

The Portuguese, at whose house we stopped, said that it was impossible to ascend the mountain in the rainy season, because of the falls of stones, or stone avalanches, which were common and dangerous. All this I failed to find out before leaving the town, the natives of the island there knowing nothing of the mountain. At the house I got some coffee, which was grown in the valley just below.

I ascended the steep side of the valley, to a ridge about 1,500 feet above sea level, but did not find anything in the plant way to reward me, the plants being the same as lower down the slope. The oil tree (*Jatropha curcas*) grew up to the top of the slope. There were none of the mountain plants which occur at St. Vincent at this height. There were a good many fungi. They apparently spring up luxuriantly during the wet season. Plants generally grow at a lower level at San Jago than at St. Vincent. Thus, *Sarcostemma Daltoni* in San Jago grows abundantly almost at sea level on the cliffs near the harbour. In St. Vincent I found none lower than 900 feet. The plant was in full bloom at San Jago. In St. Vincent I found only a single blossom, though the plant was very abundant.

I exchanged a drink of ship's rum with my Portuguese host for his cup of coffee. He had a very pretty young yellow wife, who, on my return to the house, was pounding maize in a large wooden mortar, assisted by a very black servant girl, each of them wielding a heavy pestle, and striking alternately, like blacksmiths on an anvil. A little water was sprinkled on the maize to assist the process.

John Antonio was well known all along the road, and most elaborate courtesies passed between him and every one we met, or whose house we passed by, sometimes a Creole, sometimes a Portuguese. He explained that the Creole greeting which he used meant, "What you feel?" In Portuguese he always addressed every one as Sir, and after mutual congratulation on the subject of health, he entered into a lengthy explanation of who I was, which wasted a great deal of our time. John was a thin, spare man, with a very ragged coat and trousers, which had evidently once been respectable on a previous owner. He was perpetually hungry and thirsty.

As soon as the horses were rested we started back. I shifted my single spur, for John and I wore a pair between us, to my left foot, and managed to reach the town by 3 P.M., in time to join a second seining party. The seining was suddenly brought to a conclusion, for a south-west gale being expected, we were hurried on board. A heavy swell had set in by the time we reached the ship, so that there was some difficulty in getting