

In the seat behind, an English tourist surrounded by magazines, periodicals and the London "Times" is trying to figure out how long it will be before his next "whiskey and soda" A curious assortment of passengers, to be sure!

The guard—six-feet of surly self-importance—calls "all aboard," and with joltings and clankings of couplers, the train pulls out. Good bye! dear dusty old Kingston! The cars travel speedily across the dry plains, stopping but for a moment only at lonely way-stations. To the south of us nothing but marshy swamp; to the north miles and miles of sun-burned soil, cactus plants and log-wood; in the distance the Blue Mountains. The hills, covered with rich moist vegetation, rise one above the other until one sees but a long pale blue line overshadowing the Liguanea plain.

I was awakened from my reverie as the train approached the ancient capital. The long row of massive columns makes an imposing entrance to the station. In Spanish Town are many mementoes of the old days of Spanish occupation. The cathedral—with its curiously inscribed tablets,—contains many interesting relics. In the public square stands a monument to Admiral Rodney in honor of his victory over the French fleet under Count de Grasse.

After leaving Spanish Town with its historical charms, we are whirled through the fertile sugar-cane belt. The old sugar-estates now in ruin, covered with moss and ferns, and here and there a cart drawn by yoked oxen, remind one of the olden times when "Jamaica Rum" made the Island famous. At May Pen we slowly cross the bridge that spans the dry bed of the Rio Minho. The river, which during the rainy season of the year, rushes down and sweeps away its banks, is now but a small murky stream wending its serpentine course to the sea. Through the car-window I see a group of native women, with their dresses oddly tucked up above the knees, scrubbing and washing clothes, while numerous ebony-skinned pickanninies are playing in the sand,—a typical scene of that happy indolent people—.

'Tis almost dusk, and we have left the plains behind us; the locomotive soon grapples with the mountains; the glens become narrower and the grades steeper. It is over an hour since we started and the scenery has changed. The loamy soil of the lowlands is now a deep-red muddy clay. Orange-trees, laden with luscious fruit, are seen growing wild. Here and there in seemingly inaccessible places are dotted the little whitewashed cottages and thatched huts of the small settler.

"Ponis"! shouts the railway-guard. This drear-looking station with its grey walls and low arched entrances reminds one of some monastery or fortress in the Spanish mountains. This is the "lunch-counter" on the line. Women carrying trays of cakes and harmless homemade "Ginger Beer" crowd around the car-windows, wildly excited, jealous of each other, and fearful lest the whistle blow before you have been able to make the right "change" for a "quattie's worth of "corn-pone".

From Ponis to Kendal is a long climb and a tedious one. The track winds in and out encircling the hills. In the valley below are grazing-pens where the cattle are idly browsing. The engine seems at times to almost despair of