaven. I know there are mines of

wealth in you that I know not of. God speed the day when all repression can be thrown away, and we can stand in true lights to each other. Then the prayer of prayers is, "May we be not disappointed." They can talk as much as they please about the "nonsense of love," but it is the grandest passion known to the human heart. You so emphatically tell me that you love me. It is either an awful lie or an awful truth to you of all women, because you are not of the pulseless kind with half a heart, but when you tell me as you do, I know it's so, and I just thank God for the gift and you. It is a new life to you, and I want you to be inexpressibly happy in it if possible.

I want your whole hear, all of you. It is requisite to our happiness. It's all in all, don't repress yourself. What? Betray or disappoint you?
_____?

I never asked a woman to love me as I ask you (never asked many anyway, come to think I never asked one), and I want you to tell me again & again that you do, that you can love me: It is selfish in me to ask this, but I think it a divine selfishness.

I don't know whether you are much of a traveler or not, whether you have a repugnance for leaving your home or not, but I tell you you can never fully enjoy home until you have been wholly deprived of it. I do not know whether the prospect of a West Indian home is a delightful one to you or not, but I must tell you, there are [??] here unbeknown at the north — also things that are not charming — either are apt to be magnified in a measure.

I know one thing — I like it well enough to be right glad to get back. But enough for this day. Good bye.

And so today is Saturday just a week out — soft airs, and warm sunshine. The boat sails easily on, light waves dash against the sides, the sails flap idly, while I curled up on a pile of sail, take it in. Got a cold in my head, the first for a year — got it sitting on deck with the combination of the two, I guess did it. One was too cold the other too hot — unequal circulation, etc., etc. Anyway I'm

* - From Dickens' *Old Curiosity Shop*: "Daniel Quilp, a malicious, grotesquely deformed, hunchbacked dwarf moneylender. In the end, [Nell's grandfather] gambles away what little money they have, and Quilp seizes the opportunity to take possession of the shop and evict Nell and her grandfather."
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Old_Curiosity_Shop

topsy turvy today and I don't love you a bit. I don't love anything except vittles and shall stop writing. Have got an appetite that will not be satisfied, hardly. I'm in no mood for anything today except eating, so bye & good bye, me sweetheart.

Good bye.

I relent. Now just before sundown I wish to write you more. A dead calm most of the day. John & I amused ourselves by dipping floating seaweed. In the bunches we found shells, and some minute crabs. Also on the glassy water little jelly fish float, with their tiny sails unfurled. We dipped them up and placed them on cards, their sails still up. Then a large jelly fish called the "Portuguese man-o-war" sailed by. We got out the small boat and I netted it. It was a wonderful creation I can assure ye. I can't describe it. You look and you will find it in Webster's. Then the last of all, came a big shark swimming slowly along beside us. I saw him first, just as plain, he was a greedy looking chap I can assure you. We tried to bait him to stay but he wouldn't stop. Guess he was going to the little church round the corner.

And now "Sunday" is here the second of the voyage. I don't feel very lively today although it's a lively day at sea, with the boat pitching & spray flying. I was just thinking to tell you that my spirits don't admit of easy writing — my head feels kind o' heavy like, and my feelings are clogged, owing to overreading [or overreaching] & under-resting while in New York before, but a day or two or three will straighten me out. Have been troubled today with the recollections of a dream that I had last night, all about my dear old mother, and it makes me very sorrowful. I dreamt that I was at a meeting of people (I can't remember what it was for) and enjoying myself. The throng was gay, as a throng might be of the middle aged & young. Something called my attention to the door, some of our nearest neighbors were entering and with them my mother. She sat down quickly, and I saw her face. We looked full at each other, and the expression of her face I never shall forget to my dying day: It expressed what ... cold neglect. It was most sorrowful. It did not reproach me personally,

pointedly, knowingly, but there was the sting, in that sort of resignation & weary patience, that spoke to me. Oh! God, I never can forget it. The face was so tired, so lonely, alone & forgotten; and my mother? But the remorse I had & the self reproaches. Why didn't I consult her wishes & bring her with me. But here she comes with kind neighbors, kinder a thousand times than her own son. And here she has been waiting, waiting, & working, hiding her pain, uncomplaining in the long years back. And now the burden so heavy, she seeks in vain to be relieved. It is indelibly stamped in her face. This gaiety [?] — cannot — does not throw it off.

As these thoughts rushed through me, or dreams as you may call them, the conflict awoke me I was glad it was not quite so bad, but then the impression is still with me: it is too true in a way. God knows I could have been kinder to her. I know that I really ought to be at home now, watching her every want, although she is comfortable in the old home she is alone in one respect, because none of hers live in the same house.

There is the only regret I have in leaving home. Yet I have to know that my brother lives within a few steps, and that she could live with them if she chose, but then she lives with very kind people, and I can take some comfort in that thought. But her face haunts me and this has been an unhappy day. I have turned to you for some crumbs of comfort again & again, and have not been denied. I turn to you know Lizzie — come close, close, close to me. I want your love & sympathy.

And Monday again, dear me how time does fly. We are about 750 miles from our destination now, but the wind is ahead and we go slow. This southern breeze is delightful this sunshiny day: it is just as soothing & restful & delicious as can be wished. An air that never comes in Racine — never comes to "Hair-ley." If a person isn't grateful, forgiving & generous in this air, he must needs be a villain indeed. I feel as though coming out of Pandemonium (for such is life in the U.S. with its frothing-upheaving-restless-rushing, nerve-consuming style of living) into a kind of Paradise (a Paradise for lazy people), with its easy airs, non-changes, nerve quieting, good feeling,

etc., etc. I tell you my good Lizzie, sunshine is healthy for the body & healthy for the mind. For six months at the north we live comparatively in the shade. It will do for wood-chucks but is not so good for humans. Our naturally dry air, made dryer by artificial heat, saps the juices of the body, sets the nerves on edge, and makes a restlessness that sleep cannot drive away — no place in the world where people are so nerve-tired as in the U.S. But enough in that. I am so glad that, with what you have inherited, with what you have been good to yourself, that you are still in good health. It speaks volumes for you. For the sake of yourself, for the sake of humanity, for our future, don't lose it. We don't want to be years making right: what you have in a few short months, by overwork & under-rest made wrong. Please don't make late hours, it isn't right: because unnatural. Don't think because you are strong that you cannot become weak, because you can — it takes the best of us.

We can ill afford to bring poor health to each other. It's a prime mover of trouble. If constant watchfulness, self-denial, temperance, can avail anything I shall certainly bring good health to you, and I so naturally expect a like return. It would be a rare good thing and the best gifts we could bestow on each other this gift of good health. Eh? For with it most all things that are good are possible — without it, impossible.

There shall be no dragged-out wife, no rheumatic peevish husband, no [??] children in my house, so help me J. Rogers. If ever — hardly ever — anyway. I allow if anything is the matter, there's a cause. That cause must be found, when found, removed though the heavens fall. I have to smile sometimes, to see that ever-recurring placards over the door, "God bless our home." I smile when I see it in a home, where the husband knows no law but the gratification of his own desires, where the wife is the abject participator, where the children stand as monuments erected to the almost enduring shame of this selfish ignorance. I say I have to smile, because of the ridiculousness of it. Can "God bless a home" of that kind? If we want to be blessed I cannot look farther than ourselves for the blessing. But it won't do to be too rigid in this declaration for

things will happen, beyond what you can foresee. Eh? Sometimes. But I say three rousing cheers, for moderation and the attendant good digestion, for I'm ready for dinner. I'm not a saint, Lizzie, although I'm trying to convince you that I am. I want you to remember that I have said all this, and when I forget it please nudge me or show me this diary.

Later: While I have always had a home dear Lizzie, it has not been what I would call a "Home," although born & reared in it.

What has seemed a home to me was one with a "somebody" in it who could sit on the opposite side of the table, and "smilingly from the tea" — Eh! Beaming down on a fellow (all selfishness — you see — "Somebody" must pour [?], "somebody" must beam & exact it) then "somebody" in her little white pinafore & slippers and long shapely arm & hand to strike the bell for Topsy to bring the things away to sweep up the crumbs up, in the meantime "somebody" chiming away in her charming accent, about "Mrs Gubbins over the way, and her horrid chickens," and then Topsy with the pudding & smashing brandy sauce, periwinkles & Yorkshire cheese from Huron, No. Ohio, and then to strike the bell again. (But hang it "somebody" shan't do all the ringing for I'll touch the bell under the table with my foot — that's the way they have it at Prof. Ward's. It's funny to feel around with the foot for it.) And Topsy again skirmishing for crumbs, and "somebody" still chinning [?], about "those horrid hop emptives [?] shall try salt-rising next time," and then the nuts & silver nutcrackers (I meant nickel-plated) for I'm going to have some of those little fancy things. Just to find the dinners & teas (say dinners Thanksgiving Day) if I have to go hungry for them.

But now, seriously my dear, there's lots of little things that go immensely towards making dining delightful. In my own — or our own home — if we ever take leisure at all, it must certainly be at dining. This sitting down & gobbling up, like ducks on a cold day, isn't sense, isn't Godly & isn't healthy, isn't cleanly, isn't right. I say & I say & I say say say — it must not be in our home. I don't believe in gluttony but I believe in "pleasures of the table."

I tell you it's lots in the way "things are got up," not so much at great expense, "but the little and nice" (now I don't mean you a lesson on economy this soon). Oh! But don't the French understand it. The little sauces & dressings & salads. They can verily make codfish divine, and it's easy, too. It's queer but the Yankees are so great on cakes & pies and know next to nothing of soups, salads, or the art of dressing dishes to make them nice to the eye: Then what's nicer than a nice bouquet of flowers on the table. In all this going & coming I am observing if I do say it, and am "getting notions in my head," as mother calls it. We as a nation are not perfect by any means. Order in the house has to begin at the table, has to leave off at the table as it were: everything else is subservient, is it. I'm most particular on this point, because denial when young — any levity or conversation with us children, or boys, or young men, was stopped by my father — something he brought down from the Quakers. Now, I didn't relish it, and vowed that I would have things different. Now levity is order if orderly, and that's what we will have, Eh? I don't believe in a woman slaving herself in cookery, where they literally load tables down. There is a place to stop. I don't know whether your views agree with mine; if they don't just tell a feller, but I believe they do. I don't propose to lay low till after marriage then to spring up like a Jack-in-the-box to dictate, etc., etc. I want to tell you that I've been the "man of the house" for a good while — and I will tell you so there — that I have taken pride in not meddling in household affairs, although I have felt a great many times like growling when we have had a very slouchy girl.

There's differences between pieces of meat (cold meat) brought to the table in torn chunks, or cut in clean thin slices. I can eat as much again of the latter, in a great deal pleasanter frame of mind too. Am I eccentric in this? Too fine-haired? Now I don't require that "somebody" my dear, dear "somebody" do this, only to know how it ought to be done. But, before "somebody's" fellow growls, he will eat plain mush & milk that he will never, never, growl, well, hardly ever.

Please don't believe that I will prove a bear of a husband all the time. I am proud to say it doesn't

run in our blood. But I am sorry to say that laziness does, a kind of indifference, and that it is a serious fault, very seriously, now I am quite lazy. What chances I've let slip through my fingers — but you must spur me up, and make the most of me, if there's any chance at all — I like to sleep nights and part of the day, too.

Wednesday 26th. Dear me, dear me, head winds — and more ill temper — 620 miles from Antigua. How do I spend my time? Oh, eating, sleeping, writing & thinking. Oh yes, dreaming, by the hour, day-dreaming of my-of-my-my "Somebody." (My usual place, my bower, is on a pile of sail on an upturned boat. It is my study. I fix the sail for lying, reclining or sitting as my wont may be. I write you from there. Sometimes I cover myself nearly with the sail to keep off the spray that lashes clear across the decks & over everything. Then again I pile it up to keep off the chilly wind, and I am just as cozy as you please. Then I can look out over the tossing sea, and dream by the hour of my "Somebody."

I am enjoying this voyage ever so much, although my companion is not nearly all I could wish. There's a lack of affinity someway. He hasn't enough variety in him to suit me. Can tell stories & sing songs enough, but that isn't — all in all — I tell you my old "Compagnon de la voyage" Hornaday was a jewel for me. He had depth & width and staying qualities, was ambitious & driving & tender & sympathetic & generous & appreciative etc., etc. & had no mercy on himself. How I would like to know if he is returned, and how he feels, etc., etc. If I could meet him now I would give him a regular Spanish hug: the only man on earth on whom I would bestow it and probably the only who would understand it. Don't you know Hornaday + "his'n" will be our bestest friends! You cannot fail to like Josie E. She has any amount of character, and I think your affinity.

They are both fond of music and you must keep in good practice for "you will have to play for your friends." Hornaday can sing a Spanish song & accompany himself on the piano, and probably will have learned some Eastern ones, etc., etc.

But all this writing of the future, it cannot, must not be otherwise than I have mapped out. I dare not tell you much of my “ambitions” for fear something may interfere to thwart them, for I don’t like to talk big & not fulfill it, but something has got to come out of the future, something good. I hope I have 35 years of working time yet before me, and in that time if something don’t happen, it’s because I lie supinely on my back, and if good things slip away from e, that’s all. I trust, Oh! So much to you my good strong woman: I have infinite faith in your good sense & true womanhood and it rests a good deal with you, if we are a success or failure.

Unconsciously perhaps, you have been living for this (how could it be otherwise) now that you live conscious of it. How much more the need of living well? Life to me now hath double the zest, it is the difference between lethargy & activity. The idea of living on & on for self alone had no attractions for me. On the contrary it was nearly appalling. While I have lots of friends, they could not help but little to prevent the ennui of a single life. George Elliot says, “marriage is promotion.” I believe it. They say matrimony multiplies cares. My gracious, the cares are what we want to keep us from thinking of ourselves. It’s the promotion of the cares we want. It’s something to live for, “Somebody,” my ownest “somebody.” We will, so help us, ye gods! Make this matrimonial business a success, and ours shall not be an uneventful life either. (It feels kind a good to brag a little, anyway.)

You say you are “not much of a talker.” It’s all right, don’t fret. It don’t take much talking to satisfy me — besides you can be a good listener — and that is better than talking. Although, I’ll warrant, you can talk enough. You can whisper divinely, can’t you? That will do: Oh! What shall I ever do if you get on one of those tantrums that Alma said you had that Sunday, wasn’t it? Are you subject to them often? It’s the only bar I can see to our happiness. I wouldn’t like to fly to the nearest neighbors of a Sunday morning — better to church. Later ... the sun is down, darkness is stalking abroad. The ship saunters slowly on — the soothing breeze comes slowly to us from the far off islands. The easy sea, like the contented

laborer, comes in with easy strides! It hurls against the sides, with a little continuous flash & roar. Then again, quelled by a rush, only to subside to the dainty flash again. Now do the men gather in knots or flocks like the birds.

Where the day hath held them apart, now doth the night bring them together. With this great immensity around them night is made mysterious It is mystery upon mystery and as this feeling creeps on them apace they seek intuitively to cast it away. They draw together and it is done. In thought (how quick is thought) I stand. I look in upon you (you & Alma) and, and you have got a tantrum, and Alma is putting on her shawl to get the doctor. Oh! Those tantrums. They swell up, like Banquo’s Ghost to me. Off! Avannt!

So Thursday is here, but such a Thursday. Calms — rains — winds — no getting on but we have to take it weal or woe [?]: I have been reading about all day, and the day has gone away quite pleasantly indeed. What have I been reading? Why “Mutual Friend” of course, and it always gives me emotions all the way from grave to gay as it would anybody else.

I never read anything of Dickens, but that it strengthens me. As I have told you, “Dickens is my Bible,” and I never tire of it. I can’t read it by system at all, but the deliciousness of picking up at random, and getting such satisfaction as some of these chapters give one. But of all, all charming chapters in this wide wide world, commend me to “The Mendicant’s Bride.” I believe I could read that once a day for a while year. Now you read it once more just for me — please — the quintessence of happiness is concentrated there. So queer that a man who could write such happiness should be denied it — for he married unhappily.

Of course it was the denial that gave such a quickness to his imagination. Imagination can revel in fairer fields than ever earth or heaven can show.

It is indeed true, that travel is a gratification, yet a disappointment, for what with books, narrations

& imagination a halo [?] of anticipation is set — that participation is bound, in part, to dispel.

I suppose it's something so of marriage but let us, but we will shut our eyes to the realization as long as we can, won't we? The foundation of happiness in a married state is love, love that turns dross into gold, faults into virtues, and hath the kindly charity for everything.

But this living in the imagination hath charms — there's millions in it. I have lived our whole married life over & over again and always pleasantly. Why — the halo is so brilliant, it dazzled.

Did you ever think, dear, of the true philosophy of a true marriage? Is not the foundation esteem? Esteem for graces, abilities, in others, in which we lack ourselves. It is the matching of incongruous parts to make the perfect whole. Now, to elucidate them. How can I but esteem you for your superiority in music over myself. It's a tower on which I can lean. I am selfish enough to say I am the stronger & better for it, and why not? Does it make you less the weaker? Perhaps in return, I have a quality that you can lean on (I so sincerely hope so). Am I the weaker for it? It's a partnership, a corporation, what one has not the other has, & the combination is the strength thereof.

It's queer, but true, that it often happens that our talents or strengths are considered by ourselves our weaknesses. When so able to bring out & place in true lists as husband or wife? Eh.

The qualities I shall look to you for are Oh! so many. First, moderation — now I have to try hard to be moderate. When I go for a thing (a good many things) I overdo. I have to do it all at once, with but little mercy on self: now that ain't right, and I have to fight against it. I lean on you, or shall, to take things carefully & patiently & surely.

But I must stop, for it seems as though I expected everything, and would be able to return but little. No wonder you think & speak of the "great responsibility" and shrink from taking it — for it means far more to a woman than a man. I feel something like an [sic] usurper or pirate to

deprive you of your liberty, to break up your relations (and fine they seem) with your dear sister Alma, and Alma, what will Alma do, Eh?

But your independence (and you are independent enough and I admire you for it), you will compromise your independence to some extent. How, how can you do that? Independence is liberty, liberty is sweet [?] — or are you sick of it and wouldn't care if a great man would enslave you, Mrs. Quilp* you, a savage bearded man to crush (?) you with his little finger, whose hoarse voice could make you tremble like the aspen, whose word was law, never to be questioned, right or wrong. Now I have a fancy you would like it immensely if he would only be tender & compassionate at times and appreciate your slightest effort. But, alas, such men too often bring their law with their own eyes, and men's eyes are not women's eyes — they bring their law to crush out the finer sensibilities of women. I've seen them (women) carrying pain in their faces too often.

I do believe in a man being king of his dominions, but he should rule in a kingly way. I do believe in a woman being queen of her dominions, but she should rule in a queenly way. The two need not clash at all. I've seen it in households where there was no clashing: this matter has been before my eyes for a long, long time. Thus a cure: most always in a reasonable compromise. I should hope that you had faith & confidence in me (I hope it won't be less) to trust to my judgment & decision at times — just as much as I could trust to yours at others.

I haven't the least tremor in thinking of our domestic life, not but that you will be obedient, and all that. I hope there won't be any use for your being obedient — some way obedience means rebellion to me.

* - From Dickens' *Old Curiosity Shop*: "Daniel Quilp, a malicious, grotesquely deformed, hunchbacked dwarf moneylender. In the end, [Nell's grandfather] gambles away what little money they have, and Quilp seizes the opportunity to take possession of the shop and evict Nell and her grandfather."
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Old_Curiosity_Shop

I have infinite faith, in your common sense of right & wrong, in your reasonableness, and faith in your ability to run the institution. I don't see lines in your face suggestive of "nagging" and I hope I won't provoke you to the temptation of it — you have inherited too much from your father for that, Eh! he doesn't look like a "stewer" — neither was my father a steward (he kept still).

I tell you, there's car-loads of virtue in keeping still sometimes, don't it? I've been glad (there it's self again, you see) before now because I kept still, and again fearful sorry because I didn't. But then again when becomes necessary (there's the rub) I flatter myself I can stick to & carry my point, pretty well. If I am sure I'm right, and if duty in the wrong why then wrong it is & wrong it must stay, but 'tain't [??] for I lack force — haven't got enough fight in me — hair is the wrong color, ought to be red & curly — now don't you wish it was, truly, "hope I may die" on your honor?

"Oh, how near we should be to heaven, could we live daily, hourly, in the presence of one the honesty of whose word we could never doubt, the authority of whose word we could never disobey."*

Do you suppose there's a bearded individual in this world who could be much to you, or could you like it? How would you like the "authority" part of it? What do you think of the "obey" part of the ceremony — after all your independence — could you be a slave?

What higher compliment could you pay me in this life than to feel the full force of the above extract? Why? What a man I would have to be and what a hallucination you would have to labor under, beside ... "Until a woman really loves, flattery & compliment are often like her native air. But when that deeper feeling has once awakened in

* - "The Parisians," by Lord Lytton, from *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, January-June 1873, p. 5. One wonders how CEJ came across this, unless he had a copy with him, and if he didn't have a copy how and why in the world he chose to memorize it?

her, her instincts become marvelously acute to detect, the fake from the true." Isn't that true?

"When a true love has once bolted the door a fake one serenades in rain under the window."

"Her nerves had that healthy, steady poise which gave her presence of mind in the most unwonted circumstances."†

"The fact is women are burdened with fealty, faith, reverence, more than they know what to do with! They stand like a hedge of sweet peas, throwing out fluttering tendrils everywhere for something high & strong to climb by — and when they find it, be it ever so rough in the bark they catch upon it."‡ Oh, My!

That's kind of rough on you [??]. Hem! "fluttering tendrils"

"True love is a natural sacrament, and if ever a young man thanks God for having saved what is noble and manly in his soul, it is when he thinks of offering it to the woman he loves."§ Hem!

Are you sure, my good Lizzie, that you have love enough for the subscriber to take the risks, to follow him to the ends of the earth with its consignment if need be? I haven't much else to offer you but my affection and my desire for success, but a poor return for all your sacrifices.

April 1st — Oh my what a streak of luck we are having to be sure. Head winds & head winds, nothing else but head winds. Why today is [??] days out — ought to have been in Antigua four days ago. It is getting quite tedious — have read & read & slept & slept & whittled & whittled. We are 375 miles out from Antigua yet. If I didn't have my dearest dearest loveliest Lizzie to think of, the time, Oh my, how it would drag. How I do love her, my "somebody," my warm & loving

† - "The Minister's Wooing," by Philip Gengembre Hubert, from *The Atlantic Monthly*, No. 3, 1859, p. 739.

‡ - Ibid.

§ - Ibid.

would-be bride. How she does help me and how I am building castles for her to pay for it. They must be real. I never never can write her how pleasant this voyage has been to me, and how miserable I would have been without the assurance of her love for the subscriber. I am just happy — that's the word — and how I could prove it to you if I could only take you in my arms. Yum. I can't write as I want to. You hold me in reserve some way, am afraid you would be disgusted with the warmth of affection I would try to impress upon you, but just wait, deary, only wait

I am nearing the finale of this "volume" — the penciling owing to the dampness is poor — it tries to spread — the book will show that it has been carried in a pocket but never mind. If you are a genius you can decipher it. This is quite a lengthy letter, quite too long. You will find places in it not pleasing, as I have told you I am apt to overdo things, but do forgive & forgive & forget.

If I was in Antigua now it could be sent on at once, but will have to wait until the 12th inst and you will get it about the 25th. When you write me you must remember that you must write easy things — first the most commonplace things, the little things, our theme I exact of you & that is the measure of your affection for-for-for me. I want so much to keep me from getting lonesome. Don't think that I exact precise articles from you but throw away all reserve & come close to me, for I need you (you see it's all selfishness, it's all me me me — I I I). I shall guard your letters most jealously.

I have such a cunning little drawer in my secretary that I shall devote entirely to the safe keeping of your precious letters. Nobody but myself will know the contents of that secret bower (and yourself).

I have a good deal of pride in my composition, and I would take a great deal in telling you of my own ambitions. But if they proved [?] abortive, it would hurt the pride sorely, so I keep them close to me so that failures shall rest entirely with me and not to burden others you see. I don't like to talk and not fulfill, although talking is stimulating,

because if one says he is going to do something his pride spurs him to do it.

But failures don't affect me much — only to make me more bound to win. I can tell you that I so sincerely believe that the future has a good deal in store for me. There's such a wide field before me now, to reap from, as to make the cold chills run down my back. If I can find an instructor shall go to studying French as soon as I get to Antigua. It is necessary I should — I like it — to be master of French or Spanish or Portuguese or all of them is in the best of arguments for a high position in either of those countries.

I have a good foundation to stand on now, and must make the most of it and you must stimulate me, whenever you can, for our, our final success. Only tell how you are willing (if you are and I don't doubt it) to make sacrifices to the end. What is the use of living if it don't amount to something.

If you come to Antigua you must clean em out in music [?]. I think can now.

I shall study to improve my manner of education — personal appearance — so that I shall have self-known power. I want to have strength, so as to feel strength.

I want you to open your heart to me, for how can we ever get acquainted if we don't confide with each other. At once you will say, "Ah, consistency," "now see, sir, here you talk of confiding when you choose to keep your future operations locked in your breast." Never mind I have told enough for one time. Perhaps you don't like ambitious men, but you must not tell me that you don't, or there will be a divorce, sure

Thursday, April 3rd. Since yesterday morning we have been rushing on. Expect to see the island of Barbuda at 2 p.m. Today is the nineteenth of our voyage and we are quite anxious to get in.

These two days are the only satisfactory ones since leaving port. A steady trade wind breeze, and we do go like split.

Apr. 4th — going in bravely, by [??], that takes our breath fairly away.

April 7th. This must go at once and it will be impossible to put on stamps. If you have to pay postage charge to me.

[On inside front cover:] Apr. 7th. Fishing [?] first rate and glad to get here. Will write again this week. So good bye my - my – my ... Love, Chet

28 October, 1984

Dear Siblings and Children,

The attached is a little low cost Christmas extra that I thought you might enjoy. When visiting Washington in April of 1994, I did something that I never got around to doing while we lived in the Washington area. Ruth and I spent part of an afternoon in the National Archives looking at microfilm copies of Chester Jackson's dispatches sent to his boss in the State Department in Washington while he was consul in Antigua 1878-1890.* I have read two of the three reels of microfilm. Many contain dry statistics or office inventory, ship arrivals and departures, complaints about support from headquarters, etc. Others reveal some of Chester's job goals and personal style. All correspondence is extremely formal, e.g., each is addressed to the Assistant Secretary of State (too high a level to actually be involved in much of the interaction), begin with an abstract of contents, and involve the most lengthy terminal statements. I tried to copy the microfilms at the Archives with limited success. These copies are attached, but I have also transcribed them so you can more easily understand the handwritten version. The first is Chester's letter enclosing an oath of allegiance and agreeing to post a bond prior to his taking the post. He also asked for an extension to the time given to his assuming the post. From other dispatches in the files it is clear that the consulate had been vacant for some time and the previous incumbent had either an alcohol problem or long term illness. The second document is Chester's first official dispatch, and it is devoted mostly to complaining about the status of the equipment in his office & situation which is documented in several succeeding communications over the next two years. There is evidence that he took some matters into his own hands and bought things for the office for which he subsequently asked to be reimbursed. The last document that I copied, number 39, written 3 December 1880, is almost illegible. In this one Chester asks for permission to leave his post temporarily to do some important business – get married!

I shall make another trip to copy more of these. Perhaps if we each take a little effort, we can establish quite a portfolio. It takes a bit of time to find the file. Look for the State Dept. Dispatches for the Caribbean or North American countries, then it goes alphabetically by country, and chronologically within countries.

Love Jerry [Smith]

* - Possibly to be found <http://www.archives.gov/research/microfilm/m17.pdf>

Barbara Smith had visited the archives in April 1980 and wrote: "I read the [dispatches] wherein he asked for leaves of absence to visit the US to try to buy agricultural machinery (soon after he had reported for his first duty), also stumbled across the one asking to go to California to try to hire Chinese for taking to the island, also his report after return that plantation owners had shown interest in the prospect. He made it known to the secretary of state that St. Kitts, Anguilla, etc., should have consular offices — reporting to him and suggested names which I assume were hired [SLH note: there's no evidence they were]. He asked for office furnishings — apparently the place was a mess when he arrived, later on asked for better housing — possibly in anticipation of getting married? The picture of the palatial house where the Jackson girls were born indicates some success in that endeavor. (The picture is in the scrapbook of Mother's 1937 trip to Antigua. [SLH note: digitally reproduced and in the collection])

The following is the text of the first entry of the state department dispatches for Antigua which was written by Chester Eliphat Jackson. It was written from his home in Racine Wisconsin to the State Department.

Antigua

Mr. Wood

a 26 June '78

Racine Wis. June 21st 1878

Hon. F. W. Seward

Assistant Sec. of State

Sir,

(DOS date stamp)

24 June 1878

Your communication of the 15th (mst?)

at hand enclosing form of Bond, Oath of Allegiance -tc-tc-

In reply would say that I was born and appointed from the State of Wisconsin and have never been a resident of Great Britain or its dependencies.

Enclosed please find Oath of Allegiance which I trust is quite satisfactory—

I can not accede to the requirement proceeding to the post in thirty days

Am preparing Agricultural implements to take with me which cannot be finished in that short space of time. I beg for an extension of time amounting to sixty days at least, dating from the first of the coming month.

The Bond shall be executed and sent to the Department as soon as possible—

Hoping to hear from you
soon

I remain Your Obedient serv't
Chester E. Jackson

The following is the text of the first official dispatch from Chester as the new consul in Antigua:

illegible 19 Nov. 78

W Wood

**No. 1 United States Consulate
 Antigua & Dependencies
 St Johns Nov 1st 1878**

**Chester E. Jackson - Consul
 To the Honorable
 F. W. Seward
Assistant Secretary of State
 Washington D.C.**

Subject

Acceptance of Office

Abstract of Contents

Taking possession of office and recognition by proper authorities

**Deficiency of office furniture. flags & flagstaff. age &
dilapidation of books.**

An allowance asked for.

No. 1 United States Consulate
 Antigua & Dependencies
 St. Johns Nov 1st 1878

To the Honorable

F. W. Seward

Assistant Sec. of State

Washington D.C.

Sir:

I have the honor to inform you that I arrived here the 19th ult(?) In the absence of the Exequatur I applied to the Government here for the privilege to act which was granted me at once: and I took possession of this Consulate the 21st ult:

I found no office furniture except one pine desk and that very old. Also found office books. very shabby and aged in appearance-having been here since 1857-some of them nearly filled.

The Statutes at large and others are in fair shape but require a case to be closed to prevent the rats from spoiling bindings.

No flagstaff-two flags in a tattered condition--no seal I use the one of the Com. Agency.

I herewith beg for a liberal allowance to make this a decent consulate.

I am sir, Your obedient servant
Chester E. Jackson Consul

Inclosure
Inventory of this Consulate

Inventory of effects found in the United States Consulate of Antigua
Nov 1st 1878

Press	Very Poor	1
Desk	" "	1
Books	Wheatons International	
	Legal (?) volumes	1
"	U.S. Statutes at large	1
"	Index to same	1
"	Customs Regulations 1874	1
"	Commercial Relations	4

•	Diplomatic Correspondence	19
•	Passport	1
•	Seamans Register	1
•	Daily Journal	1
•	Record of Arrival & Dep	1
•	Invoice	1
•	Miscellaneous Correspondence	1
•	Dispatch to Dept of State	1
•	Official Letters	1
•	Record Quarterly statement	1
•	U.S. Treasury fees	1
•	Marine Protest (? protect)	1
•	Extended Marine Protest (?)	1

Chester E. Jackson
~~Counsel~~ Consul

Text of Dispatch No. 39 follows

Initials at the top of the page indicate that "a" read the letter on 3 Jan. 1881.

Official date stamp indicates receipt at Department of State Dec 31, 1880.

No 39 United States Consulate at Antigua

Mr. Jackson to the Department of State

Subject

Request for leave of absence

Abstract of contents

- Request for leave for sixty days-
- Manufacturers to be consulted-
- Imperative domestic demands-
- Best season for absence owing to little export-

second page

No 39

United States Consulate

Antigua Dec. 3rd 1880

Hon. John Hay

Assistant Secretary of State

Washington D.C. (note the omission of zip code)

Sir

I have the honor to inform you that I hereby make application for a leave of absence for sixty days to enable me to repair to the United States for the purpose of consulting with certain manufacturers at the cities of Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago in order that they may better understand the wants of trade peculiar to this and other West India markets.

Also my domestic affairs at home demand my immediate presence. This is imperative because the "wedding day is fixed for the incumbent of this office.

The bulk of exports having been shipped I can best absent myself

third page

from this office at this time

Trust this request will be kindly entertained and an early reply forwarded-

I have the honor

to remain your

Most obedient servant

Chester E. Jackson

(illegible) Counsel

Consul

Addendum by Stephen Haynes, October 2011

With the World Wide Web now available to us, and its massive resources accessible, we now may access others among Chester Jackson's dispatches from Antigua.* For example, this one is found in a Google Books result entitled, *Consular reports: Commerce, manufactures, etc, Volume 4, By United States, Bureau of Foreign Commerce*, at p. 542:†

To American agricultural-implement manufacturers.—Consul Jackson, of Antigua, writes to the Department of State under date of September 29, 1881, relative to the necessity for the invention of a sugar-cane reaper, as follows:

I beg the Department to bring to the immediate notice of American inventors the opportunity presented them of constructing a machine driven by horse power for the purpose of reaping sugar-cane in the West Indies.

The present system of reaping is tedious, inefficient, and expensive, and can be compared to the reaping of grain with the sickle, now half a century gone. It is confined to the use of the "cane-bill," an instrument resembling a butcher's cleaver. One cane at a time is severed, topped, and deposited in its respective heap.

One of the conditions imposed upon the laborer is that he shall sever the cane to the ground. An act highly necessary to the proper development of the shoots expected for the following crop.

This condition is often abused, and in the necessitated haste of securing the crop the derelict laborer is often retained to the detriment of the crop.

If the canes could be severed by a machine evenly with, or slightly beneath, the surface of the ground, the advantage gained in this respect alone would be of signal importance and would command the attention of every well-meaning planter of the West Indies.

There are grave difficulties to be overcome in the invention of a desirable machine; one is the exceeding strength of the stool of canes to be severed, often amounting to a dozen largely developed subjects, some standing upright, others bending nearly to the ground, then again the unevenness of the surface, owing to eccentric modes of cultivation, not without method, and thickly strewn with fallen leaves and mulching.

I can safely say that a successful machine would be an epoch in the great sugar belt of the West Indies, equal in importance to the introduction of the harvesting machines so important to the grain industry of the United States.

I am frequently importuned by planters, who state the dire necessity for greater improvement in machinery for cheaper manufacture of sugar, and who deplore the fact of the lukewarmness of the English inventors to their pressing needs, to make exertion to arouse the practical and ambitious American inventor to the grave importance of this "cry from Macedonia."

Inquiries from inventors relating to minor points necessary to a successful issue will receive my earliest attention.

* - You may duplicate my research by searching in Google: "consular dispatches antigua jackson" (without the quotes). I am reproducing the Google Books pages rather than transcribing them.

† - Reference in the next to last paragraph is to Acts 16:9: "During the night Paul had a vision of a man of Macedonia standing and begging him, 'Come over to Macedonia and help us.'" Also a hymn with which CEJ may have been familiar, "A Cry From Macedonia, by Fanny J. Crosby (1864)":

There's a cry from Macedonia - Come and help us; / The light of the gospel bring, O come!
/ Let us hear the joyful tidings of salvation, / We thirst for the living spring. / O ye heralds
of the cross be up and doing, / Remember the great command, Away! / Go ye forth and
preach the word to every creature, / Proclaim it in every land.

The State Department may not have picked up on this suggestion, but it caught the attention of *Bradstreet's Weekly*, a business digest:

A machine driven by horse power for the purpose of reaping sugarcane in the West Indies is, according to our consul at Antigua, badly needed. The present method of cleaving the stalk by hand is difficult, slow, and therefore is a drawback to a proper growth of the sugar industry there. There are difficulties, however, to be overcome in the invention of a desirable machine. One is the exceeding strength of the stand [?] of canes to be severed, often amounting to a dozen largely developed subjects, some standing upright, others bending nearly to the ground, while the unevenness of the surface owing to eccentric modes of cultivation is another difficulty which has to be contended against. A successful machine of this kind would, says Consul Jackson, be an epoch in the great sugar belt of the Indies equal in importance to the introduction of the machines in the United States. After reading the report referred to, an English exchange trusts that English inventors will devote their attention to the matter for they may just well be first in the field as play second fiddle to inventive genius. Doubtless.

And again, from the same volume, at p. 721:

The Island of Montserrat.—Consul Jackson, of Antigua, writes to the Department of State, under date of October 17, 1881, regarding the Island of Montserrat, as follows:

This island lies in the Leeward group, and is situated about 25 miles to the southwest of Antigua, of which it is a dependency. According to the last census its population amounted to 8,693 souls, mainly engaged in the production of sugar and limes, and the island itself is the most beautiful and prosperous of the smaller islands of either the Leeward or Windward groups.

The industry of lime-raising has assumed considerable importance, and Montserrat may be called the home of "concentrated lime-juice." It also produces between 2,000 and 3,000 tons of sugar annually.

I am informed by Mr. Boyce, the agent for the Montserrat Lime Company, that it is his intention to make bi-monthly shipments per steamer, clearing from the port for the United States, and that it would facilitate matters if the port had an American consul to verify invoices.

The exports of Montserrat amount annually to the sum of \$200,000, and its imports to \$150,000. The trade is directed towards the United States and should be fostered.

This from Congressional edition, Volume 2412, by United States, Congress, p. 484:

PUSHING AMERICAN TRADE IN THE WEST INDIES.

REPORT BY CONSUL JACKSON, OF ANTIGUA.

I beg to hand you herewith a copy of an advertisement lately inserted in one of the newspapers published here, said paper having a circulation in the principal ports and trade centers in the British West Indies.

This advertisement calls the attention of the trade to a display of some American manufactures and catalogues found at the sample-room in connection with this consulate.

In my dispatch No. 125, dated February 2, 1883, mention is made, among other things, of advertising samples when a sufficient quantity had accumulated to warrant such an undertaking; and the time having arrived, in my estimation, I have entered into an arrangement with the editor of the paper containing the advertisement, who allows a quarterly rearrangement of the advertisement, thus enabling advertisers to change if desirable. The total cost to the advertisers, when divided, will prove a very light tax to each.

Later on I will report to the Department upon the merits and demands of the system of introducing goods to the notice of the trade through the means of sample-rooms and their advertisements.

CHESTER E. JACKSON,
Consul.

UNITED STATES CONSULATE,
Antigua, March 19, 1885.

[Advertisement in the Antigua Standard.—Inclosure in Consul Jackson's report.]

American manufacturers' display of samples and catalogues, at the United States consulate, Redcliffe street.

LIST OF SAMPLES.

Wheels.—Cart and wagon wheels manufactured by the Mitchell and Lewis Company, Racine, Wis., manufacturers of buggies, carriages, wagons, carts, &c.

These wheels are specially prepared for the West Indies and are superior to any hitherto introduced by the Mitchell and Lewis Company.

Chaff cutters.—Belle City Manufacturing Company, Wisconsin, manufacturers of chaff cutters, both hand and steam power, and of the Buckeye feed mill, grinds corn, oats, &c., at the rate of 10 to 15 bushels per hour.

Pumps.—Rumsey & Co. (limited), Seneca Falls, N. Y., warehouse 19 Dey street, New York, manufacturers of eight hundred different kinds of pumps for railroads, steam-boats, breweries, and for wells or cisterns of any depth, wind mill pumps of every description, rotary fire pumps, garden and fire engines, hose carts, hose carriages, hook and ladder trucks and hose (all sizes) of linen, leather or rubber, church, school and plantation bells, corn-shellers, &c. Prices and durability unrivaled.

Hardware.—Samples of hammers, hatchets, braces and bits, augers, gimlets, screw-drivers, scissors, shears, chisels, brackets, bells, hooks, sash-fastenings, shutter knobs and catches, drawer-pulls, door knockers, flush bolts, door-hinges and fastenings, door, knobs, padlocks, jail pads, &c.

Russell and Erwin's Manufacturing Company, New York, 873-page catalogue, beautifully illustrated, goods awarded gold and bronze medals at Paris. Highest special award and gold medals at Sidney, gold and bronze medals at Melbourne.

Furniture fixtures.—Drawer-pulls in brass, nickel and ebonized wood, wardrobe hooks, castors, fancy gilt nails. New York Furniture Company, 225 Canal street, New York, dealers in cabinet hardware, furniture, manufacturers and upholsterers' supplies.

Ice-cream freezers.—The White Mountain is the most popular freezer in the market. Over 300,000 in use. Cream frozen in ten minutes. White Mountain Freezer Company, Nashua, N. H., U. S. A.

Barbed wire fencing.—Over 800,000 tons now in use. Large quantities annually purchased by the South African and Australian colonies. Large areas inclosed at small expense. Best protection against unruly stock ever invented. Washburn and Moen Manufacturing Company, 16 Cliff street, New York.

Anvil and vise.—The combination of the anvil and vise in one article is a convenience that every iron worker should possess. Cheeney's Anvil and Vise Company, Detroit, Mich.

Paints, varnishes, stains.—Breinig's lithogen silicate paint. Recommended for durability, body and fastness of color, superior to white lead, non-poisonous, will not crack, peel, or chalk off, resisting atmospheric action in any climate, especially adapted for painting along coasts.

Breinig's hard oil finish.—Brings out and fastens the grains of pitch pine and mahogany in a beautiful manner, brightens old furniture good as new.

Breinig's wood stains.—For dyeing or staining wood in imitation of mahogany, ebony, cherry, walnut, and other hard woods; or for staining hard wood itself. Samples of work displayed.

Wheeler's patent wood filler.—Cements the grains of wood, thereby avoiding the use of scraping or varnishing.

Breinig's lithogen primer.—For wood, stone, and brick. These several articles manufactured by Bridge Post Wood Furnishing Company. No. 40 Bleecker street, New York.

Hartford woven wire mattress.—Cleanly, noiseless, durable, luxurious, economical, impervious to vermin; will last a lifetime. Cool and comfortable, highly elastic and flexible, peculiarly adapted for use in hot climates. First award at four world's fairs. Hartford Woven Wire Mattress Company, Hartford Conn. Manufacturer of cots, cribs, iron and brass bedsteads of various and beautiful designs.

Plows.—Pony plows, very desirable for breaking cane banks.

J. I. Case Plow Company Racine, Wis., manufacturers of all kinds of plows, walking and riding cultivators, &c.

Prints and cottons.—Samples from the largest wholesale house in New York.

Canned goods.—Fruits, meats, and vegetables from H. K. & F. B. Thurber, West Broadway, New York; wholesale dealers in fine groceries of all descriptions. Branch houses in London and Paris.

American Cyclopaedia.—Twenty thousand pages of printed matter, 6,000 maps and engravings, 17 volumes in elegant bindings, specimen pages for free distribution to any address. D. Appleton & Co., publishers, New York.

LIST OF CATALOGUES.

Clocks, lamps, &c.—Bradley and Hubbard Manufacturing Company, factories, Meriden, Conn.; salesroom, No. 21 Barclay street, New York; No. 27 Sumner street, Boston. Fine catalogues; immense stock.

Statuary, fountains, settees.—Also, street lamps, vases, stoves, plumbing and sanitary goods, and stable fittings. The J. L. Mott Iron Works, No. 80 Beekman street, New York.

Carriages.—Phaetons, cabriolets, lundons, victorias, barouches, sulkys, coupes, rockaways, buggies, dog carts, village carts. Augustus N. Parry & Co., manufacturers and wholesale dealers, Amesbury, Mass.

Silver plated ware.—Elegant table ware, club prizes, bridal presents, &c. Simpson, Hall, Millar & Co.; factories, Wallingford, Conn.; salesroom, 36 East Fourteenth street, New York.

Furniture.—Parlor, dining, and bedroom sets, in walnut, mahogany, and cherry; chairs of all kinds, office desks, tables, &c. H. C. Swain & Co., 317 and 319 Pearl street, New York.

Farm and garden implements.—Planet, jr., goods. S. L. Allen & Co., 127 and 129 Catherine street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Coach builders' supplies.—Hardware, castings, wood work, bodies, mountings, lamps, tools, machinery, paints, varnishes, boot and shoe tools, saddle and harness makers' tools, trunk materials, trunks and traveling bags, perambulators, harness and saddles, stable and carriage-house fittings, carriages and buggies. John A. Gifford, New York.

Chairs.—Chairs of every description. Walter Heywood Chair Company, Fitchburg, Mass. Warehouses, 442 Pearl street, New York.

Folding chairs.—In plain and embossed mohair, silk plushes, cashmeres, raw silks and embroideries, velvets, Brussels and tapestry carpets, splendid designs. Edward W. Vaill, Worcester, Mass.

Bedding.—Mattresses of all descriptions, bolsters and pillows, iron and brass bedsteads, live geese feathers, hair, tickings, &c. Frank A. Hall, 206 Canal street, New York.

Jarvis's patent furnace.—For setting steam boilers to burn wet bagasse, or sugar-cane trash. This system is in successful operation in the West Indies and Sandwich Islands. Jarvis Engineering Company, 61 Oliver street, Boston.

Chairs, settees.—Lawn settees, settees with awnings, iron chairs, archways and tables in great variety. J. W. Fiske, 26 and 28 Park Place, New York.

Medicines.—Frederick Stearns & Co., manufacturing pharmacists, Detroit, Mich. Popular non secret medicines. Druggists and physicians furnished with common remedies at one-half less than patent nostrums.

Paper binding, filing, and indexing.—Shannon method of filing and binding papers; Schlight's system of indexing; unprecedented popularity; one of the great inventions of the day. Every estates attorney, every business man, should adopt the system. Clagoe, Wegmon, Schlight, & Field, Rochester, N. Y., and Chicago, Ill., United States; Toronto, Canada; Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany.

Edge tools.—G. W. Bradley's, coopers, carpenters, farmers, and gardeners' tools, superior quality. Martin Doscher, sole agent, 85 Chambers street, New York.

Agricultural implements.—P. D. Sherwood, manufacturer, exporter, and commission merchant; office and warehouse, No. 195 Water street, New York.

Picture frames, cabinet, parlor easels, &c.—Also fancy, pier, and mantel mirrors and mirror frames, pole cornices, &c. John Moore & Co., Syracuse, N. Y. Warehouses, 223 Canal street, New York City.

Monuments.—White bronze, infinitely superior to granite or marble, beautiful designs, will not break in transportation. Detroit Bronze Company, Michigan, United States of America.

Merchants and others cordially invited to examine samples and catalogues.

CHESTER E. JACKSON,
United States Consul.

From Monthly consular and trade reports, Volume 1, Issues 1-3, By United States. Bureau of Manufactures, United States. Bureau of Foreign Commerce (1854-1903)., United States. Dept. of Commerce and Labor. Bureau of Statistics, p. 135:

TRADE OF ANTIGUA WITH THE UNITED STATES.

REPORT BY CONSUL JACKSON.

I have the honor to inform you that a most gratifying increase of trade exists between Antigua and the United States.

The exports from this point to the United States, from the 31st of December, 1878, to the 30th of June, 1879, amounted to the sum of \$170,533.41; for the same period of time for 1880, they amounted to the sum of \$364,181.59. The increase would have been greater if conveyance could have been found for the produce; some sugars remained in store awaiting transportation for nearly ninety days.

The muscovado sugars of Antigua are eagerly sought, because of their excellent properties for refining purposes. They rank the best of all the production of the Leeward or Windward Islands. The prices obtained in the American market are much better than in the English, and nearly the whole of the production would find an American market if the producers were wholly out of the clutches of the English merchant; as it is, they are rapidly freeing themselves.

The imports from the United States to this point are increasing in a marked degree also. This office spares no pains or expense to place American goods in this and neighboring markets, and it has the satisfaction of seeing them highly appreciated.

The subject of imports will be embodied in a dispatch of a later date, giving particulars.

CHESTER E. JACKSON,
Consul.

UNITED STATES CONSULATE,
Antigua, July 10, 1880.

AMERICAN AND BRITISH TRADE WITH ANTIGUA.

REPORT BY CONSUL JACKSON.

I have the honor to inform you that you will find inclosed a statement compiled from the customs of this port, showing the several quantities and relative increase of the principal imports to this island from the United States of America for a period of time extending from the 1st of January, 1876, to the 31st of December, 1879.

The greatest displacement in favor of the United States and against England can be found in the articles of hams, bacon, and tongues. The imports from England for the year 1876 of these articles amounted to 11,564 pounds, while from the United States for the same period of time the imports amounted to 5,540 pounds. The imports of the same articles from England for the year 1879 had decreased to 8,674 pounds, while from the United States they had increased to 54,268 pounds.

Also find inclosed a leading editorial from one of the most prominent newspapers published here, relating to individual efforts put forth by the subscriber; also, stating the present situation of the trade between Antigua and the United States.

In introducing novelties of agricultural machinery and other wares, it is necessary to have honest workmanship, square dealing, great patience, and a part surrender to time-honored customs and prejudices.

CHESTER E. JACKSON,
Consul.

UNITED STATES CONSULATE,
Antigua, September 9, 1880.

Statement of the principal imports at Antigua from the United States, showing quantities and relative increase thereof, from January 1, 1876, to December 31, 1879.

Articles.	1876.	1877.	1878.	1879.
Bread and biscuit.....pounds..	130,191	299,663	371,751	278,340
Beef.....do.....	6,000	13,000	19,050	30,611
Butter.....do.....	5,127	12,203	6,535	17,908
Corn.....bushels..	14,128	30,926	22,510	33,426
Cheese.....pounds..	13,414	16,781	19,216	28,776
Flour.....barrels..	9,115	11,355	10,728	13,800
Hams, bacon, tongues.....pounds..	5,540	8,510	25,528	54,268
Lard.....do.....	15,935	21,110	28,010	39,082
Oil, kerosene.....gallons..	9,816	10,575	16,200	19,156
Pork.....pounds..	245,125	281,900	329,500	398,830
Soap.....do.....	4,500	10,000	3,312	13,080
Pitch-pine.....feet..	71,619	183,347	188,790	492,989
White-pine, spruce.....do.....	500	18,878	495,257
Shingles.....number..	251,682	996,593	2,219,623	1,204,900
Staves.....do.....	113,958	171,899	206,264	451,739

COMMERCE OF ANTIGUA WITH THE UNITED STATES.

[From the Antigua Observer of August 23, 1880.]

The commercial relations between these islands and the United States show a yearly increasing expansion, which to those accustomed to watch the signs of the times indicate that by and by not only will, as at present, the bulk of our imports come direct from those States, but that almost all of our produce will find its way thither. Nothing, indeed, stands now in the way of this latter consummation but the fact that several

of our sugar properties are indebted to parties in England, and in consequence compelled to send their crops to the United Kingdom; but it is to be hoped that most of these are in a more or less rapid course of liquidation, and in the case of the few, if any, that may be hopelessly involved, it is evident that sooner or later they must change ownerships and become the property of men who will be free to avail themselves of the best markets. In the nature of things such markets will always be found in the United States and in the British Provinces. Besides being in close proximity to these colonies, their vessels supply us week by week with the principal necessities of life, with the food we eat, with the material with which we build our houses, and with the staves that we convert into sugar casks, and to complete the course of trading they require to take home in return freights as much of our various staples as we can give them. Probably, also, the American people are at the present moment the largest consumers of sugar in the world. At the commencement of the present century the United States used every year barely 5 pounds of brown sugar per head, while in the years from 1870 to 1878 we find that they consumed annually 34 pounds per head; and as the population of the States is yearly increasing in numbers, as well as in wealth, the capacity for consumption of an article which is at once a necessity and a luxury must necessarily advance in a similar ratio. It is, indeed, not without the region of probable events that, indisposed as the British people and Government evidently are to give fair play to our colonial industry, the West Indies will shortly be in a position to leave them almost entirely to the tender mercies of the beet-root manufacturers. Nothing but the lack of independent capital in the colonies stands in the way of the accomplishment of this idea; but, as we have shown in a former article, the number of estates owned absolutely by persons of means in our own island is yearly increasing.

It is interesting in this connection to note the progress which our trade with the United States has made within the last few years, and we have been kindly supplied with the following particulars. In 1874 the value of the exports to the United States barely amounted to \$25,000, while this year it has already reached the very respectable figure of \$455,398, and will, before the present week closes, amount to over half a million of dollars. It is but right to mention that 1874 was a year of very bad crops here, and it would have been more satisfactory had we at hand the value of the sugar similarly exported each year in succession; still the contrast is very remarkable, and serves to show that the trade with America is being largely developed, both imports—which have more than doubled since 1874—and exports demonstrating the pleasing fact. In regard to our imports, it is pleasing to learn that the energetic American consul at this port, Mr. Chester E. Jackson, is interesting himself to introduce among us a variety of useful articles of American manufacture, among which are agricultural implements, for which the Americans have become so famous. Confessedly we are long behind the age in the use of labor-saving machinery, a fact to be wondered at, considering the great difficulties attending our labor supply; still we go on in almost precisely the same groove from year to year, depending entirely upon capricious hand-labor for many of those agricultural operations which elsewhere are so greatly facilitated by the use of machinery. If, then, in the course of the growing trade between this island and the neighboring continent, we should learn to take advantage of the inventive mechanical enterprise of our American consins, and be thus able more profitably to extend our cultivation of those products for which they are such eager customers, we shall more than ever have reason to value and encourage the commercial dealings which have led to it.

Second Addendum by Stephen Haynes, March 2012

Additional documents have surfaced during review of materials handed down from Chester to his daughters (Myra, Wilma and Beulah), and then to Emily (Bates) Haynes, and thence to me, Stephen Haynes. Here, first, is a communication from Chester to the Assistant Secretary of State John Hay, dated December 4, 1880, requesting that the State Department “place this Consulate on a better footing than that which at present surrounds it”:

* - The handwritten note (perhaps in Chester Jackson's hand) in the upper left corner of the original, “This letter never printed as a Document,” is based on a letter dated 3/26/1906 from Charles J. Sumner, Superintendent of the House of Representatives Document Room, to Representative J.W. Fordney: “This letter was sent to the Chairman of the Senate

Copy
This letter never printed as a document.

No. 38

United States Consulate at Antigua

December 4th, 1880

Hon. John Hay

Assistant Secretary of State,

Washington D. C.

Sir:

I have the honor to inform you that I again make application to the Department of State to use its influence with Congress to place this Consulate on a better footing than that which at present surrounds it.

The rapid increase of trade with the assurance that the growth will attain greater proportions would seem to justify the act.

The shipment of sugar to the United States alone, from this port for the ensuing year, will reach the respectable figure of 14,000,000 pounds, with a declared export value of \$700,000, which is an increase of fully one hundred per cent over the preceding year.

The exports from the United States to this port for the same period of time will exceed the sum of \$400,000, which is also a considerable increase over the preceding year.

The total exports from this port for the ensuing year

Committee on Appropriations on January 5th, 1881, and, I am informed by the State Department was never printed as a document or otherwise."

will amount to \$1,500,000 while the imports will amount to at least \$1,000,000.

The total exports of the British Leeward Islands of which Antigua is the capital - and residence of the Governor-in-General - comprising the islands of Antigua, Dominica, St. Christopher, Montserrat, Nevis, Anquilla and Tortola - or the Virgin Islands - amount annually to the sum of \$3,200,000 while their imports in the same period of time amount to the sum of \$2,365,000. This trade is rapidly turning to the United States.

In addition to the statement contained in despatches Nos. 21 and 22 I would state that there are twelve arrivals and departures of steamers at this port each month and that a second line is about to be established between New York and these islands.

The fees of this office are barely in excess of last year although such a noticeable increase in trade - owing to the carrying trade being monopolized by British vessels.

The strong but ineffectual effort made by the Department of State with Congress to establish a salaried Consulate at this port was most kindly appreciated by the incumbent, and strengthened his hands to promote trade between the two countries.

Trusting renewed efforts will be made with Congress

with the prospect of better success I have the honor
to remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Chester E. Jackson

U S Consul

Note the statement that implies the Antigua Consul's office had to support itself from fees derived from U.S. shipping into the port.

And, although not an official report, Chester's activities were picked up by *American Export Journal*, in an undated article:

OUR TRADE AT ANTIGUA.

WE have heretofore referred to the activity of our consul at Antigua in his efforts for the enlargement of our trade relations with that island. This activity has received another illustration, and one which reflects as much credit upon the colonial council as it does upon the consul, and shows how anxious the British West Indies are for the closest business relations with the United States. We have always held that, especially among the common-sense and homogeneous English speaking peoples, geography and convenience has more to do with controlling and directing commerce than the ties of colonial dependence. A glance at the map will show that the entire West India group of islands are placed in the very arms of the United States, and the time is not far distant when, commercially speaking, they will be as much American as our own States—when everything they raise will find a market in the United States, and everything they consume will be of American origin.

To bring about this natural and happy combination should appeal to the highest feeling of every American, as we have no doubt it does to the highest feelings of the sensible and thinking populations of the West Indies.

Referring to Consul Jackson, who has occasioned this enlargement, we find that he has opened an exhibition hall for American goods in connection with his consulate, and that the Colonial Council of Antigua, as a pledge of their good feeling and anxiety, for closer commercial relations with the United States, have passed an act admitting all goods intended for exhibition into the colony free of duty.

In reporting thereupon, Consul Jackson says :

~~I~~ had ~~some few years'~~ experience in the tastes and wants of this community, I do not hesitate to say that there are many articles now manufactured in the United States, and many that can be manufactured, which may, with time and attention, be firmly established in this and neighboring markets, if we only put the goods before the people and keep them before the people. I trust this can be done through exhibition of samples and further advertisement of the same in some leading newspaper of this island, where articles of exhibition will be advertised in a column under the express care and supervision of this consulate. This paper, having a circulation in British ports from Jamaica to Demerara, will advertise largely.

The cost of such a column will be moderate, and will be cheerfully maintained by me in the event of manufacturers and others not consenting to divide the expenses of such advertisement.

A start will not be taken in this direction until a sufficient quantity of samples are on exhibition to warrant such an undertaking.

Having taken out the license under the provision of the act before mentioned, the exhibition-room is now open, and I undertake the full care of all samples forwarded for exhibition, subject to the following rules, viz.:

1. Goods will not be received as samples for exhibition before permission is granted to the shipper for space in the hall, and full directions for shipping given.

2. All freights and foreign charges on samples intended for exhibition must be pre-paid, or such goods will not be received.

3. This office will not be held responsible to owners or authorized agents of owners in any case of loss, damage, or seizure of goods as samples.

4. More than one article of a particular kind on board will not be received for exhibition.

5. A charge for portorage of samples—a small item in any case—will be paid from this consulate, and collection made from owners or their agents.

6. Samples of goods will be exhibited free of charge to owners for unpacking, displaying, distribution of catalogues and price-lists, rent, or any service of mine relating to the introduction of goods whatever.

7. The final disposition of samples will be subject to the order of the owner or authorized agent of owner of such goods.

8. All parties in correspondence with this office relating to exhibition of samples requiring a reply, must inclose the sum of eight cents in stamps to cover postage.

In conclusion, I beg to assure American parties interested in introducing their wares in this market that I will do all in my power to protect such goods if placed on exhibition, and to bring them to the immediate notice of all parties liable to import the same.

In commenting upon the labors of Consul Jackson, and the action of the legislative council, the *Antigua Observer* gives the following very interesting review of the growth of the trade between the colony and the United States :

A little more than two years ago, when writing in this journal on the remarkable expansion of our trade with the United States, we ventured to predict that circumstances then in operation would shortly effect a still further development of that trade, and that while the great bulk of our imports would continue to come from the States, more and more of our produce would find its way thither. The close of the present year and an examination of statistics in connection with our imports and exports show that we have been proceeding, not gradually, but by "leaps and bounds" in the direction of strengthening our commercial relations with the great republic, a fact which we are glad to find the United States Government has not been slow to recognize by advancing the consular position of this port to the same rank as that of the important colonies of Barbadoes and Martinique. The revolution in the direction of the commerce of the island has indeed progressed with rapid strides since the commencement of the decade ending with the last year. At that period most of the owners of our sugar plantations were heavily indebted to British capitalists, to whom they were in consequence compelled to consign their produce, whatever inducements other markets might offer. In 1872 the value of our shipments to the United States barely amounted in round numbers to \$11,095, while at the expiration of the last year's season we had sent to our American cousins sugar and molasses, the shipping value of which was officially declared to be \$743,717! In the three first years of the last ten we could only sell to the United States the aggregate value of \$40,703; in the last three years of the same period we were able to let them have from us \$1,977,817! The difference of these figures means that Antigua has by so much become emancipated from the domination of the mortgagee and taken a fresh start on the road to prosperity. Our business transactions with America have indeed been eminently satisfactory, since having received on the spot much higher prices for our produce than it could have netted in the beet-ridden markets of the United Kingdom, we have with the change of customers been able to bid defiance to what must otherwise have proved a ruinous competition with bounty-fed sugar. At present nearly two-thirds of our principal staple product goes to the States, and as the demand for sugar there is largely increasing with the ever-flowing stream of emigration from other countries, in the nature of things the West Indies will always find eager customers in the people of the neighboring continent. Trade, at least between civilized countries, cannot prosperously be maintained without some considerable degree of reciprocity; and in return for the liberal custom accorded us by the United States during the last few years, we have purchased from them in increasing quantities such goods as they have had to sell us. Almost all of our imported food stuffs now come from the States, the single exception perhaps being fish, which mainly comes from the British provinces; and we are large consumers of building materials, the greater part of which is brought to us from the neighboring republic. This import trade has nearly doubled within the last decade, in proof of which we will give just a few of the more important articles imported in 1872 and 1881 respectively. In 1872, of bread and biscuits we took from the States 218,082 lbs.; in 1881 of the like articles we received from them 379,436 lbs.; in the former year they sent us 110,000 lbs. of pork, against 720,800 lbs. in 1881; 4,629 lbs. of butter came in 1872; in 1881 we took no less than 33,836; of flour in 1872 we got 11,238 bbls., against 17,557 bbls. in 1881. Pitch pine and other "lumber" which came in the former year, amounted to 403,900 ft., against 609,754 ft. in 1871; and so we might be enumerating a long list of articles, the import of every one of which from the States has largely increased since they became regular purchasers of our produce. Articles produced in the States have not yet found a brisk market with us because they are practically unknown here. Cotton manufactures and agricultural implements, although having no doubt considerable merit, being among the number.

Testimonials to Chester Jackson's Efficacy as U.S. Consul

A collection of typed extracts from various news accounts discussing Chester Jackson's activities as U.S. Consul to Antigua:

The knaveries of a small class of Yankee speculators have lately caused much undeserved contempt to be cast upon the whole body of American manufacturees, and in most British communities at present the mention of American goods is usually the signal for a joke about "wooden hams", and "Colorado beetle crushers.". Mr.CHESTER JACKSON, the American Consul at this port, has demonstrated to the entire satisfaction of this community that America notwithstanding the discreditable practices of some of her sons can compete with any nation in the world in manufactures of all descriptions, as regards quality as well as cheapness. Mr.JACKSON has lately imported from the States a large and valuable stock of agricultural implements,carpenters' tools, cabinet work,clothing, &c,&c. which he has experienced no difficulty in recommending to buyers, by whom their adaptability to the wants of the community has been readily acknowledged. We congratulate Mr.JACKSON on the success of his enterprise,and we think that he merits the thanks of his compatriots across the water, as well as the gratitude of Antiguanas ,for starting a business which, when properly developed, must prove highly beneficial to both countries. We have no doubt that in a much shorter space of time than most of us suspect, all our supplies of dry goods,groceries, and provisions, will be drawn from the American continent, with which we are geographically(and to some extent,in sentiment) allied.

In the opening up of direct Steam communication between the States and the West Indies little more than a twelve month ago was a long step in that direction. Already,there is twice the commerce carried on between the republic and the colonies that there was a twelve month ago; to say nothing of the ~~much~~ large increase in the number of

persons who avail themselves of the Steamers to visit the new world, and who help to make both countries understand and appreciate each other better than they have hitherto done. There are many things besides Rinx Pines which we could sell to advantage in the American market. Take grapes, for instance, which are grown here to perfection, and which, when carried to America even from the Mediterranean, which is nearly twice as distant from New York as Antigua is, put an enormous profit into the pockets of the shippers. We must, however, postpone the further consideration of the subject for another occasion when we have more time to discuss it than we can spare space at present: wishing Mr. JACKSON increasing success in his enterprise, and all the public appreciation that he so richly merits. -The New Era (St. Johns, Antigua, British West Indies) August 7th, 1880.

In regard to our Imports it is pleasing to learn that the energetic American Consul at this port, Mr. CHESTER E. JACKSON, is interesting himself to introduce among us a variety of useful articles of American manufacturers, among which are agricultural implements, for which the Americans have become so famous. Confessedly we are long behind the age in the use of labor-saving machinery, a fact to be wondered at considering the great difficulties attending our labour supply: still we go on in almost precisely the same groove from year to year, depending entirely upon entirely upon capricious hand-labour for many of those agricultural operations which elsewhere are so greatly facilitated by the use of machinery. If, then, in the course of the growing trade between this island and the neighbouring continent, we should learn to take advantage of the inventive mechanical enterprise of our American cousins, and be thus able more profitably to extend our cultivation of those products for which they are such eager customers, we shall more than ever have reason to value and encourage the commercial dealings which have led to it. --THE ANTIGUA OBSERVER, August 23rd, 1880
(British West Indies) St. Johns, Antigua.

The Legislative Council considered and passed an Act that will interest our American Friends. It is "An Act to authorize the Importation Free of duty of articles intended for Exhibition" (as samples) the object is to bring before the Public notice articles that would never be known of otherwise, or if so, only be a meagre advertisement, and therefore could not demand that appreciation of the modern improvements so rapidly made in the States. The idea of such a Bill, originated with Chester Jackson, Esq., the U.S. Consul here, who has during the time that he has been accredited to this Government been energetically introducing American implements of Agriculture, &c. Mr. Jackson has afforded a double benefit by promoting the introduction of the Bill. We have reason to believe that at the Consulate here a Hall will be set apart for the Exhibition of American novelties of Agricultural, Commercial, Household and General utility. American Patentees will do well to avail themselves of this means of introducing their Inventions.--- TIMES NOV. 1, 1882., St. Johns, Antigua, British West Indies.

A novel method of pushing the interests he represents, is the subject of a report by Mr. U.S. CONSUL JACKSON at Antigua. Attached to the consulate is a sample room of American productions, and Mr. Jackson has made arrangements with the ANTIGUA STANDARD to advertise quarterly a revised catalogue of samples that may be seen. The cost of the advertisement is paid by those who are named in it and will be "a very light tax on each." The separate catalogues of American manufacturers are also kept at the consulate.---THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE JOURNAL, LONDON ENGLAND, October 5, 1885.

UNITED STATES CONSUL.

THE DEMOCRATIC party are still busy with their work of appointing the new Consuls. They have however in many instances retained those who were put in by the late Government. As it takes some years of continuous residence for a Consul to understand the people of a country he is accredited to, and for the people to come in touch with him, and he with them, it is a pity when the connection is broken. It is the duty of an officer in that position to ingratiate himself with all classes in a community like this, and to do that it requires sometime. Consul Jackson has now been here nearly eight years. He came here at a time when the Exports from these Islands to the States were infinitesimal and the United States Government did not consider this Consulship of such importance as to attach to it a salary. For the last four years this has been altered, the Consul being paid, and the Consulate raised to that for the Leeward Islands Colony, excepting St. Kitts. Consul JACKSON has, during his tenure of office, showed himself very active in promoting the introduction of Commercial, Agricultural and Household Implements and Wares. At his instance there was an Act passed in 188¹⁸⁸³ to allow the importation, free of duty, of samples of American Manufactured Goods, to be kept on Exhibition at the Consulate. This has been of as much advantage to American Manufacturers as to us, in introducing modern implements, and goods of light, strong and ingenious patents. Mr. Jackson's interest in the Colony jointly with his duty to the Government of which he is an Officer, his years of experience and thorough knowledge of the country's trade, ^{its community} and many points which at this moment would tend to facilitate our commercial relations with America, of which being acquainted, he could better advise his Government on, than a new man, will doubtless be taken into consideration by Secretary FAYARD and his services retained. Mr. JACKSON leaves by the BARRACOUTA for

"1"

New York and may be superseded after his leave of absence expires. It is hoped the pleasant relations commercially and socially between Mr. JACKSON and this community will not be severed just yet except to his immediate benefit. _THE ANTIGUA STANDARD, (ST. JOHN, MAY 15TH, 1886) BRITISH WEST INDIES.

**An Account of Myra Jackson's First Years,
By Chester Jackson**

Island of Antigua, City of St. Johns
British West Indies, March 22, 1885.

Miss Myra Keys Jackson, the subject of these remarks in principal, was born November 16, 1882 in the house immediately to the east of the residence of Dr. Edwards Sr., Redcliffs St., St. Johns, Antigua, the place of this writing, and in connection with the office of the U.S. Consulate.

My object of this writing is to make record of some of the more prominent happenings to the youthful life of Miss Myra, believing that they will prove of considerable interest to her in maturer life reasoning that if I possessed such a record of my youthful days I would consider it invaluable.

To begin, Miss M. is a very active child and this activity dates a long time before her birth. Fears were almost entertained that she would burst the bonds environing her at a considerable time before her birth and a premonition at that time has proved true, viz., that she would be a clipper as far as muscle was concerned. She came into the world howling. Whether caused by an instrumental delivery or whether a natural sort of liking for it is not known; but judging from later experiences with her we have to think that it was quite natural. The howling was not of the ordinary kind, it resounded from cellar to garrett and as I was the customary anxious father pacing up and down the gallery below I was a bit relieved. She howls to this day, not crying at all, but a great howl sometimes heard for over a block away.

Dr. Edwards, Sr. and Mrs. Martin, professional nurse, were the only witnesses present, excepting the mother of course, at the birth of Miss Myra.

She wasn't the handsomest child ever born I must say, bald headed excepting a little fuzz down the back of her neck, swollen around the eyes, a broad nose & rather a large mouth. We thought her resembling her grand-mother Keys a good deal &, if I remember correctly, I wrote at the time to that effect. The Mother had been exercised sometime before her birth over her probable deformity, and the first question asked was — and that right away — “Doctor is she deformed?” By the way a curious mysticism seems to hang about wife's family someway, for Mrs. Harwood exclaimed at the first birth, “Has it got a Keys thumb?” She was a restless child from the beginning, nursed with avidity and a good deal, and would not take the customary play spell after a season of nursing as most babies do. She was a baby that seemed to consider such nonsense as superfluous & unnecessary and at 8 & 9 months was unusually attracted to picture papers. After nursing she would always whirl & squirm around, wanted to get on the floor to find something to do.

Her first regular nurse, Georgie Scotland by name, nicknamed “Gee”, was something of a genius at amusing children & babies and very early started to play with M— by coming in in the morning time and playing “peep”.

On account of Miss M— resembling a boy in looks & manner and myself, as everybody said, Gee gave her the nickname of “Chessie” from my name “Chester”, and to this date the name still sticks to her in despite of effort of the Mother to suppress it. She calls herself “Tessie” although answering to the name of Myra when spoken to. “Tessie Dackson”

Her first teeth came at 5 months & 2 weeks & she crept at 5 months & 3 weeks.

There was something of a joke connected with her first naming. The law in Antigua compelled births to be registered at or before one month and as we couldn't agree on any name at home I gave in her name for record as “Edith” but as she would prove anything but an Edith by nature at least, the name was not the favorite.

She left Antigua with her Mother for her Mother's home at Holley [NY] May 31, 1883, & got there the morning of the 11th June following. It proved a hard passage for the mother as she is, & was, a very nervous traveller and, I expect she was very weary looking, at least upon her arrival.

Grampa, Gramma, & Uncle Willie were very glad to have M. come & got a great deal of amusement out of her. Her Aunt Alma came home from Cleveland about the first of July & found a fund of amusement too.

I did not follow them until the 1st of October. I found a great change in the child, as she had developed a good deal, of course. At 9½ months she walked off strait. Her Grand Uncle, "Hardin" was a great baby's man & had a way of enveloping the child in his big coat under his arm and trotting her. As he lived only over the way and not so much to do, he came at least every day & oftener to see "Monda" a name gathered from an old notorious termagant of Holley fame called "Amonda Card". Now Aunt Alma was the cause of this as she likened the child to her, only in a joking way, on account of her liveliness, obstreperousness, push and indomitable energy. Uncle Hardin put the name of "Monda" on & she kept it while she staid in Holley. Really I was quite in love with the name & would have been willing to have called her by it. She got her name at last: Her Aunt Myra came down on a visit from St. Johns, Mich. attended by her husband, Mr. John Pierce. Now, as they were not possessed of a child, they were interested in the child & thought she ought to have a name at once. So, at an opportune moment, Mr. John said if Mrs. J. would let him name the child he would give her a \$50 sheep. My wife (I was at the time at my home in Racine) at once consented, so Mr. John named her "Myra". Wife put in the name of Keys, so it stood "Myra Keys Jackson".

She was then about 1 year of age. All children have tricks more or less and one that M— had in those days was to "walk like Granpa". Now, her granpa was a man of 76 or more years of age & a good deal bent & crooked in form, although his intellect was as firm as ever, and he had a stomping walk which the child would imitate, when requested, bringing the house down.

She had a great love for childrens' company and as sure as any children came visiting would hug them and squeal, & try so hard to get up some kind of a play that the visitor would get scared out of its wits nearly, thus shutting off a good legitimate play for a long time, if, not entirely.

I was present at a Christmas tree given at Uncle Hardin's over the way in the old Beebe house. Any amount of relations & some friends were present. Before the ceremony began and on the arrival of a batch of distant country cousins she attacked a party of about 3 years of age with her accustomed energy when the usual screams occurred, much to the amusement of the party. At this party M— made a record by an impromptu dance which she has improved upon until, at this time of writing, she has quite a step of "tip toe fine" sandwiched by a really true-born can-can, according to presence of the song I have to give her, "The Baker Man".

I have to believe that her taste for dancing is inherited from her Grandma Jackson, who is reported as being a great lover of the dance in her girlhood. These things do crop out sometimes. Upon our return, the dance was much indulged in, stimulated by Gee & the other servants who taught her to "chip", a kind of scrape dance, where one stands about motionless & scrapes the feet backward – a bongo hitch.

She was weaned at about a year old. Her inherited love for green apples gave her a great appetite for the fruit and the greenest of them was relished. Her digestion is & has been of the best kind. She is particularly fond of fish like her Grandpa Jackson and now eats a good bit of strong salt mackerel for breakfast with a good relish.

We returned from the North January 30, 1884. Mrs. J. was ill most of the way down from New York and I had about the sole care of the child. It wasn't the easiest work in the world as she was very hard to be amused at that time.

I believe I said at that time, that I wouldn't make another trip of the kind down from N.Y., but how soon we forget the disagreeable things of travel.

Gee, her first nurse, was a character, sharp, shrewd, cunning. A genius in interesting children, making play out of the most insignificant thing. She regarded herself above most nurses, never stooping to wear a bandana on her head. She always wore a hat on the street. She had a great affection for “Miss Chessie”, and could get more out of her than either of her parents.

It was quite a sight to see her start out with the child in her baby carriage. The child did not really like the stiffness of the thing and on more than one occasion stripped off her hat and flung it into the street. Gee, at last, got so kind of overbearing & designing that we had to give her notice to leave, in July 1884.

She laid a trap, by assuring us of her intention to leave before the second baby came so that we would keep her with either increased wages, or a second nurse to assist her. She never was more surprised than when wife told her that she might go. [No one ever played games with Grandma! RB] She was sure that her services were invaluable & thought herself secure. I remember the night when she left, she banged the door.

Many & many a good sound spanking Miss M— got and even to this day they are given when she carries a high hand. I have never spanked her but once or twice. Mrs. J. dispenses those luxuries, and, like her seasoning in most dishes, never sparingly. I am afraid the matter has been overdone at times; this is often the case with the first born. Her peevishness, I know, is often caused by a want of child company. We are sure No. 2 will come on much pleasanter, but if Miss M— were often spanked, she was quite able to bear it.

(Chester E. Jackson, father)

Old Ballad - of O.E. Jackson
sung in a minor key, whiney tone.

'Twas on a summer evening, the weather being fair,
The mother and the daughter went out to take the air
As they were a'walking, she began to vow
(Oh) "I must and shall get mar-ri-ed, the fit comes
on me now."

"Oh hold your tongue my daughter, oh, hold your
idle tongue,
You talk of getting mar-ri-ed. You know you are too
young."
"Oh, I am sixteen, mother, and that you will allow
I must and shall get mar-ri-ed, the fit comes
on me now!"

"Supposing you should try and you couldn't get
a man"
"Oh, that's no matter, mother, for there's
the miller man,
He kis-sed me the other day for milking of his
cow,
Oh, I must and shall get mar-ri-ed, the fit
comes on me now!"

"Old winter's coming on, it's getting colder weather
'Tis hard for one to lie alone when two can lie
together
To lie alone, I won't, I vow
Oh, I must and shall get mar-ri-ed, the fit comes
on me now!"

William T. Hornaday to Chester E. Jackson

N.Y. Zoological Park
November 25, 1899

Dear old Pard:

At last, after months and months of work and rush, I can sit down for a quiet chat with you, feeling that the Zoological park* is OPEN, and I am entitled to fifteen minutes “recess!” It has been months since I have indulged in the luxury of sitting down and leisurely writing a visiting letter to a friend or relative. For months past it has been only “business”, “hurry,” “rush”, “get-it-done-on-time,” – and I have had my fill of it for all. Mind you, I am not grumbling, nor complaining – far from it; but like a Thanksgiving dinner, even the nicest of work can fill a fellow so full he has enough!

Josephine’s report of her visit to you’uns filled my soul with longing to see you all once more. And it awakens many reflections. Yours is, in many respects, a perfect life. It costs the rich people of New York fortunes to secure during 8 months of the year the wholesome atmosphere, the quiet and luxuries of Nature, which you and yours have all the year round for almost nothing! You all work hard for what you get – but so does everyone, save the very wealthy, and they work hard in trying to amuse themselves – well, to be very good to themselves. And all even the very wealthy get out of life is their board and clothes, and the privilege of helping others. The last item is what makes wealth really desirable! If I could have \$10,000 to give away tomorrow, I think I would be quite happy for the remainder of the week.

Don’t you depreciate your “waning” ability to entertain. That is all hi-Betty-Martin! A man of your breadth and intelligence and wit and wisdom never can be dull in appreciative company. It takes steel to strike fire from even the best flint in the world. When a bright man is silent or dull, ten to one the reason is because he lacks a good listener. In the days when we were boys, and slammed our bullets and buckshot into the unterrified varmints of the tropics, you were one of the brightest and most versatile of conversationalists. Tell me that you have lost your hair, or your epidermis, and I will believe it, but don’t tell me that you have lost any of your ability as a host or entertainer. Josephine tells a different story.

I am sorry that we Americans lead such blamed fast lives we so seldom can find time to visit or write. It is all wrong! But we are young enough to reform. Now do you and Mrs. Jackson return Josephine’s visit during the coming winter and see Greater New York incidentally.

We now have enough Michigan stuff in the cellar to keep you fed up decently for quite a spell, and make you feel quite at home, literally. This reminds me to thank you a whole lot for the splendid lot of hickory nuts, walnuts and butternuts on which we are now feasting. Fortunately for me, two of the members of the family don’t care for butternuts, and I have therefore taken all their butternut stock off their hands at par. The cider is FINE! It is so rich, and so very unlike the watery stuff we have been drinking for the last 10 years (until we quit it in disgust) that we hardly know how to take it! The change is so sudden and so great I am still taking a little

* - The New York Zoological Park (now the Bronx Zoo).

water with your cider in order that my system can get used to it. This is a fact! You can't buy for money, in any city that I know, such cider as this of yours.

With Michigan cider, apples and nuts in the cellar, the burden of taking care of the furnace has grown so much lighter I do not mind it at all. In fact, Josephine claims that I now fire up altogether too much, and carry out the ashes entirely too often! Helen has quite fallen into the habit of going down to keep me company, which is all right; but she has simply got to get a hammer of her own.

We have a great run of young people at our house – and old bachelors and bachelor girls, too – who are cooped up down town in “apartments”, alone and practically friendless. Josephine is a Lady Boutiful to about two dozen such kids and kidesses, and the inroads they will make on your stuff will be something frightful. The havoc begins this afternoon.

- . -

As I said before, It is Open! We opened it on the 8th with appropriate ceremonies, which were presided over by an ex-President of the United States.* So far only words of praise have been heard, but there has been some kicking and growling because we reserve the right to take photographs of our own animals and sell them.

The thing is a success, and 1/3 complete. For the remaining 2/3, the rocks are flying 200 feet into the air six days each week. I will send you a copy of our new Guide Book, which will tell you all about it.

Again and again I thank you and yours for the barrel of nuts gathered and sent for our crowd, and assure you that in our orisons all of you will be remembered. For today, I must close, but only with love and good wishes to you all, and from all of us.

Yours very sincerely,

W.T. Hornaday

* - Probably Theodore Roosevelt.

Three Months in Bermuda

C.E. Jackson

Saturday, 1-24-20.

My Dear Wilma:

Your request for a few items as a memento of G'pa's trip to the Bermuda Islands, year 1919 to 1920 is a starter for this statistical volume at hand.

Inasmuch as the month of January has nearly expired, I will take the liberty of filling the space to some extent in an attempt to describe the famous "Crystal Cave" which I visited yesterday.*

To begin, this cave is a later discovery. Two colored gamins some 13 years ago – maybe more – persisted in offering stalactites for sale. At last, being followed, they were traced to a small hole in the top of a hill, some 90 feet above sea level. The cave was no longer a secret.

Now, one enters by a passage cut into the side and downward in a zig-zag way with groups of steps and landings until the first gallery or cleft is reached. Of course, a guide precedes, and like all guides is somewhat garulous, but doesn't sing his song as most of them do.

The hole, or passage, is cut plenty large and is well lighted by electricity, there being 300 bulbs in full operation in the whole area.

People don't joke when entering a cave. It is mysterious jokerish business, and shows plainly in the solemn awed faces. And one feels like taking off one's hat like entering a cathedral, only more so.

The guide clangs the small iron gate to and locks it and we leave the upper world behind. Two youngish American chaps and self compose the contingent and no cameras allowed; so says the guide. They were dropped.

The tunnel is through yellow caroline rock; in fact, there is not much else in Bermuda in the rock line. Zig-zagging down, we reach a cleft. Apparently there has been leaking from above and the water has frozen as it came down the smooth, sloping sides that we can touch with our hands from the pathway. Yes, and there are a few little icicles hanging pendant and they have been trying to thaw out, for they glisten with a little water, and there is a tiny drop on each tip. A few steps downward the cleft expands and many lights ahead show. The icicles are larger there, and there are hundreds of them. While the walls and ceiling are all ice – a mysterious yellowish or creamish ice which is not cold or even chilly to the touch.

There are little grottos on the sides, fenced in with icicles with apertures that a child could possibly squeeze into and crawl way back, surrounded by tiny columns of ice – a home for a fairy. An electric bulb is in the "kitchen" while the doors and windows are open and we can see clear through to the "garage". Everything is in light cream. Some places the light turns pinkish, though, but it is all the prettier for it. There are little sofas and places where the fairies can rest and have their pictures "taken", but never a fairy can we see.

* - Bermuda's Crystal Cave — http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Crystal_Cave,_Bermuda.

And now, the place widens much larger while icicles on the floor are trying to meet the ones above. Then there are more grottos. We can touch the roof with our hands and seize icicles four or five feet in length.

Looking down many feet below, we see water shining. As we descend the roof descends with us, and suddenly the old “swimming hole” of Father Neptune is at our feet. This hole is about 240 feet long and, say, 40 feet wide, excepting one place which wanders off to the side about 80 feet. The roof is low and broad, of course, with countless icicles or stalactites, as they are called, as far as one can see. Some of them are large as a man’s body and several feet in length. Electric lights twinkle seemingly afar off. They lighten up the “ole swimmin hole” to its uttermost depths which are forty feet. And the irregular rocks at the bottom seem near enough to be prodded with a cane.

Man has taken an unseemly liberty with Neptune’s dominions by building a pontoon bridge along the whole length clear up to his throne or diving off place. There are some forty pontoons placed evenly apart supporting a well-made bridge with stout railings. No accounting is made for the side gallery, only that the dominions are more emphasized by the extension, making a place partly by itself where mermaids might do a bit of flirting away from the eye of Neptune when on his throne. The ridge is side tracked near to the end of this gallery and the place is all open to business now. There are great alabaster columns with bumps on them where a mermaid might snuggle down and snooze a bit; or shelves with columns where she might slyly draw herself and hide when Neptune calls the roll. There are slipping places where she could disport like a sea lion in the park and slide off, kersludge.

This is no made-up picture, for here is where “Neptune’s Daughter” was born, figuratively. Helen Annette Kellerman and her troupe some ten years ago came to Bermuda for the winter and practiced for the movie machine in this most wonderful cave.

The diving off place – a large shelving rock – is where the play was staged. Forty feet of limpid water lie at the foot of this rock. There are ledges and dark-mouthed crevices in this rock, but it is perpendicular. The tide crawls up to the foot of it and lowers away twice in the twenty-four hours, for it is in direct communication with the sea some sixty rods away.

No sign is given of its approach or its disappearance, only that it ebbs and flows some three feet. No current is shown; no sound is made. Only one sound is audible in this great tomb – the sound of dropping water, which has no relation whatever to the tide. Occasionally a drop of water loosens from one of the million stalactites, but they do not patter on the surface.

It is estimated that the stalactite grows in length at the rate of one inch in one hundred years. Where the water falls on a foundation, there the stalagmite is made, and often they are connected with the stalactite above, making a column of large size three or four feet in diameter. Quickly, the scene is changed to a mass of stalactites no larger than a small pencil.

Some stalagmites are seen on the bottom of the pool, showing that the place has settled deeper and away from the influence of the stalactites above.

The water which makes all these phenomena seeps through the rocks above and is charged with a small allowance of carbonate of lime which forms on, similar to the process of making icicles, only that the water slips off and a little of the lime adheres to the surface.

We have been in this indescribable wonderland some 20 minutes and the guide is edging away a bit, so with great regret our way is retraced. The air outside is not much warmer than that inside where the temperature ranges from 63°F in winter to some 68° in the summer.

Our guide collects seventy-five cents English money apiece; unlocks the gate; gives us the privilege of snapping the entrance — only a crust to a hungry dog, and it's good bye.

I forgot to mention in its proper place that one grotto represents a cemetery on a minute scale. This grotto is some ten feet broad and extends way back — how far, none can tell. The roof is low and rests on small columns at the back. Hundreds of tiny stalagmites a few inches in height represent an ideal burial ground for baby fairies. A like number of stalactites above point to their respective gravestones below as though saying, “touch not these stones; they are hallowed.”

I have written the foregoing in a sitting yesterday P.M., which explains its miserable presentation. If I had put it on a sheet and then copied it, I have to think my grandchildren would have made it out — eventually inasmuch as Gran'pa is rising seventy five years, he demands immunity from criticism.

The entrance to and surroundings of a cave are, to me, almost as interesting as the very cave itself. Can you associate the view here presented as neighboring a great cave? Is there a greater contrast in and on Mother Earth? Here is a simple vale lying sweet in the sun, while a few feet below, and under our feet lies a temple never penetrated by a ray of sunlight; hundreds of thousands of years in its building, and many more in prospect. A temple not made with hands; but by little drops of water. Being finished most marvelously, after some great convulsion of nature formed the temple at one great stroke.

This second picture shows the cave entrance. The two stalagmites here shown on their columns can be seen in the first view from the opposite direction, which gives you the position necessary to a probably understanding of the situation.

The following is a transcription of a diary kept by Chester Eliphalet Jackson during a journey from Ovid, Michigan to England in August and September of 1903. The purpose of the trip was to sell his stamp collection composed of stamps of the West Indies which he collected while U.S. Consul in Antigua. The proceeds of the sale were sufficient to build the house on the hill at the family farm which Jackson family members occupied constantly from 1907 to 1981. The transcription is as faithful as possible, retaining the original spelling and punctuation wherever appropriate. The handwriting was legible, but there are a few words followed by (?) which remain only an educated guess. Remarks in have been added in transcription

Jerome A. Smith
27 April, 1986
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Diary of C.E. Jackson

Commencing August 18, 1903

Covering a trip to Europe via Montreal

Took train at Ovid Mich. 9 a.m. August 18, 1903 being a Tuesday and the weather being fair. Have \$100.00 in my pocket only, but have my stamp collection which I am taking over to sell. Taking very little baggage including a steamer rug but expect to get a few things in Montreal. Paid \$15.40 for round trip ticket to Montreal. Mr. Dennis and self sat together and at Owosso Horace came on as far as Durand. Changed cars and then to Port Huron where we changed again and go to Hamilton about 6 p.m. Took supper there, changed for train to Toronto then changed again and arrived at Kingston at 3 a.m. [August 19] and changed again and landed in a waiting room and waited til about 5:30 a.m. when a nice steamer came in and took the excursionists up and at 6:00 a.m. started for Montreal.

The morning was a little misty but cleared up before we reached the Alexandria Bay district. Lots of passengers, all tourists nearly. As we proceeded down the American side began to show signs of life in the outing(?) line. The river was very wide, but narrowed as we went on. The shores were not as hilly as I expected to find them. Soon we entered what is called the American Venice. In place of gondolas we found yachts, immaculately white, and lots of them. Gorgeous villas, castles, and palaces of great size reaching down to the water's edge and sitting on little rockbound islands all their own. It was a regular fairyland for sprites and waterbabies and covered many miles. We left with great regret.

The river narrowed and the rapids began but not fierce until we got to the Sautts Rapids when it got quite exciting. Four men stood at the wheel and held the boat steady. The rapids were from 2 to 9 miles long and in some

places were dangerous on account of rocks. If ever the boat had got wild, our lives would have been in deadly danger. The Loachnie(?) Rapids near Montreal were fine but not long. We changed steamers at Prescott before noon, and the big crowd got on the much smaller steamer called the "Bohemians" made for shooting rapids, I suppose. In one instance we saw a big steamer plowing its way seemingly through the land and ever so much higher than we were. The St. Lawrence Canal runs on the north side of the river, and all boats have to go up past the rapids that way. The passengers on our boat were a fine class, seemingly, and from other countries -- Englishmen, Scotchmen, Americans, Canadians. They had good manners, not loud and garish. Hardly any young people, but married and a bit settled -- fathers and mothers out for an outing.

At sundown we got to Montreal, and I took lodgings at a comfortable french hotel just to see how they do it. Its name is Hotel Riendeau Place Jacques Cartier. The hotel clerk talked English some, but the waitress couldn't do much at it so I pointed out what I wanted. Could make just enough out of the french on the bill of fare to order what I wanted. She was so smart and peart. I pointed at roast beef, and she instantly said "roce biff". A young chap who could talk some English helped us out. The cooking was fine, nicely seasoned, and brought out in dainty lots and bits. Two soups for supper of which I took both -- pea and leek. As I did not sleep the night before, I was a bit tired and went to bed and slept awhile, but some actresses in the next room had loud company, and things were lively until 2 o'clock.

Thus two days are gone and today is **August 20, 1903**. Had a nice tasty breakfast and got out on the street about 8. The market here stands on the street with a curb between the two rows of wagons -- one horse — backed up and horses put up. Great show of vegetables. Lots of garlic and onions, wild flowers and apples, sweet corn and bundles of tobacco, tomatoes and turnips, and not one grower who could “Spick English”. At this writing 10:30 a.m., the street is full of wagons not half sold out. The stuff is raised about six miles out. Surprised to see it so early in this cold climate. Corn does not ripen here they say.

Went down and took a look at the SS Canada. She is 9000 tons in size and a nice one. Went out and bought some duds for the trip. Also called on our Counsel General who hails from North Dakota. He is green at the business as he has been here only since April. Went to Notre Dame Cathedral. It is simply immense - - jam full all around with frill work in wood, paintings of the scriptures, etc., etc. The devil which stood near the entrance when my father was prisoner here in winter of 1813 has been taken out, at least he is not there now. A few were at their devotions when I was there, and they were perfectly oblivious, of course, to our presence. At the door is posted a placard saying that hats must be removed and that one must step lightly. Have done but very little sightseeing on account of business. Once today I had the fever to go over the sea in the steamer that carries freight to Manchester City 12000 tons, and if I were younger I would surely go that way. I would work my passage and get 5 or \$10 besides, besides the experience. I went down to take a look at the sleeping quarters and literally backed out of the idea — a regular black hole where in case of bad weather, one, to get air, would be obliged to open a door into the cattle pen, and one can get the idea what that would mean — air as it would mean already worn out by the cattle. I don't have to go that way. Saw a young hearty buck of an Englishman, an

accountant, who was down on his luck and who was going to Manchester as a cattle feeder and waterer. Had been away for 3 years and was hungry to get back. I had a long talk with him. He was up probably helping to stow away the cattle and sheep all night.

Right across from the hotel are two chateaus, Chateau Cartier and Chateau Ramezay. Cartier is now being torn down and its insides are a sight. Arched vaults without windows, thick walls and casemented ceilings which were meant to be cannon ball proof 150 years ago. It looks odd enough to see these old buildings on one side of the street and an immense modern city hall on the other. The Ramezay has been purchased by the city and is turned into a museum of collections of portraits of prominent citizens connected with the history of this great historical country, also of books, maps, coins, etc., etc. I saw a map of Montreal of 1812+ thereabouts and therein saw a plan of the jail and barracks where my father spent the winter of 1813 a prisoner of war. A City Hall now stands in its place. I was much disappointed as I wished to see the old jail.

And now the evening of **Friday the 21st of August** is closing in. Hardly a wagon is left on the curb of Bonsecuer where in the morning stood hundreds loaded to the waters edge. This is my last evening on land as I have to go aboard and get my room or berth picked out for good. Got a basket of fruit and a bottle of pain killer, a package of quinine, a comb, a cheap canvass steamer chair, a small pillow, a cheap cap, cheap pants, etc. Paid my bill for two days and one meal besides \$3.35. Took my baggage in hand and walked down to my cheap trip future home. The steerage was being populated and some husky English chaps were on the spot. Soon ran across my roommate, a man as old as myself, an Englishman who had lived in Montreal for 30 years and who was returning with his wife and 2 daughters for good. Had fallen into a little property. The quarters had been divided by a temporary partition, and the women took the starboard side and the men the port side.

There were a few who look like Danes, 3 or 4 boys, a family of frowsy redheaded young ones with a red headed dad and mom.

I went out on the wharf and saw the heaps of baggage come down from town and landed on the floor to get their respective labels before going into the cabins or down in the hold. Two men had a big mucilage pot and brushes. The mixture was sopped on the trunk or bag and the label stuck on and then more sop on the label to make the charm(?) both firm and good. The first label showed the SS Line (Dominion) and the owner's homie and destination. And if to go in the hold another was put on showing the initial letter of one's name. Mine of course would have been a great big J.

In one hatch was being stowed great Canadian cheeses, another Quaker oats, another big boxes of hams, also square wooden boxes of creamery butter encased in muslin coverings, also a lot of apples, lots of noise and hurry; will work all night as we must sail in the morning. I took the stamp[s] to the Chief Steward who gave me a receipt for them. They will be put in the safe. People kept coming and going until 12 O'clock.

When it came bed time another chap — young English chap — came in to our state room. Our room is the best as it is farther forward and has two ports. I took a top bunk. Young chap in lower and the man in another lower. There were 6 berths in this room and were made of iron. Everything is clean with no foul smell for which I am duly thankful. For a bed we have a tick stuffed with something like dried coarse slough hay. The tick is a coarse linen, I think. A small pillow of the same. Each berth has a blanket of course. I did not find the bed uncomfortable only not as soft as the bed at home. A nice air came into the room, and I felt quite smart over the venture. The young man has been out to the Pacific Coast also to Saskatchewan, Manitoba, and the Dakotas. Doesn't talk quite as broad as Wm. Atkins. Thus ended this day.

Saturday Aug 22 1903

Had heavy showers in the night with lightning. They were finishing loading about 8 and we cast loose at 9 a.m. Before we started we had breakfast. I was very curious to know what we would have for breakfast and how it would be sot broth(?). The bell rang and we filed to the festive board. A plate of Irish stew came first which was made of beef, potatoes, some bread all together with gravy, very nice oldish bread, decent butter, and orange marmalade to top off with an everlasting big cup of curious ship tea. I would like to have it analyzed.

The day is beautiful with clean air and very invigorating. The shores were lined with continuous small farms and the houses thereon were of a like pattern. They are one story with a small window, in the gable, no eaves apparently and never a porch. Often the roofs were painted and the sides universally whitewashed. It's the French of it. Everything showed great thrift and contentment. I dare say one could scarcely find a person who could talk English in these rural homes. Economy no doubt is their watchword. "Little farm well tilled, little wife well willed." Very small farms indeed. The effect of these small homes so plentiful so white and so cozy makes the finest rural effect I ever saw. The country rises back to respectable hills from which to the river lie these little farms long and narrow. In some places harvesting is just beginning. No corn or wheat, but oats and peas and pea soup.

Villages and towns are passed frequently where the crowning object is the church or cathedral. Many of them can put the Antigua cathedral way in the back numbers. Looks as though these people had worked for centuries and had put their extras into their beloved churches. A very startling and unique effect is given them by the roofs being covered with the brightest tin. And when the sun strikes them one can imagine how far they can be seen. They are towering high and above

everything around and only exceeded by the everlasting hills behind them. Some are bronzed and have golden effects. They shine as though continually rubbed down. I can quite see how these catholics are kept in the church. For miles around they can gaze on their shining creations and count their beads and be contented. This is the first time I have ever seen contentment personified. When the great bells mark the time I can see one and all in their deep devotions. It aroused my deepest religious feeling more than I have ever known *ora pronotus*.

We pass now and then great steamers coming up this great glorious river fresh from the old country. The flags are always dipped. To dip flags means to lower the flag part way down the small mast at the stern of the ship and then to raise again to its former position. The passengers get out and wave handkerchiefs. The waiters wave their aprons. The river is from 1 to 3 miles wide and the tide begins to be felt near Three Rivers(?) about midway between Montreal and Quebec or about 740 miles from the sea proper outside the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It's about 100 miles from Montreal to Quebec. Towards evening time we came near to Quebec. At Point Vrunbles(?) some 20 miles above Quebec. Generals Arnold and Montgomery gathered their forces together for attack [here].

Rounding a point the great fortifications on the rugged mountains came in view. Soon we came in sight of this most remarkable city with its narrow streets and steep grades. Came to at the wharf and went on the shore with the Yorkshire buck our roommate. It grew dark very soon which was a great disappointment. To get up to the centre of the town where the Post Office is upon the heights of Abraham, I suppose, we took an inclined plane machine which soon slipped us up through a dingy shute and a few short crooks in the streets took us to the P.O. which we found open but not to deliver mail. We turned in disgust and sputtered when a kind gentleman told us to go around to a side

entrance and knock at the door. An official came and at request kindly looked things over but had no mail; later aboard ship the promised letter from ma was given to me. Had been sent in care of the ship.

Walked around a bit but could get only a poor view of the place. The buck saw another buck and joined while I took another route. Soon started for the ship and thought I would walk down to the plain below instead of taking the shute a sharpish descent at acute angles back and forth and I landed in a strange country of narrow defiles and poor light. Kept steadily on for a time until I thought I ought to be in the neighborhood of the dock and nothing being familiar at all I asked a street car conductor where the dock was and found that I was going in a direct route opposite of the right way which would have taken me to Montreal again and I was properly lost. He said he would set me right and after a goodly trip on the car, he pointed out the way. I tried again but could not find my street. After awhile after some travelling, along came the same car on another street. Of course the conductor was surprised and so was I. It seems he misunderstood me. I was set on the track again, but nothing came familiar, still darkish and poky(?). Ran across a cab stand, but they wanted 75 cents to take me to the steamer. So I got mad and went on. Soon ran across one of the steamer crew who took me in tow and through a tortuous route which I could never have taken correctly we soon came to the steamer. Moral, on dark nights in Quebec be mighty sure you know where you are at.

We started on about 3 in the morning although I went to bed at eleven. In the morning we were off about St. Jean Port Joli and not far from shore. On the north side of the river the mountains are to 2000 feet and better. On the south a seemingly fine farming country with the everpresent whitewash farm houses along the river front is stretched out clear back to mountains behind. Looks a good deal like the sugar country in some places in

the West Indies. The crops of oats and peas are still green. A late cold summer here.

This is **Sunday Aug 23 03**. A bright morning, wind strong from the west. Soon it clouded over and grew colder and rainy and overcoats were put on. Almost cold enough to snow. Had ham and eggs, potatoes, coffee, orange marmalade for breakfast. For dinner beef soup, mixed vegetables (always nice bread and eatable butter), warm rolls, stewed beef, orange marmalade, and then ye gods! English plum pudding and ice cream. The latter was well made and about 2 inches square and 3/4 inch thick. I expected (!) nuts and cigars after this, but they probably forgot to put them on — a great blunder. We nearly got up a petition to have the offenders put on shore.

At 1 o'clock we got to Ramonsin or Father Point where the pilot was taken off. The *Bavaria* one of the Allan Line carrying the mails left just before us on same trip and there is likely to "be a bit of a race." We hugged the south shore and at sundown were about ready to cross the Gulf proper, just clearing the south point of Anticosti Island. The boat runs very steadily and is making over 18 miles and hour so they say — wind and tide in our favor.

Monday August 24 03.

Had a tiptop nights rest and out of the port window saw that we had reached Anticosti Island which stood out in plain view.. Upon going upon deck found that we had overhauled the *Bavaria* a good way. She seemed only about 2 miles ahead. For breakfast we had a meat and vegetable stew preceded by oat meal porridge. Porridge is only oat meal a bit thinner than we eat at home. Finished with strawberry jam. Always B and butter, also ship tea.

The wind had changed northerly and blowing fresh and hearty. Only a little motion. The boat is 585' long and 60' beam and protected by two bilge keels, that is, a keel on either side. She is twin screw which helps keep her

steadier. Anticosti Island is over a hundred miles long and is leased for 99 years by Mennier, the great choalet man. We seem to be overhauling the *B* and at this writing, 11:30, we are slowly passing her — a kind of nip and tuck. Am enjoying the sea this day, reclining on an inclined hatch full in the sun on a tarpaulin with the rug spread at our backs.

Another English chappy is now my companion, a lotus eating, quiet unassuming, well travelled fellow who has been in the Australias, South Africa, Texas, Manitoba and Pacific Coast countries. He smokes cigarettes and dreams and wishes it could last forever and a day. The Yorkshire buck, loud-voiced and a bit of a drinker, is coming down with Mal-de-Mer and is in his bunk dinnerless and "clammy" he says. The lotus chap is on the rug beside me and almost too indolent to talk.

The dinner bell goes and we go below and have mutton stew and mutton broth, lovely potatoes, Boston beans (very nice) and wound up with a plate of rice cooked a la Chinese surrounding crabapple sauce. There are curious customs at the table. No napkins, a two cent medium spoon, the only one, a common knife and fork. The salt, pepper and mustard are in a black tin cruet from which each one helps himself. The food is not seasoned at all which is left to the discretion of the consumer. I find that a small tea spoonful of salt is required for a meal. The sugar comes in a plate. I notice that the waiters and others eat the same way — sailor style I suppose and economical. (The tables are about 12 people size and a white coated waiter for each table.)

At the bottom or other end of the table where I am at, the red headed family take their nourishment. The youngest, a vigorous lad of 2-1/2 years, sits in his ma's lap and spits and grumbles. Yesterday his pa across the table took a bit of bread over to his side — being out — when the young and firey lad almost swore (?), pouted out his lips and struck at

poor pa with his burly spoon. At supper last night we had roast herrings and the firey one became a torrent of eagerness and selfishness most amusing to see.

One man we have whom we cannot settle upon. Lotus says he is a bomb throwing anarchist, most sharp visaged, small and wiry, black eyes, who has not as yet appeared at the table; probably dieting on dynamite in his berth, and concocting schemes to blow up the Royal family when he gets ashore. There are not many 1st class passengers aboard. When their grub is ready a bugler appears on the top deck and tootles a delicious prelude, one on port side and t'other on starboard. He varies it each day, I think. At about 7:30 a.m. he tootles 'em out of bed and again at 8 to breakfast. We have a governess aboard who has 3 nice looking children in her charge and who is a bit of a flirt. She is arch prepossessing, recherche, and youngish. She is not always on the spot and has no care wrinkles. A goodish bunch inhabit the intermediate [class] who are summoned by a gong, terrifically beaten by a young natty gent dressed in blue. Our gang comes to the tune of a common dinner bell. Thus is caste on the ticket basis laid. Ecod!

I think we have a Norwegian or two who could buy out most anything forward. The nicest rig I've seen yet is a 1st classer who wears a lovely white sweater with pale blue stripes, a rough serge skirt, and a hat with a fox tall with a white tip, the whole jauntily furled around the crown on one side. She apparently ran the fox down her own self and

carries the trophy with her. She looks like it, homely enough looking, not as good looking as Mrs. Shand (?) but after that style. Mr. Fox wears immaculate white flannels and chalk white tennis shoes.

This p.m. the wind comes down from the north very cold, and unless one is in a protected place he is soon chilled. The night closed with spits of rain and strong wind from North. A light in New Foundland coast appears on starboard bow. Also one on port side showing the road through the Belle Ile Straits. It is dark cold and dreary and one can see but little way.

On going below I find that buck still keeps his bunk and complains of hard pain through his chest and has hard work in his breathing and quite a fever. This explains his seasickness. He is threatened with pneumonia. I got the steward and told him to get the doctor of the ship who came and prescribed hot gruel (!) and bottles of hot water at his feet. I told the steward that a hot lemonade would be better for him and we fixed him up and covered him with blankets. Gave him another lemonade at about 9:30. If the weather conditions had been decent, I would have stayed up until we had passed the straits. Turned in after 10 and awoke at 1:30 a.m., peered out of the port, but it was thick and bad outside.

Tuesday August 25

A few minutes after 4 I got up and went outside and off the stern to the starboard saw a big iceberg, a great gray giant shaped something like this=



which might have been 2 miles away or 6 miles even. It might have 75 feet high or a hundred — I could not determine that. It loomed up very plain as it had a setting of

black and blue all around. No land was in sight and alas! the black and inhospitable shore of Labrador had been left behind, and I

had not seen it. I could just about shed tears. The berg had helped out some.

This is the water for bergs indeed as they had seen about 50 on the voyage out and just slipped past one. They have signs, strong signs which foretell these great dangers to navigation. Practical navigators can smell them long distances when they are covered with fog as they most always are. The usual way is to throw over small buckets and get the temperature of the water. Of course icebergs cool the water. A sudden change of the water means icebergs not far off. They say that a good sized berg cools off the water for 7 miles about. Another sign is the cold breath. The air feels like that when one opens a refrigerator — an unmistakable sign.

At 4:30 the *Bavaria* was about 4 miles astern on the port side. The sea was kicking up and the ship playing some antics. But few came to breakfast. I did not feel the motion a little bit and ate a hearty breakfast. Got a cup of hot tea (!) for the buck who said he felt a bit easier. Fog soon came on and the fog horn got in its work, and the speed was slackened up 1/2. Temperature stood at 44 and the air very damp and chilly. This fog means icebergs and the ship is wary. Once in a while the fog would lift and full speed put on. Towards noon things got very bad so that the ship stopped going. One could easily bet that icebergs were not 1 mile away and I think, win. We crept on and got through. Near here coming out they came close to a big one so says the stewardess.

They have an iron cubby way up on the mast where a sharp eyed sailor keeps a lively watch. He is the personification of restlessness peering on each side and in front constantly. They call this box the "crows nest". On either end of the immense bridge reaching clear across the ship and full 25 feet from the main deck stand two officers with large marine glasses sighting into the fog. Also 2 sailors at the bow keep constant watch. I would give a bunch that we might come close to one of

those mountains of ice. The sea is quite decent at 1 o'clock p.m. and temp's about 46. Pa and the obstreperous one are the only ones of the red headed family at dinner. Buck asked for some apples so I guess we shant bury him this trip. Got acquainted with another young Englishman from Yorkshire who gave me his experience in a shipwreck on west end of Anacosti Island some 2 weeks ago. I wish I had been a stenographer if I ever did. Also told all about the life of a cattle man on these cattle steamers. What a yarn for the Chicago Herald one could get up. What a freshness there would be in it. He was a foreman in the cattle gang and retailed hard times such as I never heard of in these civilized times.

The afternoon is cold enough. Three birds called "stormy petrels" came flying about and I succeeded in catching one and he was a beauty. About the size of a clipper bird, creamy coloured and black and bronze beak (or back). A fluffy little chap that seemed quite at home in my hand. I let him go after a time and he joined his mates as though nothing had happened. They are said to precede storms. I never saw one in southern latitudes. The night sets in stormy looking. Few passengers turned to meals this p.m. At sundown the *Bavaria* was just in sight. At noon today we had made 357 miles in the past 24 hours. We have a long promenade on deck and many passengers stump up and down continuously for exercise. To bed at 9 and so ends this day. The buck is about the same and very dumpish.

Wednesday Aug 26

The buck coughed hard towards morning but quieted down about daylight. The ship plunged some during the night and few turned up at breakfast. I am not sick at all and eat my 3 square every day. Lost my eyeglasses some way and feel the loss. No sight of the *B* this morning. Still cold and clammy. At noon the sun comes out and is warmer. Was good. We are taking a most extraordinary route, and the one which one would think they would go,

but no! We go many miles north of the line which is the shortest way. The earth is smaller up there and it takes less time to get across.* Belle Ile is about 52 degrees and Moville about 55 degrees north latitude. We will probably go to the 60th parallel.

Came on colder in p.m. and shut in for the night with rain squalls and increasing sea "and so ends this day" as the sailor in his logbook.

Thursday Aug 27 03

The ship pitched and rolled last night, and once or twice took on water and lots of it. I forgot to say that in the p.m. yesterday most of the deck was holy stoned. Three men side by side backed slowly along and shoved the stones back and fro something like mopping. The holy stone is a piece of softish sandstone about the size of a large brick and set in an iron frame which is attached to a handle at the proper angle to shove well. The deck is wet down and strewn with sand and then the shoving begins.

This morning comes a bit warmer with a good many on deck. The buck is still in his bunk. Myself and about two others are the only who seem to stand the racket. I have still to experience my first qualm.

A family by name Jonas is "goin' 'ome and are quite nice. There are 2 full grown daughters. I frequently let them have my chair and rug for which, of course, they are duly thankful.

Towards sundown somebody bellowed out "whale, whale". Off a little to the starboard the "spouter was a spoutin". He spouted several times but did not show his skin. Most everybody sick more or less. About bed time an apparent Salvation Army chap gathered several together in a stateroom across from us and held service. They warded (?) out some monkeys (?) and prayed, etc. So ends another day and a nasty cold one.

* - JAS Note: This is one way to explain the great circle route!

Friday Aug 28 03

Rolls and pitched all night but not today. This morning is an improvement over yesterday as the sun is out in a haze and the temperature seems to be rising. We have 44 passengers in the 1st, 45 in the second and 44 in the 3rd cabin. Yesterday I got one of the sailors to give me a piece of holy stone and I put in my case.

Had a hard time finding out the meaning of the word holystone. One of the officers finally told me that as far as he knew, the word came into use from the sailors practice of shoving this stone on the deck on their knees. The ships bo'son used to call out "now men to prayers", which meant they should get down on their knees and shove the stone. Of course this posture being a holy one, it is easy to see how the scrubbing stone gets its name. It is now about 11 o'clock and many of the passengers are taking sun baths, which is "fery goot" as Laughlin has said.

At noon Lat 56-44, Lon 22-48. Distance last 24 hrs, 342 miles. The afternoon became warm and games were started on the hurricane deck by passengers of the 1st. Some of the worst cases out at last. [seasickness?] Shall get in some time tomorrow, Sunday —

Saturday Aug 29

The first thing in the morning 2 sailing craft came in sight, a schooner and barkentine, both bound s. westerly by west. Later a steamer came near us which proved to be the *Parisian* of the Allan line. Signals were passed between us. Later another steamer passed but a good way off, too far to signal. We are nearing civilization again. Are now under the influence of the Gulf Stream, and I trust the cold weather is behind us.

As the day wears on the sea quiets down and now about 11 a.m. is quite summery so that one seeks shade. For the first since leaving Labrador coast it is pleasant at the bows of the ship where one can see action. Clouds of spray are dashed back making miniature

Niagra. The mist and roar are fine. The sea seems quite bare of life excepting whales. Have seen them twice this a.m. One great fellow heaved up till his great black skin showed as though he had received a coat of coal tar.

Just got acquainted with a gentleman from Muskegon, Mich. who is on board with his wife and 2 children who expect to return by Mediterranean route next January.

Made 364 miles up to noon and have 366 miles yet to make to Liverpool. Just as dusk was well on a bunch of sailors forward vied with each other to see the light on the north Irish coast. Soon one yelled out. It was a flash light and over 20 miles away on the starboard bow near a place called Moville, a signal station. Soon another light appeared and we were entering the straits between Scotland and Ireland but no land could be seen.

Sunday Aug 30

At 4 o'clock I got up and found that we were skirting a low island with higher land dimly back. It was a cold, raw, dismal morning. The land was a bit of the old sod — Ireland. In the Irish sea no land could be seen until the Isle of Man hove in sight about 7 or 8 o'clock. We passed close to it, and the view was fine. In some spots resembled West India sugar plantations very much. The fields were divided by hedges. Harvest had not begun as yet. A scotch mist came on which hurt our view later; and not till we came near Liverpool did we see much land. Wales loomed up high and black.

We entered the river Mersey and signs of life got thicker. Summer resorts were on one side and docks on the other. Everything was bustle on board ship of course. Soon steamed up near one landing then with the aid of a tug turned around dropped down a bit and came along side the dock. As it was high tide, we were way up high. A chute was put up and the baggage slid on to the dock and the passengers got off farther forward. Liverpool

from the steamer looked very pretty in places. Immense rows of apartment houses were plenty. The buildings were not high, of brick, slate roofs and gardens very small at the back. On account of rains everything is fresh and green looking. Birkenhead across the river has many docks. A great crowd was on the dock, as usual, friends waving handkerchiefs, etc., etc.

Got into the custom house and placed our luggage on long platforms numbered from A to Z. Of course mine was [J]. The buck was separated from me as his name was Walker. We got together and started for a hotel known to him about a mile off and near the railway stations. Forgot to say that we landed about 3 p.m. Found streets very clean and buildings plain and solid made of stone and brick. Got our hotel which was more of a lodging house kept by a lady as most small hotels are.

Got tea at about 4 and it was delightful. Just one large oval table in the dining room and it all made me think of Mother Holliday's hotel at Antigua. A bustling maid laid the tea. I had a lovely mutton chop fat 1/2 inch thick while Walker took 2 fried eggs. The tea came in a jolly little brown fat teapot with hot water to weaken the last of it. It was black tea and rightly made. Seems to me I never enjoyed such a meal. Quite private. Just Walker and self.

After tea we took a walk to the square where many people were congregated. Although it was Sunday it was noisy. Hundreds of poor children were playing about. There were the great government buildings all about. Great monuments galore of many eminent personages.

Two preachers were at it — one who was a reformed bum, a big faced man — was bellowing to quite a crowd. Some were solemn and some otherwise. The crowd was composed of a lowish strata. Another, at a distance had a big brass band which played church airs with good effect. We turned our attention to the many shops or stores where

show windows kept us occupied for a good while. The pubs — which means saloons with us and the short for public house were opened at 6 p.m. and we went into one and ordered a pewter mug of Bass ale and a pork pie. The mug held a pint and the pie was a bit larger than a raised biscuit — a regular little

cold meat pie with upper and under crust. The combination was good. They never cool the beer here and it's almost flat. The beds soon claimed us. Ordered our breakfasts ahead and put the order on a little black board with a piece of chalk. It ran thus =

No. of room	Time of calling	Time of breakfast	Order for breakfast
35	6:30	7:30	Ham & Eggs for 2 coffee

The lady who ran the institution never came out of her office — a little place at the back adjoining the kitchen and handy thereto. After, to bed, and instead of dropping right off as we thought we should, did not get to sleep till late.

In the morning we enjoyed our breakfast — paid our bills 11 shillings and sixpence or \$2.70 — and then walked over to Lime St. station. By the way I forgot to mention that in our rambles yesterday we went into this same station and had a look at the cars and depot. The depot was an immense affair with arched glass roof. The time of starting a train is done with a dummy clock with the hands set at the minute of starting, a good plan, very— The engines and most of the cars look like toys compared with ours. The platforms in England are as high as the floor of the car so one makes little effort to get in. Of course one enters the side of the car — no other way — and finds himself in a box like place 6 feet by 7 1/2 with two upholstered seats facing each other and cross ways with the car. There is a door on each side out on to the platform. A dozen views found on the route hang on the walls. An incandescent lamp gives light when turned on. Ten (10) people can be jammed into these boxes, but trains are run so often that crowds are avoided generally. A large

window is placed in each door which can be let down at your pleasure. There are also windows at the end of each seat from which a good look at the city or country can be taken. Outside and on the panel of each door stands the legend First, Second, or Third class. Fully 2/3 of the people take 3rd class, and pay about 2 cents per mile therefor. On the through night trains they have sleepers that resemble our sleepers. Also, some of the trains carry dining cars. A good number of cars — called *corridor* cars — have a passage way down one side where one can go forward or back to get into the different compartments: every car has a smoking box, also a baggage compartment. While we were in the depot a theatrical company came in from London and they occupied about 4 cars in all. One was a flat loaded with stage scenery and covered with a large tarpaulin and roped down. Then another car was filled with trunks and stage fixins.

People ask the guards which car to take and are not called upon for their tickets until at the station preceding the last where they intend to stop. Then the guards rush and open the doors and gather in the tickets.

Monday Aug 31

In the morning Walker came down to the station and saw me well stowed in a 3rd class

compartment bound for Manchester about 25 miles away. At the time of starting the engine tooted a little toot like a boys tin whistle: the doors were slammed to violently. One chap waved a blue flag, another blew a whistle, and we started without a jar and at quick speed and soon passed out of the city into the country and now came highlands beauty and pride — its park like farms and beautiful rolling scenery. The country was fresh and green and like a well kept lawn got up for inspection. The fields were separated by hedges and nearly all well trimmed and regulation height and of irregular sizes. Many low trees were growing in the hedges at irregular distances which broke the monotony in a lovely manner. It all made my nerves tingle. Then there were fields of wheat and oats nearly all in the shock. The hay was in lovely stacks all sides raked down to a nicety and corners as sharply defined as a box. The tops were covered with a thatch or roof made of carefully laid straw and the edges or eaves cut straight as the eaves of a house.

The farmers houses were universally made of red brick and roofs of slate and were of plain style and very substantial. They are made with very little eave projection, no galleries or stoops are seen whatever in country houses. The houses stand out barefaced but are beautifully softened by many trees which abound in every direction. The effect is park like wherever one may look. The out buildings are also made of brick and slate but often none of consequence are seen as most of the farm products are stacked. Much stock is seen both cattle and sheep. On account of many deep cuts and hedges which line the railway the view was often obstructed and shut off just when one was thoroughly enjoying oneself. In a short hour we rattled into Manchester where many million people have their being and live happily, apparently. I soon found Mr. Roth whom I found a very pleasant red headed Englishman — a man of business. Then I hunted up a stamp man with whom I had a long chat.

After and at 11:50 a.m. took train for London. Our road, The Midland, carried us through the county of Derby famous for its great limestone quarries. Out from Manchester we had to climb up a series of grades and curves for many a mile. And the rocking and jostling we got beat anything I ever saw. The scenery was enchanting. One minute we rushed through a snug village then a mountain side with its stone quarry and great chimneys and on the other a sweeping valley with the historic river Derwent winding down, lined on either bank with lovely trees and running vines and then beyond beautiful grazing fields checked off by the ever present hedges interspersed with low spreading beeches and oaks and dotted by many contented cattle and black nosed sheep. On account of much rain everything is of the finest green.

We passed great tile works and near Leicester we ran through a pottery district. Very often we saw immense brick making plants. Every few miles beautiful towns were passed at a rattling rate. Every little home has its garden at the back both vegetables and flowers. Occasionally we passed tracts of ground devoted to gardens. It seems these grounds are rented to laborers who have their separate patches where they grow their own stuff and which they cultivate after hours. Each little patch has its little cubby house where their tools are kept I suppose.

Although I had but one or two fellow travelers when I got into the car, every station added to our company until we had 10 adults and 3 pretty children. I sat next one of the windows of course with my glass in my hand which I used most of the time. They must have known I was an American. I forgot to say that I saw many crows and jackdaws in the fields apparently eating grass. The crows look like ours but the daws are brownish and smaller. Towards night we rushed through numerous tunnels, in fact saw many during the day and entered London suburbs.

We soon entered Pancras Station and I straight way started out to find No. 68 Tarrington Square. If I had hired a hansom (a 2 wheel gig with one seat and a top and the driver way up behind) I would have found the place but I preferred to walk to see the sights, could also save a bob. After many jogs and twists I found a long narrow, warded (?) square surround[ed] by 3 story stone houses devoted to lodgings. Soon found 68 and upon ringing the bell was ushered in by a young chap in full dress who called the lady of the house — a Miss Dawson and nice looking — who took me to a room where I soon got ready for dinner. Found two very nice people — a man and wife — at the table with whom I immediately struck up an acquaintance. He, it seems, is a surgeon of the army who is a kind of invalid recovering from the Boer Campaign. She is a nice person and both are clever and agreeable.

Had a lovely stock beef soup and roast beef and vegetables. Nice pudding and brandy sauce ending with Stilton cheese, bread and butter perfectly fresh (without salt, I mean) and coffee. Soon to bed with a quiet night and then

Tuesday Sept 1 1903

Didn't get breakfast till 8:30 — too fashionable for me. Walked a mile or more to get to the Strand. Thought it was much nearer or would have taken a bus. Very hard to tell where the busses are going — have so many streets named on them. The London busses are great institutions for seeing the town because they have a large seating capacity in top where most people travel at this time of the year. Had a chat with one of the bus drivers later and I could see he was a past master at the business. He threw his eyes in all directions without effort and nothing escaped him. He said had been driving bus for 28 years in London. The sides of the bus are all taken up with advertisements of which Grape Nuts seems to be the leader. With Quaker Oats a close second also *Forre* is often seen. These

patent foods are all the rage here seemingly. Horlick's food made at Raimi is often seen too. 2 cents take[s] one on a long ride and 6 cents will take you till you are tired of seeing almost. The buildings of London are not as high as in Chicago or New York. In fact I saw no skyscrapers. The Strand is supposed to be a great street for crowds.

I soon found a big stamp dealer, one of two which buy stamps in large wholesale lots by name Peckitt. And after a long dicker I close out the Virgin Island stamps to him — after raising his bid \$120.00. After this I wandered down to Waterloo bridge which is one of the big bridges which crosses the Thames. It's a baby compared with Brooklyn Bridge — then I walked along the Thames embankment a street skirting the Thames until I came to Blackfriars bridge. It was a hot day indeed. St Pauls cathedral is near this bridge. I was trying to find the main Post Office but after I got to a big Post Office I was directed to another called the Mt. Pleasant P.O. I found that there are many P.O. in London.

After a long long walk I found the great central P.O. but just about 1/2 hour too late to get my letters, but left directions for letters to be forwarded to a place on the Strand. Then I took a bus for Trafalgar Square and took a look at the National Museum of Paintings which shows different schools of painting from Venetian down but was not much interested. Was well tired and took a hansom for my lodgings where I found release from the noise of the great city.

Wednesday Sept 2nd, 1903

Had breakfast at 7:30 this time and started for the zoo in Regents Park which I reached at 9 a.m. and where I spent 2 1/2 hours very profitably indeed. I found everything from a mouse to an elephant. The old hippopotamus was sunning himself as were many of the thousands of creatures here now congregated. The zoo is crowded. It has about 40 acres and no sooner is one house behind when another is before you. It's a panorama of the animal

and bird world. As it was early but few visitors were on the spot. The houses are hidden one from the other by winding paths and much shrubbery. I bought a guide book at first which was a great help to prevent the missing of important subjects. As it was I missed the snake and alligator houses. After I passed the wolf house, they sent up a howling and a yipping to put cold chills on ones back. Wolves from all over the world were there and there wasn't a beauty in the lot. The meanest thing I saw was a black hyena. My old friends — the red and yellow macaws of S.A. were squawking as naturally as ever they were in their native jungle.

The lions and tigers were stretched out in the burning sun seemingly happy. An artist with his palette and paints was painting the head of an immense Bengal tiger. While in the monkey house I heard the biggest row, in fact nearly all the monkeys set up all sorts of gibbering and caterwauling. Upon going over to the center of the disturbance, I found a half dozen men were trying to transfer a big dog faced baboon from one iron cage to another. They had him down on the floor enveloped in the meshes of a strong cord net. He was simply furious — full of venom and terrible hatred. The boss tried to tighten up the mesh of the net. When, in an instant, monk grabbed the keeper by the calf of his leg and planted his teeth in fine shape. Every monk seemed to know that the keeper had his leg in chancery (?) and such antics and gibbering one rarely heard. I had to laugh, but the keepers looked at me as though I were sacrilegious, and I suppose I was. The keeper wrenched the baboon off and lugged him to another cage close by, and another was taken out of a box and put in his quarters. No. 1 looked No. 2 severely in the eye.

In another part I saw a cage containing two chimpanzees and they were so human that I was filled with great wonder. Their hands were as humanly formed as my own seemingly, and they used them similarly. They had a blanket which they tucked about them.

They say that they have a great time trying to get settled for the night to get the blanket just rightly tucked about their heads. Sometimes when they get their heads properly covered then their feet get out and they have to begin all over again. At about 11:30 I started back to the center of London and after a lunch walked to St. James Park, passing government buildings on the way which were grand and imposing.

The park had lots of people out to get the sun which was hot enough. Westminster Abbey was near at hand and soon was looking into that wonderful building where so many of England's great men are going back to dust. Both Disraelie and Gladstone have life sized marble figures also a stone imbedded in the floor shows where the body lies, and also gives the necessary data. There are thousands seemingly buried here. The front wing has no seats, but back there are seats and services are held every day twice I believe. The choral part which I wanted much to hear was off on vacation. From the Abbey I passed by the House of Commons which now is closed. The great building is on the Thames embankment.

From there I went to the British Museum where I finished the day. Looked as though everything historic, everything that is, is represented in that immense area. One could spend two weeks in it but I only spent 2 hours.

Was tired enough after this day of sightseeing, I can assure anybody. The following morning was

Thursday Sept 2

I bade goodbye to the land lady and took a bus to Euston Station and about 11 o'clock took train for Chester near Liverpool on the Great Northern RR. Soon we entered the beautiful park like country again and I rejoiced. Passed through many towns and quaint manufacturing places. Was red brick and slate roofs without exception everywhere.

Some of the farmers were hauling in grain with carts hauling about 1/3 as much at a load as we do at home. We passed through Rugby where the great colleges are, and finally about 4 p.m. reached Chester, famous for its old Roman Wall made some 2000 years ago, I believe.

Took an electric car at the depot and landed in the town center inside of the great wall and there straitway inquired for one of the oldest inns or hotels in town and was directed by a big uniformed policeman to the *Pied Bull* — and she was curiosity indeed, low ceilings, small rooms, with heavy oak panelled sides and red sandstone floors. A hall was entered first and on the left was the tap room — a kind of reception place. On the other side was the dining part which contained one large oval dining mahogany table. While just back was the bar then the kitchen and other back rooms. Back of the tap room came the stairway and right back of that the snugery a place for social times with 4 or 5 small tables and a bench all around, done off in leather with a high leather back. Here the barmaids brought the orders and collected the cash therefor. The barmaid was a nice looking Irish girl, nicely dressed, showed education, witty, but not bold. She brought bar products with a nonchalance which our ice cream waitress would do well to imitate. I would wager a guinea that she was not bad, at least nobody insulted her that I saw. The place was in care of two sisters who waited on the table also and were nice. As soon as I could I started out to reconnoitre; took a car and went out to the city limits, over the river Dee and over a big bridge with one span or arch of about 225 feet — the second largest stone arch in the world they say. At the limits I inquired for a good English farm and was directed out to the Williams Farm about 1/2 mile out. A good macadamized road lined by the ever present privet hedges led the way. Soon came to the farmyard with its stack and outbuildings which were in front with the house at the side and back. Just the opposite

at home. The house also was within a few steps of the brick cow building or stables.

A man was in the act of thatching a wheat stack — a piece of work I was anxious to see done. I inquired for Mr. Williams and the man said he was one of them. So I told him my errand — that I was a farmer and wanted to see how they did the thing in England and asked leave to come up the ladder to see him put on the thatch. He seemed pleased, and I clambered up and watched him in the process. Wheat or rye straw is laid about 4 inches thick and 3 feet wide beginning at the eaves of the stack. Then it is combed out and straitened by the use of a big wooden comb and then marline or binding twine is laid on about 30 inches apart over the top of the stack, and then marline is cross knotted in the opposite direction. The first laid lines are held down by tying large bricks on them practically holding down the net beyond all wind force. The eaves are trimmed straight and even and all has a very tidy and substantial look. These stacks are left over till winter time when they do their threshing. He came down — showed me around the building and stacks. Had a number of old hay stacks in hand which hay he said was worth \$24.00 per ton. Had about 50 cows on the place and sold milk in Chester and got only 6 cts per quart. Paid 3 pounds per annum per acre for rent for the farm and the land was valued at about \$400 per acre. They had 200 acres in the farm. Said they planted their potatoes 12 inches by about 29 and put a good sized potato in each hill, and it took over a ton of seed for each acre, some 2200 pounds or about 36 bushels or about 6 times as much seed as we use. He showed me 2 big cart wheels double width which he said cost him 14 pounds per pair or about \$68.00, more than we pay for a whole wagon at Ovid.

We bade him good by and walked farther on and then took a path across fields skirting hedges and ditches and came on to a lovely road and went out farther and came to a nice looking farm house back from the road well

surrounded by lovely trees and lawns. Was met by the usual small dog, full of bark. A good looking woman came and in answer said the house did not belong to the surrounding farm now, and that they were living there temporarily only as the owner was away. It seemed a typical country home and old. The lady let me come in and see the front rooms. The floors were red sandstone, large blocks, and the sides panelled in old English oak. A stairway led up at one side — all oak. Old family paintings were on the walls and everything had a plain substantial look with taste and refinement everywhere. Beautiful ivy with stems nearly 6 inches in diameter climbed up one side of the house. It must have been older than any person living about.

I was directed over on another road — where I would find the typical English Farmer. By inquiry I was told, “to take this path till you pass through yon hedge, when you will find a cart road through the next field, which will take you to farther side, where you will jump a stile, and then take path to Hexam Road.” Now this stile proved to be some stakes laid across an opening in a hedge with a ditch beyond which we attacked and defeated. The fields were very level and of heavy soil with ditches along the hedge side. Passed nice fields of red clover mixed in with a grass unknown to me, but which is called timothy, and the seed comes from America I was told. It was a fine sweet grass, not as woody as timothy and has a fleecy head very unlike timothy or any grass I ever saw. Williams told me that it cost them for seed to seed an acre, some over a pound or about \$5.00. The hay I pulled from these stacks was fragrant and seemed more eatable than our hay.

Well, we got to Hexam Road at last. Forgot to say that we saw few birds only and mostly confined to black birds. It is probably late for them. Also noticed that the pastures were well stocked with Canada thistles.

Now Hexam Road is the finest I ever put foot upon. Just 16 feet wide where the macadam is,

rounded a little and as smooth as a cement sidewalk. No loose stones or sand. Just a solid smooth surface. A 3 foot path free from grass ran counter to the main road. A perfect hedge system was on either side and an ideal English road laid under my feet. Cheap labor, stone, clay, and a stone roller had done the job.

I was chary to enter any of the farm houses along here as I might get kicked out for my impertinence. The houses looked chilly somehow and I was afraid of stony stares.

Finally (it took nerve) I took a driveway to a red brick on the left and about 40 rods from the main road. As I came near the house (I could see nobody around the premises) a big black dog on a long strong chain burst out close to me barking furiously, but I kept on to the front. When a small dog took a miniature turn at me. I waited at the door sometime when I heard steps and a pleasant faced sturdy man of about 65 came out of the ivy clad doorway when I introduced myself. I said, “I have been told sir that you are a typical British farmer and I wish to introduce myself as a typical American farmer (Cheek, wasn’t it!) who comes to look around a bit and to compare notes.” He quickly replied, “Come in” in a light hospitable manner, and we entered a low oak paneled room, made comfortable with easy chairs, lounges, a large table stood close by, also a piano. A very old Dutch clock stood in the corner not far from a chimney and coal grate. Red sandstone again for a floor and it looked so neat and clean.

We got started on farm notes very quickly. It seemed the farm was devoted to cheese making and had 54 cows in milk. That the farmers name was Jones and he had been on the farm for 65 years, in fact was born there. It had 200 acres and was called the *Moat Farm* on account of having been surrounded by a moat during the war between the English and the Welch. The Welch border is only a few miles away and they made raids into British territory, hence the protection of the moat or big ditch.

The land belonged to a landlord who received \$9.60 rent per acre from Jones annually. A good cow was worth \$96.00 to \$80.00. It was growing dusk and I thought of leaving when he invited me to take a glass of beer with him. When he was gone to order the beer, 2 youngish men came who were the sons. They were good representatives of the middle class, good manners, good address, and well dressed.

The beer came in and Jones proposed the toast "Hands across the sea" very suitable indeed. As we stepped out of doors one of the young men put a lovely yellow rose in my button hole. I ought to have written before that one of the young men asked if I wanted to see the cheese so we went upstairs where a lot was stored curing. Then into another already cured, then into cheese room where a vat stood with the night's milk, also the press room. Of course, everything was very clean and sweet.

A dairy maid got about \$50 or \$60 per year and board, and a good man about \$75. The two young men took their wheels and went to town 2 miles away and farmer Jones walked out to and down the main road with me when we met a lady in a dog cart and a pretty cob horse who was introduced as his daughter. A sharp walk and the Pled Bull came in sight and a lovely supper of fat mutton etc. much enjoyed.

After dinner I adjourned to the snugery where I soon became acquainted with a Mr. Butterworth a music teacher and brother mason. He told me much about this old old town, and agreed to come for me at 9 next morning.

Friday Sept 4

Got up a little after 5 and stole out of a back door and out on the almost silent streets and made my way to the famous city wall built by the Romans over 2000 years ago. There are 4 gateways into the old part of the city. I went to the north gateway and climbed up stone

steps about 20 feet high and came out on the top. The space for walking on top is about 5 feet wide with a stone escarpment on the inside and outside almost waist high. Soon reached a tower upon which King Charles, I believe, stood and saw his army cleaned up on the plains just outside. On the east side the wall is lower. I walked around to the south side and then left it and walked out on Hexam Road over the big bridge to the border land of Duke Westminster's great estate, called Eaton Park.

The great iron gates were open and the porter's lodge or gatekeeper's house seemed still asleep. A lovely macadam road reached out ahead with dense smallish woods on either side. Except for the cooing of a wood dove and the distant cawing of a crow, it seemed to me the stillest and most perfect morning I ever met. A few rabbits skipped across the road in front, and once quite distant, I am sure I saw a pheasant or two with their long trailing tails cross the way. Soon came some openings and long stretches given to pastures and then more woods. The road and the edges were kept in the finest of order. After more than 1/2 of an hour came to a larger set of high iron gates and tower over head with a big lovely porter's lodge attached, nobody around and gates shut. I tried around and found one unlocked. Then came another long stretch of road with open country ahead and plenty big oaks scattered around. Then — do my eyes deceive me — a herd of deer feeding not far from the road. I essayed to count the fair creatures and when I got up to 60 and saw many more in the distance I thought best to pump off the lot. They were the fallow deer and not so large as our deer. A group of several bucks were lying down in the high grass and their great broad horns made a picturesque sight and quite in order. Met a cavalcade of some 17 horses in care of 9 men which meant to my mind that the Duke's stud was out for walking exercise. Came to any amount of deer again and guessed that the duke himself didn't know

exactly how many he did have. I should say about 400. It seems that they have to shoot many fawns as they have not room to grow them up. Also that they will kill you one or more at any time you may order for a fair price. A laborer told me that a few winters ago many of them died and they fed them to the hounds.

And now after an hour's strong tramping I came up to the last of the strong high iron gates which separated the palace from the roads and great spreading oaks in front. Most of the space in front of the house was graveled with the crunching kind. The palace was quiet as a church yard and didn't look much like a palace to me but was certainly large enough to suit any one family. Two or 3 stories high with sharp roofs and peaks, the same old red brick and slate roof. To the left and joined on stood a church which they called a chapel, I suppose. A chime of bells proclaimed the hours and the quarters thereof. I saw here a box hedge for the first and it was a box indeed. So solid and thick and straight it was. My appointment with Mr. B set me back to town on another road straightway, I am sorry to say. I wanted to see the hounds and stables very much. Alas for 24 cents the public is allowed to go into the palace. This money is given to charity. The old Duke, late deceased, was a great judge of horseflesh and bred running stock for a fad, by which he won the Great Derby (pronounced Darby) 3 times. It is not known which way the young duke is going to set his talents. On coming away I met a young man with a bag of mushrooms I am sure, who resembled a photograph of the young blood [young duke] I saw later.

Just got in and a nice breakfast eaten when Mr. B appeared and we started out to see a few of the odd sights. First "Old Nags Head" a regular toad in the hole or a retreat far from the madding crowd at the end of an alley full of angles and dark places, a retreat for old cronies "when the day was done", very old and very curious and old fashioned. Then

next a creation said to be the only one of its kind. I mean stores above stores with a wide gallery in front of both ground floor and floor above nearly as wide as the narrow street in front. These stores above and below rarely of the same interest or ownership. It is all made of stone. The arrangement is due to either a desire to put all business inside the wall or as likely, to the lowering of the town which meant putting in a basement. It is very nice and the stores are fine and nicely set out in the plate glass windows. Stone stairways, enclosed, take one to the street above. It would be a capital plan for the tropics for the idea is a cool one.

Then next we visited the crypts or vaults, all that's left of the monastery once on these grounds. They are arched with central columns a la cathedral. They are extensive, under large buildings above with which they have no connection, and one used for an extensive wine cellar, where tapers or candles are always used, where cobwebs are hundreds of years old, and wine finds its savor. Not long since workmen, in making repairs, found a large crypt all walled up. Of course a small bottle of burgundy had to be sampled, but it had a claret taste which I do not much fancy.

Mr. B. took me to the door of a dentist who had a wonderful collection of birds mounted. He had been 66 years making and mounting the collection. All the work had been done with his own hands and the burden of his lay "I have been 66 years making this collection. I love it. I dread to leave it. I do not know what to do with it. I cannot take it with me." And the tears stood in his eyes.

I bade goodbye to Chester town with regret. Took train for Liverpool about 11 and reached Liverpool about 12 without incident. Went directly to the office of White Star Line to get a ticket by the SS Celtic and found out that I could get no intermediate ticket and that a First Class would cost about \$140.00. So I was forced to take a third again or wait till the 26th of the month. So I braced up and

bought a ticket for 5 pounds 15 shillings or \$27.60. Also found that I should have been on board boat at 10:00 a.m. and that the inspection had been made and my passage was in a critical condition. The boat was to sail at 5 p.m. She came along side the dock at 3 and I go aboard at last although my case hung in the balance. Passed inspection. Had to give all sorts of information even to the number of my letter box at Ovid.

Found an everlasting crowd of people aboard but not as one is led to believe, dirty low-down people. I have to believe that that class are not permitted to go over now as the Yankees are getting very particular who comes. Many were American citizens who having made money had come over to see the old country again. We dropped down the Mersey and night came on. I found a good state room allotted to me and 3 others. One a good solid Yankeeized English farmer from Superior, Nebraska and two servants in the company of John Stuart of New York, a millionaire who has a summer villa near Bristol Ireland and who remains in London a few days while his trusted servant has the New York home put in order. The two men are Irish but neither smokes or drinks and have better manners than some millionaires.

After getting settled came on deck and found much dancing and promenading going on. Should have written before that our stateroom is nicely ventilated and electric light, woven wire mattress, tick, and blanket, all clean and the room sweet smelling. A good night's rest and in the morning skirting south shore of Ould Ireland. The steamer Celtic of the White Star Line was built 3 years ago, is 700 feet long or about 42 rods, 75 feet wide, and of 21000 tons measurement. In any ordinary sea she stands flatfooted like a raft.

Saturday Sept 5 1903

Got to Queenstown and took in the mails and 3 tenders of people making in all about 900 3rd class and 400 1st and second. These with 840 ships crew make about 1740 aboard [I know, but that's what he wrote], and room left yet. Outside many became sick in fact old Ireland had been well stirred up in the tenders, and they were the sickest lot I ever saw. I did not feel the motion. Not much jollity this day, too sick to joke.

Sunday Sept 6

A cold cloudy day and people coming out some. The food is all right. After dinner Irish spirits could not be kept down, and through the impulse of some gay Irish jigs brought out on a concertina by a jolly Irish lass the fun began — and at this writing 5 days later, I can say I never met so much entertainment in my life.

[The remainder of the diary is empty except for some notes made on the inside of the back page. They consist of the lyrics of a song, the daily log of mileage made by the ship on the trip to England and the cargo which the ship carried and where it was stored.]

Shoemaker's Song

Doin nothin this week No —

Monday is Sunday's brother

Tuesday is just such another

Wednesday I cant spin

Thursday is too late to begin

Friday is a fast day

Saturday half holiday

22nd	139	
23	158	
24	358	
25	351	
26	351	whole distance 2774
27	345	distance made <u>2408</u>
28	342	366
29	364	

Quaker oats 36 2lb packages

Hams in forward hold

Quaker oats in center hold

Cheese in aft hold

CARIBBEAN CRUISE: ST. THOMAS TO BARBADOS

CHESTER E. JACKSON

1919

If necessity is the mother of invention, then curiosity is the mother of travel and exploration. When Christopher Colombo in a curious mood studied the driftwood on the shores of his adopted country, Spain, he saw that it was a stranger from a strange land. He was in dire necessity because his funds were low. You all do know of his inventive appeal to Queen Isabella, and her consequent sale of precious jewels – how he sailed and he sailed and he sailed – the old, old story and the discovery of the West Indies. So we repeat that curiosity is the mother of travel and exploration. It started Christopher Colombo.

If your grandfather were a roamer over the vast and yeasty deep whose very blood seethed in the joy of exploration and adventure, is it any wonder that this inheritance stirs the Red Gods* appeal to the granddaughter or the grandson?

So curiosity is our Master and on the 10th of January last past, with bag and baggage, we bade goodbye to Ovid, bound across land and sea to hit the trail of Columbo, otherwise the Leeward and Windward islands discovered in his second voyage of 1493.

* - CEJ used this identical phrase ("If your grandfather ... the grandson") in notes written on the back of photos taken on this Caribbean trip, discovered in 2011 among effects of Emily Josephine (Bates) Haynes.

This anonymous poem:

<http://chss.montclair.edu/english/furr/int/lredgod.html> contains the passage:

And this is the little Red God I sing,
Who cares not a wallop for anything
That walks or gallops, that crawls or struts,
No matter how clothed -- if it hasn't got guts.

A few other references found via Google seem to ascribe "Red Gods" to gods of Indians (aboriginal Americans) who controlled the fortunes of hunters and fishermen.

In the gray of the next morning, we skirted the Hudson River with the Palisades across, looming dark and lonesome and then, after passing through small tunnels which roared back at us, we drove boldly into the Grand Central Station – New York City was at our mercy. We have yet to find a crumb of comfort in that town. A trip to Pier 47 North River showed us our steamship, our floating hotel, seemingly ready to move out into the stream at any set time, but really not till 3 P.M. next day.

We cannot dwell upon the miseries consequent to a belated passport or the rebuffs of sundry hotel clerks with their monotonous chant, "Full – no rooms", it being the week of the great Auto Show at Madison Square Garden. Nor the standing in line at the Custom House to get our passport examined for "holes" and short comings, whether our "mug" corresponds with the ugly one pasted herein. Also a certificate showing whether one has paid his income tax for 1919, and if all is satisfactory one is given a permit to sail on the good ship "Parvina", bound for the West Indies and Demerara, South America, well and good. At the dock, two U.S., officials stand and examine the passport and O.K. the permit. One imagines all is clear when, lo! at the foot of the gangplank an official of the steamer demands a look at the papers together with the ticket for the voyage which is dug up at last and we stagger up the long, steep gangplank a free and uncontaminated passenger and set foot upon the deck with a "Praise be to Allah". The next move is to hunt the steward that we may find stateroom No.18, there to deposit the luggage. It is a crooked and devious path to a stateroom and, once shown, is sometimes lost – only regained by the aid of a wandering steward or stewardess. We find that our room is already occupied; that the party has lots of

baggage and that he has the upper berth. Who is he?

The next thing in order is to get on deck and watch the stream of passengers coming aboard – a most interesting proceeding, indeed, “some in rags and some in shags and some in velvet gowns”, but the parties who divide the frosted cake are the small mustachioed individual who is preceded by a waiter staggering under a load of two big travelling bags and a long sack of golf sticks, the latter persisting in hitting everything. Also the lady of questionable age who is sorely tried by the antics of a nervous airdale that tugs at his leash and threatens to jump overboard.

Day before yesterday in Ovid; today at 3 P.M. the ship backs out from the dock! Two tugs press against the stern, for the tide is running fast to the sea, quite to the contrary of our course down the harbor. Many handkerchiefs are waving goodbyes both on the dock and from the ship.

As our course is laid, New York unfolds itself as by far the greatest harbor on the globe. Towering over all are the great skyscrapering structures almost cloud high. To the left and low down stands the Old Battery, once the landing place for all immigrants, but now an aquarium of no mean size. Then farther along we see the mighty Statue of Liberty, while to the right comes Ellis Island where immigrants now land and where figuratively enough tears of joy have been shed to float a ship, and enough tears of grief and disappointment to send this ship to the bottom.

We meet ships coming in; we pass ships at anchor, and its ships all about. Then to the right, Staten Island and the forts, while to the far left famed Coney Island gleams out, but now deserted.

Out to sea we steam now at full speed as night is closing in, and dinner is minded. The seats at the several tables are apportioned for the voyage. The first meal is generally a hearty one, but alas! for some, the last ‘til the voyage is done, if the weather turns bad.

At the head of our table sits the doctor of the ship – another edition of our Dr. Hill, in spite of his uniform of blue and shoulder strap of rank. To his left is seated one of the wireless chaps; to his right, a young miss from Australia on her way to Barbados island as teacher. She smokes a cigarette now and then, on the side.

Then, next, a youngish travelling man, very attentive. A sprightly widow from Boston way is well decked, costly habiliments and smiles and sallies of wit, always accompanied by a bottle of ginger ale. Again, a nice wholesome mist from Brooklyn with a summer home on Long Island by the sea, and next a young man from Newfoundland bound for Barbados to take charge of a ship. Our fellow of the upper berth is here and making eyes at the miss from Brooklyn. Passing others, we meet the first officer with three straps on his shoulder, but we know him not for he sits at the farther end of the table. At our right is a gentleman from Massachusetts, a widow who is a globe-trotter indeed by the way of touring parties which encompass a great deal but miss a lot. To my left, a parson in uniform, most modest and unassuming, who is from Colorado where he left his family, but now has been prevailed upon to return to St. Croix island to take charge of his old flock who grieve for him – but only to stay for a season. Still to the left, a New Hampshire clerkish-looking man, very prolific in Boston accent, bald headed. Hardly anything suits him. He is inclined toward fussiness and change of neckties. At the head of the next table sits another ships officer, the purser. His wife is of the butterfly order, loves attention – and cigarettes on the side, also. Then comes a reputed millionaire and father of the wholesome Brooklyn miss. The mother is a sensible, hearty woman who lives again in her son and daughter. Blessed be the man who wins her – a million and a wife to go with it.

Also over there sits a woman from Connecticut who contributes to make the world better by just showing her face. What a grand inheritance! Farther along are two sweet-faced nuns en route to St. Thomas

island to teach in a Catholic school. At the other end of the table are two well-dressed, mannerly colored men with their wives. But what's the matter? The ship has stopped. Have the engines broken down? Will we have to be towed back to New York? Oh no, it's only the pilot leaving the ship and he has turned it over to the captain with a wish for a good voyage. The wind is increasing from the easterly and some of the passengers slide off into obscurity as the ship pitches and rolls a bit. We are promised 6 days out of sight of land, long enough to overcome a distance of hardly 1500 miles, and to recover from the scourge of sea-sickness, to be oneself again.

Our stateroom is just large enough for two. It has two berths, an upper and a lower, like a sleeping car, but much narrower. The upper has a porthole window which may be opened in fair weather. It takes a student of nature to regulate a porthole window, for danger often treads closely upon the heels of safety. A pail of brine does not add to the comfort of a morning nap, and Father Neptune seems particularly attentive to all open ports. In the matter of sea sickness, we are ready to believe that older people are much more immune to that malady on account of their senses being dulled from living too long, and not so sensitive, to being messed up by changes in equilibrium. Then, too, older people think more of their food – in fact think of little else – and consequently are naturally averse to giving it up.

The second day out is generally occupied in crossing the Gulf stream which is found about 175 miles out of New York and has a varying width of 160 miles. The color of the stream is a compromise between shore water – a pale liquid – and the intense blue-black which abides beyond the stream. Crossing the stream is supposed to be a game of pitch and toss, but it is not a fixed rule at all.

The third day shows plenty of the Sargasso sea weed floating or swinging idly along. It is easily hooked up and exhibits animal life in the shape of minute crabs, worms, mites and zoophytes. It is said that flying fish deposit their eggs in this floating material. We have

hardly reached the zone of flying fish: may see them tomorrow.

Old sun time runs the ships at sea. At noon each day we have to add 8 minutes to our watches. No danger of going hungry, for at 6 A.M. we can get coffee and biscuits; at 7, a breakfast of full calibre; at 12, another full meal (termed a lunch); at 4, tea and biscuits; then full dinner at 6, coffee at 9. In case we get to hankering for fruit, by applying to the Chief Steward, we are handed out apples or oranges.

On the morning of the fourth day, lo and behold! the officers appear in white uniforms, for we have reached warm airs, and shady places have their seductions. The gents have donned their lighter clothes and canvas shoes, and the ladies are looking chic in white. Extension chairs on deck are all in use, and side-by-side, the occupants get acquainted, if they please. We are inclined to live on deck.

About the hour of 8 A.M. on the 6th, the word is going around that land is seen from the look-out. Puerto Rico is near at hand, but not visible. Everyone is talking land and about 9 a bumpy decolorization of the horizon denotes this. A "greeny" can hardly believe. There are some mountains to the right and to the left, and we skirt St. Thomas island, everything in plain sight. It's a rock-bound coast. We enter the mouth of the deep harbor – an extinct crater, by the way – for which our country paid 25 million a few years since! A couple of other islands, St. John and St. Croix, were thrown into the bargain. The three comprised the Danish Virgin Islands, but now are American. At the head of the bay, and built upon spurs of the mountains leading down to the bay, is the City of Charlotte Amalia, of about 10,000 inhabitants, of which about two-thirds are black. The latter are in evidence everywhere. Beggars, so prevalent in other islands, are absent here, for the government has provided a place in the country for them.

Everybody goes ashore, and Ford jitneys are in evidence, but many walk, for it's a luxury to

set foot upon the ground after six days of hard decks.

There is one long principal street skirting the bay where the stores and shops are situated. These are of all kinds, some of them quite extensive and fancy. The residences are back and on terraces. Of course, like all tropical places, they are made to keep cool and just the opposite of our residences, where we aim to keep warm. Porches are enclosed with jalousies, or blinds, as we call them. We have to believe the houses are empty, but there are female eyes peering out, nevertheless, taking our measure. Ladies on the street are conspicuous by their absence – of course, we except the tourists. A good deal of the purchasing is done by samples or the goods itself and toted back and forth by servants.

The “whites” are dressed in immaculate white and look cool as icebergs. The black people resemble our blacks and are no exception in the West Indies, all coming from the jungles of Africa, primarily.

The time of sailing is posted at the head of the gangway so that tourists may not detain the ship which leaves in the evening time to make the port of Fredericstead, St. Croix island, by early morning, only about forty miles farther on. A lot of cargo is to be left which will give everybody a chance to see the great sugar plantations and enjoy the beautiful roads to the capitol, Christiansted, situated on the other side of the island, some dozen miles or more distant.

Before our Colorado was opened to consumptives, this island was supposed to enjoy the finest climate for that disease, excepting, possibly, Madeira, and was visited by many Americans.

Columbus must have enjoyed himself extremely from here on, for when he reached one island, another could be seen. And we have to believe that the Indians which he met must have been greatly impressed by the grandeur of his fleet of 17 ships in line as compared with their diminutive dug-out canoes. He was prolific in remembering the Saints in naming the islands, for beginning

with St. Thomas, he remembered St. John near by, and then St. Croix, St. Martins, St. Bartholemew, St. Eustatius, St. Christopher, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, following one another unto the end.

The passengers were loud in their praises of this lately acquired island, St. Croix. When better known in the U.S., it should prove a winter home for a goodly number.

Leaving at 6 P.M., our ship spent the night in easy seas and in early morning sighted St. Christopher, a peerless island in its cloud-reaching height a most presentable shape like a well managed bouquet – nothing but to admire and beyond criticism, only that the town has too many beggars of a most persistent type! The tourist is an easy mark and hands out baksheesh to get rid of them; this aggravates the disease for the next bunch! If the authorities only knew it, they would make no mistake in stopping the nuisance.

The mountains of the West Indies differ from ours for they are wooded to the very tops, thus presenting well-rounded shapes pleasing to the eye and comforting to the senses.

Barring one or two instances, steamers have to anchor in the open sea and this implies that connection with the shore is made by small boats propelled by oars and manned by noisy and aggressive “darkies”. St. Kitts is noted for its master at the head of the ship’s ladder, a sergeant-major of police from the shore, who, in a voice rivaling a fog horn and a face set in bronze, directs the coming and departure of the hosts of these same boats. The Major is in uniform of the police – one of his progenitors came from the African jungle – but he is a king in authority amongst his kind. He roars out: “Now ‘Sunrise’, get away! Get away! Cast loose there and give room for ‘Victory’ Come Victory, be lively there. Get your passengers out. Stay back, ‘Samson’ and let ‘Lord Bishop’ come to the ladder, I tell you. ‘Victory’ go forward and get those trunks out, I say. Why don’t you move there? Be lively. You will lose your license once I get you ashore. Don’t come here at all, ‘Jupiter’, fall astern and come

‘round on starboard side, I command you. Move on! Move on!’

The sightseers are aboard at last, and the bugle calls to dinner to the tune of “Roast Beef of Old England” or perhaps “The Capain Wants his Skillet” and all is well.

Skirting the island of Nevis near at hand – the birthplace of Alexander Hamilton – we have to admire its great central dune built to the clouds by the volcanic forces, immeasurably great which raised these mountain tops above the sea and created the Caribbean range which separates this sea from the Atlantic and extends from near Florida to the very gates of South America, a range almost rivaling the Andes.

In early morning, Antigua came into view, another English island, and our residence from 1878 to 1890 – some twelve years of varied experiences, the most prominent; being married and establishing a family – all alive to mourn their gain. Thirty-one years of absence being the most notable in the broken ranks of dear friends. Strangest of all, the houses had grown apparently a full third in size, while we expected the opposite.

The camera came into use here and our old residences were faithfully transcribed for the use and education of coming generations of Bateses, if not Jacksons. Selah!

The following morning found us entering the harbor of Pointe-à-Pitre, Guadeloupe – a large French island where English is hardly understood, though it lies midway between two English islands, Antigua and, not far away, Dominica. Pointe-à-Pitre has a population of about 20,000 with the usual ratio of blacks who talk an explosive,

conglomerate mixture of French and Congo, called “Patois”. A conversation of two excited individuals resembles the popping of quick-firing machine guns in full speed of delivery.

The architecture of this city is Belgian in type, so one of our passengers said. Surely, it has little resemblance to neighboring places. The shops are filled with goods direct from Paris and are beautiful in design and finish, but, in some cases, quite tawdry to suit the lower classes.

A whole square is devoted to a market filled with fruits, vegetables and divers articles, many of which are strange beyond measure, and the description thereof would make a full chapter. These articles are placed on the paved floor in diminutive bunches and piles. The sellers and buyers are numbered by hundreds, and mostly of the colored type. Their costumes are of the “Mother Hubbard” cut and of endless variety in color, some resembling the rainbow, while the whole effect is shifting and glinting like a mass of variegated butterflies. To the right, passing out, we see volcanic smoke issuing from the fissures on top of the most prominent mountain. We are a bit awe-struck – why not? Dominica, an English island, is in full view later. It is thoroughly mountainous, insomuch that when Isabella asked Columbus what kind of an island Dominica was, he replied by crumpling up a sheet of paper and casting it upon the floor at her feet!

A bunch of canoes resembling a flock of ducks came at us as the anchor plunged into the open sea full 30 fathoms deep. Dominica is the most noted for mountain scenery, also boasts a live volcano in constant action like a great caldron of boiling water, which we bear witness to. It has a wonderful botanical garden of some 40 acres where trees and plants from all over the tropical world are growing luxuriantly. A closely shaven lawn over hill and dale is a blessed surprise to the grateful tourist. The Natural History Museum is very interesting to visit. Among many things, there is the Hercules, or saw, beetle, the largest beetle in the world, some of the largest of which have a length of six inches!

* - This refers to the aforementioned photographic prints, made on Kodak Velox paper and remarkably well preserved, with CEJ's annotations on the back. A PDF of these photos and comments was made available to family in late September 2011, and is available from Stephen Haynes for any who may have missed the original distribution. In fact, he recorded shore visits to all the islands, not just Antigua.

But the beetle or fly which caps them all is a firefly found rarely in the deep, dark, tropical forest of the interior which is as large as a June bug and has two headlights like a "flivver" and flashes like a light house.

The noted island of Martinique appeared the following morning, being of a Sunday. We passed the ruined city of St. Pierre during the night, to our great regret. The tragedy of 1902 when Mt. Pelee burst and laid the city of 30,000 souls in ruins, with only one inhabitant saved, is still fresh in our minds. It is said that this was the wickedest city in the Western world! and met the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah, seemingly.

Fort-de-France is now the port and seat of government. It is historical in being the birthplace of Empress Josephine, whose beautiful marble statue graces the park near to our launching place. This being Sunday morning, the city is unusually quiet, with crowds of people bound for the great Catholic Cathedral close by. One colored woman we noticed particularly was dressed in a "MotherHubbard" with a train which she carried on her arm, and a turban, as gay as the stars and stripes. The dress itself would have put a peacock out of countenance. She was large and tall and carried herself as proud as Queen Josephine in her heyday.

Generally, the people were fashionably dressed. We left the island before mid-day or we would have seen these same people sitting at the small tables in front of the cafes sipping their absinthe in full imitation of gay Patee.

Mid-afternoon saw us slowly steaming into the port of Castries on St. Lucia island, English in government, French in language. We steamed to the dock this time. About a dozen black boys made time lively by swimming about, begging for pennies and silver to be thrown into the sea. A bunch of ducks could not be more at home in the water, and no money was lost in the bottom of the harbor. This is a fortified port and naval station, but not kept up since the war. Like St. Thomas, the harbor is an extinct volcano, no doubt.

Late in the day, we steamed out of the beautiful harbor and skirted the coast to the south; then turned easterly bound for Barbados.

At the southern end of St. Lucia are the two beautiful peaks called the "Pitons". When seen by moonlight with the grand background of higher mountains and heavy, lowering clouds, one cannot help but wonder if there is anything more beautiful.

So, in early morning, we were awakened by the rattling of the great chain as the anchor plunged into the open roadstead at Bridgetown of Barbados and our last island, probably the most important of all and the least interesting.

This island is about half the size of our Clinton County but has a population of 200,000! Being nearly a hundred miles out of line with the other islands to the west, Columbus with his seventeen ships did not discover Barbados at all, in fact it remained in obscurity nearly half a century later. Forty-five years ago, upon our first visit to Barbados (1874), nearly every hill was crowned by an immense windmill, sixty feet in diameter. When these mills were in motion, it was a grand sight to behold. Now, only two or three are to be seen. At a great expense, steam power was substituted on each estate, and now, in turn, they are superseded by great central plants with a network of railroads to collect the cane from remote parts of the island. Barbados furnished the greater portion of laborers for the building of the Panama Canal. The Barbados black man is hardier than his cousins from the other islands, and more aggressive. It is said that this hardihood comes from the immense consumption of flying fish.

Barbados boasts the best hotel in the lower islands and is really the Mecca for tourists from the United States, in particular. Mine host, Mr. Pomeroy, is an American and has been manager of Pomeroy Hotel for 37 years. So with good bed and board and interesting companions at the Pomeroy, we bid you, our dear listeners, a fond good bye.

Yours,

C.E. Jackson
Winter of 1919