

the fractured edge is this ancient Moorish stronghold with extensions like roots of masonry reaching down the steep incline to the very surface of the water. On the ocean side, under the fort, the sea has cut deeply into the rock. A swarthy pilot boards your ship, orders her "about," as the soldiers say, and you find that you are going into a veritable slit in the moun-



CAVE OF BELLAMAR.

tains up what seems a narrow high-walled river. Little echo-like continuations of the strange old fort adorn inner promontories, and you see your first pelicans diving like ducks in the stream. The verdant slopes, between which your vessel is cautiously doubling and turning on the tortuous way inland, offer a rich display of native laurels, stately palms, tall coconuts, graceful bananas, oranges, lemons, figs, almonds, tamarinds and a thousand smaller plants, some of which exhibit an